

THE
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W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

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Mr. AINSWORTH begs it to be distinctly understood that no Contributions whatever sent him, either for the NEW MONTHLY or AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINES, will be returned. All articles are sent at the risk of the writers, who should invariably keep copies.

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HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

THE FAIRY HOWK.

A LEGEND OF CUMBERLAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AZETH: THE EGYPTIAN," &c.

NEAR the pretty village of Caldbeck which lies nested in a small well-wooded valley, is a spot as singular for its beauty as for its legendary interest. It is the Fairy Howk, which contains the fairies' cauldron, the fairies' bridge, and the fairies' church. This howk, or delf, or hollow, is a mass of rocks through which the waters foam in unbridled wildness, revelling through the thick moss, away into the dark wood, down the mountain-side, foaming and rushing and cresting their white waves, roaring through the cave and over the stones, as though that narrow torrent bore the responsibility of all other earthly torrents in its speed. A wild foolish thing is yon fairy river, with its ceaseless toil, its unwearied hubbub, its endless excitement! The cowslips and dog-violets clustering on its banks look out from lofty stem and lowly bed, to mirror themselves wonderingly in that furious stream. Down, down it hurries into the deep blackness of the fairy cauldron; and there you may see it—if your head be steady, and your footing secure on that mossy branch slippery with spray, and you can bend over the whirling eddy without losing you! self-possession—you may see it fuming and fretting, and casting up its white waters through the midnight gloom, as if eager to escape into the daylight, maddened with its imprisonment there.

The church is a cave formed under the river. You go down some wet and steep natural steps, where you must be careful not to make but one stride from the top to the bottom, so insecure are they; and then you find yourself in a vaulted cavern, where there is a window, and a lancet-shaped arch, and pillars, and huge rocks that seem held up by magic, for you see no possible support, and fragments strewn about the floor, which make you think tenderly of home, and remind you that you have a life to be knocked out by some of these "giants' ribs." And here they say the fairies held their matins and their even-song. Speak softly and speak reverently of the good people! True, you will not find them now gamboling on railway lines, nor lurking in manufactory chimneys; but, thank Heaven! all the world does not go by steam, and there are still some nooks and corners in dear Old England where the fairies may dwell and the children run wild. Children, fairies, flowers, and birds; the dark wood with its scarlet fungi, its anemones, primroses, cowslips; strange creeping things, and unusual life; the stream with its furious torrents, its smooth still resting-places, its silvery currents, its lane of limpid crystal; and heaven above all, wafting spring airs or summer warmth, showering down love and joy as the dewdrops in the morning:—oh!

is not such a life as this worth all that cities can afford?—is not such a childhood the richest heritage which parents can bestow? Aye, in truth is it! The foundation is then laid of an after-time of deep joy in thought, of purity at the least in retrospection, of a connexion in manhood with that heavenly day when the child first looked up wonderingly, seeking to know the mysteries of nature and the will of its God. And dearest of all playmates, and living and palpable and present as the bird, and the toy, and the household pet, are the beautiful fairy-folk, those best patrons of childhood—companions while superiors.

Well!—at Caldbeck, in the dark wood where the Howk hides up its magic beauties, the child may yet tread the halls of its fairy friends, and dream on those green banks, nestling among the flowers, till its little heart knows deeper things than its manhood's pride will own.

In days long, long ago, the fairies dwelt here in sensuous shape. Seen often by the village people, and loved because they were beautiful and themselves were innocent, they made a fine revel-time in the old woods. Laughter rung through the trees, and startled the wood-pigeons as they sat wooing each other among the branches, and shook the nests of the young linnets, and brought back the wren and the lark to their homes; and in the moonlight strange sweet shapes flitted about, which vanished as you looked at them, and mocked you as you tried to fashion them out to your senses. Now as fleeting gleams of a light that seemed made up of life; now as an unembodied influence, a presence that fell around you though you saw nothing of its cause; here as a strange shadow that changed into a thousand things at once, and there as merry eyes peeping from the briars and the roses; this moment as a song that broke close, close upon your ear, and the next, as a distant peal of laughter, which gradually died away to a small silvery tinkling like the clashing of flower-leaves bound in dew; as all most beautiful most magical impressions did the fairy-world reveal itself to man. And kindly offices the good people did among the simple village folk. If the harvest-moon looked paler than usual, or the south-west wind sighed mournfully over the fields, the work went rapidly forward; the corn was sheared, the clover mown, the hay stacked, in far less time than the dozen labourers could have done it; and for all payments of these good offices they but required sanctity of place and a tender love. But it was only the simple and industrious, the honest, hard-working, ingenuous man, whom they helped; it was only the modest maid whose life they lightened, only the chaste matron whose cares they lessened. Unthrift, neglect, or wickedness, was punished with all their fairy malice; by mocking benefits which, so tempting at the onset, became afterwards disasters; by scoffing jeers screamed out from the top of some high pine-tree, or from behind the angle of some rough rock, for all the village to hear; sometimes by blows and pinches in the dark; by every mischievous deceit, by every vexatious cross, did the fairies revenge themselves on those who disturbed their home, or failed in their own simple moral duties.

The things that the fairies loved above all were children. Often those who were docile and simple would return home with some gay jewel, which, if its possession gained them ill will, changed into a useless piece of tin, or common pebble, when others looked at it; or if they themselves forfeited the fairy favour, it would become a creeping lizard, a slimy worm, or a sharp nail that cut, handle it which way you would; sometimes they

returned from the haunted meadows with garlands of roses and sweet flowers round their necks—flowers which never faded, and the scents of which were almost heavenly, they were so delicious. And these children generally grew up beautiful and prosperous; but, if those witched gifts faded and changed, they were more ugly, froward, and unfortunate, than any of their neighbours.

The fairies were fond of showing themselves to the village folk, as a troop of gay knights and ladies decked in the brightest garments, riding superbly caparisoned horses, and caracolling on the green sward of the fells; as a flock of rare birds alighting among the fruit trees, and the large cabbage roses, the tiger-lilies, and the peonies of the little gardens; as a flight of moths, and butterflies, and ladybirds, and dragonflies—all gold and green and purple, sparkling in the sun as if each fibre had been a gem; as minstrels wandering through, singing such divine unearthly songs, that it made the heart mad to hear them; and sometimes, rarest show of all, as beautiful flowers that sprung up in large fields of golden glory to scent the air far and wide with their intoxicating perfume, and then faded away as the noon sun shone over them. And it was always known when these appearances had been from the good people of the Howk, by the gifts and prosperity left behind.

But as time wore on, and these simple hamlet people became enlightened—the saints forfend!—the fairies grew more shy, and the visits which gladdened the whole scene, at least once in every generation, grew more rare and rare, and at last were wholly discontinued; sad evidence of the approaching desolation when they should never come at all, when men should be left to their own follies, unrebuked by such fair spiritual monitors, and when virtue should strive unassisted by elf or fay. And at last the Fairy Howk, though still spoken of reverently, and passed by at convenient distance, avoided at nightfall too, as of old, became a kind of tame lion of the neighbourhood, a thing which strangers were to see, its teeth and claws being plucked out. And thus it continued for many years. And only songs, and shouts, and laughter heard in the moonlight, and only mocking shapes and strange shadows flitting athwart the benighted peasant's way, now told that the old place was still inhabited by its beautiful tenants; while the deeper green of the moss, the greater luxuriance of the trees, and the sweeter prodigality of the flowers, alone attested to their presence.

Down in the village, yet removed from all near neighbours, lived a lonely widow dame. She was not young, she was not pretty; a sun-burnt, hard-featured woman was she, stern in appearance, reserved and unsocial; yet her cottage was the cleanest, her garden the neatest and best kept, stocked the most fully with flowers and fruit-trees and vegetables, her bees the most thriving, and her poultry the healthiest of any in the village. She had married, some five years ago, a foreign merchant-man who had suddenly come to Caldbeck, bringing a pedlar's pack, as he said, to dispose of its wares among the simple village girls. And most gorgeous things that pack contained! Not all the gallant court of the gracious sovereign, the Lion-Heart of England's chivalry, could furnish out more splendid finery than that bronzed and foreign sailor carried. And he sold them too for such a trifle! A kiss from a pretty girl would give her a zone of rubies, or a diamond of the finest

water; a cup of milk, or a piece of bread, from some kind housewife, dowered her children with emeralds, and sapphires, and topazes, till the little ones cast about the "bonnie wee bits" as if they had been the broken pottery or the coloured pebbles they were accustomed to. Every village girl blazed with gems; every sturdy lout wore rings in his ears and rings on his hands, where the flashing stone seemed to laugh and mock at the horn-like skin it was meant to adorn. And yet the foreign man's pedlar-pack never grew the less. Whatever he gave away he had still more and better to supply; and thus he went round the country like a veritable Indian god, "larding the lean earth" as he walked with precious stones and gems and gorgeous jewelleries.

Only one person of the whole hamlet resisted him. This was Janet Wythburn. She refused his gifts, spoke curtly when he flattered, gave him all he asked for—honey, oaten bread, milk, eggs, and even her best home-made wine—but she told him, when he pressed his gewgaws on her, that a simple hamlet woman needed none of these, that it was not honest, because not fitting, to wear them, and that she took no reward for doing as holy Mother Church would have her do.

Again and again that dark-skinned man came to Janet's door; and again and again he tempted her with every offer that ever made woman forget she was an angel, to bind herself to earth; but it was all in vain; the hard harsh face of the lonely spinster would assume an almost seraphic expression, as she clung fast by her simplicity and her faith, repeating her code of duty, and defying every power to swerve her from it. The foreign merchant found that underneath this cold curt manner lay a true, warm, woman's heart; that deeper than the coarse skin, sun-burnt and hard, than the hair which exposure and care had already dimmed, than the wrinkles which departing youth had left and many a grief had brought, deeper than all these lay a beautiful soul, a spirit stored with every moral loveliness, one before which the very angels might fold their wings in sympathy and honour.

Janet Wythburn was one of those whose goodness is rarely acknowledged, because unlovely in manner or in speech. People do not like virtue when wrapped up in an ungenial covering; they would rather tolerate a little amiable vice, if the mode of administration did not too much shock them. Janet was in reality a kind, gentle-hearted, noble woman; but she was constitutionally reserved, and having few friends and no intimates this was a characteristic which increased daily. She was very plain too, and knowing this, was indifferent to any adornments; and though neat and clean, she preserved the extreme of simplicity in her attire. In only one finery was she ever seen to indulge, and that was a nosegay always fresh and sweet. She was never without it; in the early morning and at the latest hour, whatever her occupation—delving her garden, scouring out her cottage, washing her own clothes, feeding her own poultry—whatever she might be about, she never forgot the nosegay in her bosom. Her love of flowers made her also cultivate them in and about her house, till the simple mud cottage, trellised all over with jessamine, and honeysuckle, and the wild white rose twining among the small close-leaved ivy, looked like a very bower of buds, a shrine for some fair rural goddess, an altar to some sweet mountain nymph. She was always the first to assist the distressed; no one gave away her little earnings so willingly as Janet; but then how savagely she would silence the complaining, how harshly she would refuse the slothful! A stern woman

in truth, amid all her gentleness and generosity; not made up of only love, but mingling with it scorn, justice, discretion, judgment, and a mighty strength of will for the right.

Such was Janet Wythburn; a spinster then near forty years of age when the foreign merchant-man first showed his wares at her door.

By degrees his visits became more frequent, while he forgot to press his fine trappings on her. His eyes would light up with a peculiar glow as he came near the small trim garden, and caught the shadow of her tall athletic person busied in her household work; and he would look as if he loved to look upon her homely face, when she spoke, as she sometimes did almost eloquently, of the deep joy which the feeling of doing right could bestow.

Strange was it to see those two in the evening light, with the moon just rising over the far-off hills; and sometimes, when the night had come, sitting on the rustic seat which her own hands had nailed together, looking at the stars, and talking in subdued voices of all the wonders which they could tell of the goodness of Holy Church and the blessedness of religion. He, with his dark foreign face upturned, the light that came from his eyes at times half blinding, it was so radiant—his deep looks sometimes bent to the earth, as if they saw fathoms deep into its centre—his sudden start as though he heard some voice or sound, when not an echo broke upon the air—his mutterings to himself—his impassioned gestures; and she so still and simple through all her northern hardness, so pure and good despite her cold severity, so beautiful from expression—aye, beautiful, though the humblest aspirant to love would have scouted at the thought! And hours on hours they sat there: she as if spelled by some strong power of enchantment which his burning words, his far thoughts, his wide ideas, his magic eloquence contained; and he listening, so pleased when she would dilate on all the simple world of goodness within her own heart, so unconsciously displayed, and speak out her vigorous but guileless thoughts, strong and healthful as a man's, but calm and tender as a woman's.

At last they married. It had been coming to that a long time, the village people said, though many a young maiden whose heart had been captivated by the dark beauty, the flattering words, the rich gifts, and splendid promises of the foreign man, tossed her head and wondered whether those brilliant eyes could see straight or not; and many a youth who loved a fair cheek and cherry lip above all other female possessions, shrugged his shoulders and pitied the merchant's taste. But Janet and her stranger husband loved each other, a love born from a higher source than mere beauty; and they let the village gossip pass.

And months passed on, leading with them the promise of a rare rich blessing which such a heart as Janet's would prize above all. Months passed on yet; and the stern harsh matron cradled on her breast a laughing rosy boy—an angel-child—a young seraph lent from the skies—a fair spirit of the former world, ere sin or sorrow had come in.

Janet might then be seen sitting in the shade of her own porch as the evening sun brought home her evening joys, when her husband would come in to caress the fair child lying on that hard yet tender breast, to gaze into his blue wide-opened orbs with all the lustre of his own blackest eyes, to kiss him, muttering words which the mother thought were prayers, and which would sometimes bring tears into her eyes for very love of

father and of babe. You could scarcely believe that any thing so beautiful as that child could be born of one so little lovely as Janet; you could scarcely believe that she had transplanted her own dark skin in such brilliant whiteness on the brow of her boy, nor have shaped from her close-drawn mouth such a rose-bud of beauty as asked for kisses, fast and fond, on its innocent loveliness. It was a miracle, the neighbours said; and even Janet seemed to hold her treasure tremblingly, as if her very love would not be found sufficient to keep him still her own. The child itself was unlike other children. Nothing had been seen so etherially beautiful, since first the good Saint Mungo blessed the cold spring and founded the hamlet near it. His eyes were blue as large forget-me-nots; his hair was fair as woven gold; a blush like that the setting sun casts upon the snow, mantled on his dimpled cheek; and his arched and open lips were models for all ages to come. Serious too he was, even as a very babe; looking up with his wide eyes, seeming to wonder in his own little heart and to think and ponder on all he saw. And when he laughed—it was like a fount of heavenly music suddenly bursting through the distance; a laugh so sweet and soft that Janet held her breath to hear it better.

No wonder that the lonely woman who had never known ought to love should make her gods of these two blessings! No wonder that day by day fresh fondness grew like a tide of purest waters, till it became the ocean that girded in her life!

Hark to the shout that breaks from the Fairy Howk! Hear to the mad shrill laughter, the screams of joy, the boundless mirth, the wild merriment that comes up revelling in the air! From wood, and brake, and bush—out from the dead rocks—bubbling up through the waters—bursting through the solid earth—and racing over the green fields, broke forth that mad shrill mirth; and thousands of tiny voices sang out, "Welcome! Welcome to our brother!" as the laughter and the joyousness went on. And then you heard myriads of little feet pattering about, and tiny hands clapping in exultation; and you might have seen a strange light blazing over all the Fairy Howk, such as would have come from thousands of glow-worms clustered there. And still went on the cry; "Welcome! welcome to our brother!"

A solitary woman sat in a dark and lonely cot. No light gleamed through the blackness—no voice broke through the stillness. Mute were the echoes which lately resounded with the manly tones of her husband, and gave back the prattle and the small tottering feet of her child. But they were gone, and Janet was alone in the world: gone, none knew whither! "He would take the boy to look at the stars," the husband said, "and Janet must be patient, they would soon come back." And as he bore away the child he kissed and embraced her often, with a sad fondness that Janet remembered years after, when the widow's cap had long concealed her grey hairs. He seemed unwilling to depart; and often he came back again, and called her his good Janet, his virtuous wife, his beloved above all mortals. The child too cried and held out its little arms, and prattled in its babbling voice to be taken back to her; and altogether they left her very sad, with an undefined weight of sorrow which she could not understand or repress.

The night came on, and yet her husband stayed away. How dan-

gerous with so young and frail a child! Janet was distressed, not angry, at the little prudence of one whose every thought should have been how best to guard that darling one. Hours passed; she herself would go in search beneath the midnight blackness: but the faint starlight showed her nothing among the waving hearse-like trees, or on the open common, save desolation, solitude, and despair. The morning found her roaming yet through thicket and through meadow; not wildly, not distractedly; with a settled determination—the calmness before the storm. And then she went back to her homestead; but it was deserted; nor husband nor child to greet her. Again she is out, searching wherever a human foot could cross; oft perilling her life; careless of the beating August sun; careless of hunger, thirst, or fatigue; her tall gaunt figure tracking the wild country for miles round, nor ever resting from her task. And nightly she returns to her lonely hut, to find it all dark; a living grave for her slaughtered love.

These few days added years to Janet's age. If she had been stern and uncommunicative before, what was she now, when sorrow had dried up that fount of healing which had flowed through her heart, and anguish had made her forget that she could ever love? She did not weep; she did not lament in words; but wrestling mightily with her own heart, battling with the despair that else had risen into an agony of madness, she sat down upon her blackened hearth: and then she knelt and prayed to God for patience. Brave, brave Janet!—oh! if ever the smile of Heaven descends on mortals, it is when they conquer themselves, and for love of the Holy One above beat down their rebel hearts, and become as children, patient, suffering, trusting children, taking meekly the bitterness which He has sent them!

And still went on the cry, "Welcome! welcome home, brother!"—and still went on the mirth, the melody of laughter, the music of wild glee, as the fairy world clustered through their halls.

A boy was sleeping on the mossy bank beside the river; a fair, beautiful child was he; sleeping there among the primroses and anemones, the golden cowslips and the blue violets, the stately king-cups and the sweet-lipped orchis, by whose side the sheathed arm opened his green mask and showed the splendour of his regal beauty—sleeping, while the rushing river leaped up to look on his brow; while the starlight stole quivering down to weave a glory round him, and glow-worms lit young moths and flies to his pillow; while the trees bent down their branches, and their leaves matted him a canopy; while the airs forgot to stir that they might linger yet about him; and while the fairy world came lightly forth, yon gentle baby slept.

And how it swarmed around, that laughing fairy world! Thick as golden bees at sunset, it came gathering about the dreaming boy. Eyes looked out from every flower; on every leaf and stone a thousand tiny figures clustered; each grass blade bent beneath their weight; each leaf hung heavy as they clung; the very air was darkened with their numbers, as they floated close above the flowery pillow of the child, and gazed down on his beauty so lovingly. And then broke forth a voice, small and indistinct at first—a mere confused sound of mirth—but at last fashioned into words; and the baby as he slept heard the charmed accents of

THE FAIRIES' SONG.

Hark ! hark ! to the Fairies' call !
 Through wood and dell
 It wanders through heaven's irradiant hall—
 A charm and spell ;
 Spoken by showers,—
 Breathed by flowers,—
 Told to the breeze in the moon-lighted bowers.
 Come ! come ! to the Fairies' home,
 All beautiful things !
 Sport with us there through the crystal dome
 Where the night-bird sings,—
 And the winds keep time
 To the magic rhyme,
 Which hyacinth-bells through the midnight chime.
 The brightest gifts of life are here,
 Beautiful exceedingly,
 The living pearl,—the amber tear
 Sea-birds shed so pleadingly ;
 Wings of painted butterflies,—
 Glow-worms' star-enkindled eyes,—
 Plumes to deck our floating hair,
 Which only moths and fairies wear,—
 Crimson roses,—king-cups bright—
 Scented posies plucked at night,—
 Wind-flowers born beneath the moon,
 'Those blossoms lorn which fade so soon,—
 With gems from every jewel-mine,
 Rivalling the mid-day sun,—
 And ores whose glorious colours shine
 As when creation first begun :
 Come ! come !
 Ere the morning hour
 Dispels our power,
 Come ! come !
 To the Fairies' Bower !

The music died away, and the spirit of the sleeping child woke up ; and as his large eyes opened, down in the caverns beneath the roots of the trees, down in the halls where the gems are made and the young flower-life is preserved, the boy was hurried. Yet before he went he caught a glimpse of 'the upper world, with all its fairy-given glory about it,—its countless life, so lovely too,—its shining splendour, its discovered beauty, lying before him like a fair form from whose wondrous brow the veil has been for the first time removed. And things which his young eyes had thought unlovely, and which his small hand had oft refused to grasp, he saw here as the fairies saw them, with a world of varied beauty about them ; things which were to be loved and companioned with, as other and living toys.

But the good people hurried him away ; and the child was in the fairy halls.

Of gold and silver the frosted roof arched high over head. Held up by large columns of crystal spar, which flashed in the burning light of the thousand coloured jewels all around, it put to shame the most elaborate workmanship of man in its magic loveliness. Bright pictures gleamed along the sparkling walls ; sweet unearthly faces looked down on you from spandrel, rose, and arch, from corbel and from capital : changing pictures were they, wavering before your eyes,—their thousand colours now all blending into one rich rose-light, now diffused in a pale golden hue over the silver roof,—and then again that faint ray was

broken into its thousand former different tints, which again fashioned out the witching pictures on the walls. And round the columns twined sometimes wreaths of ivy, sometimes garlands of sweet flowers; now living snakes with mottled skin and diamond eyes, then swarms of fairy children linked together in rosy bands. Whatever of most strange or beautiful life could give, flashed in that fairy hall in rapid swift succession. And most beautiful of all were the fairy people.

Some hid in the flower-bells as they waved their fair heads from every part about; others danced round the spacious halls, making the echoes, lurking in the roof, ring back their merry laughter; some rushed madly, trying to catch the dragon-flies and moths as they circled through the soft warm air; and others, the youngest and merriest, chased each other through the columned mazes, peeping from behind the crystal pillars, and flinging handfuls of wild geranium, and the blue bird's-eye, and that low creeping golden flower which the holy Saint John blessed with a peculiar virtue of healing; the air meanwhile heavy with the weight of
•unextinguishable laughter.

Like flowers themselves were those dancing merry elves: clad in their light garments which the silkworm and the spider spun, and the rainbow dyed, floating on the air like butterflies in the sun, they looked like to buds and blossoms which some fond zephyr has torn from their homes, to bear them away with him,—away, away—to warmer and to sunnier climes. The shape of their garments aided the resemblance. Some as lilies, others as hyacinth-bells, as the yellow cowslip, as the golden king-cup, as the trumpet honeysuckle, and the white clematis,—as every floweret of the fields and gardens were their clothes so daintily shaped. All wore caps of foxglove, and most of them carried wands made of grass-blades, or of the delicate pith of the myrtle or the rose-bough. Not a few of these were hung with small silver bells, which made a pleasant tinkling as they waved them about their heads, or clashed them with each other in mimic combats. Their shining hair fell far down to their waists,—curling in light rings like the youngest and airiest tendrils of the vine, waving in every breath of wind, and playing round their faces like light summer clouds about the shadow of the sun. And a pleasant odour, as from jasmine flowers in the west wind, stole out from garb, and hair, and drooping wreath. Sprays of tender blossoms dropped among those curling rings; and the fair hair twined in and out, lacing the green stems, and binding round the small cups, and hiding the pointed leaves in their nest of silken threads,—the coloured petals gleaming out like living things fast prisoned in a cage of gold. Their small light feet were clad in slippers formed of the rarest, most delicate materials. They made a pleasant pattering as they ran through the halls, like the noise of summer rain falling on a marble pavement, or the splashing of the heavy dew-drops when the large blue-bells shake them from out their cups. Bracelets and rings and ankle-bands glittered on them, and the light seemed almost to speak, as it flashed from the many-coloured stones. The chief of these, and the one apparently the most prized, was the opal: rivalling the diamond in the brilliancy of its hues, changing as you looked, and fashioning itself to every different gem at once, it was a true type of the fairy people it adorned; the same in gems as they in life.

On long tables carved into every fantastic shape, were cups and vases of gold, and silver, and diamond, and ruby, filled with rich red wine, and

some with the purest dew-drop water. Plates piled up with fruits that never grew on trees which the sun had seen, and others, covered with large ripe luscious blackberries, mulberries, cherries, the scarlet haw, the purple bilberry, the finest hazel-nuts, and all the most delicious fruits of English ground, stood amongst the tall cups and embossed vases of the tables. And there sat the fairies, revelling in their enjoyments with a keenness of delight that man's cold nature may not know.

Wonderingly the child looked at all this show. No longer the mere baby—the ignorant bewildered infant,—his little heart understood much that man would not have received; and purity associated him more nearly to the elves than wisdom would have done. He felt no longer afraid of them; for there was one whose dark face was familiar to him, who would come and sit by him, and stroke his downy hair, and caress him, calling him sweet names, and promising always to love him. And this dark face the child seemed to recognise and to love; and he felt happy as the fairy came and sat near him, and spoke to him so tenderly. Another of that wondrous brood the baby loved. She seemed to be the queen of all; the chief for majesty and beauty. She was taller than most; her long yellow hair swept to the ground in rich waves of golden splendour; and about it drooped flower-wreaths and strings of pearls. Carcanets of precious jewels, of rubies, diamonds, emeralds, and opals, banded her small throat, and zoned her slender waist. Her eyes were blue—blue as heaven in a summer's day; her skin was fair; and her hands so long and soft were of the delicate hue of the pale pink sea-shell. Her little feet were round and small, and their step bounded through the halls with a swiftness that mocked the passing sun-ray. Gentle was she, amidst all her majesty,—loving, in all her regal reserve. The fairies who waited on her, tending her every behest and ministering to her every wish, seemed to adore her very shadow, hanging on her footsteps as though to only see her were the highest of their joys. But none watched round her so fondly as that dark familiar face.

She came where the child was laid on a couch of violets and wind-flowers; and she sat herself down beside him, taking his hands in hers, peering into his wide eyes, kissing his fair brow, and telling him that she loved him, and that he must live to love her. And still as she spoke her words fell on the baby's heart like a stream of music—a thing scarce understood but not the less deeply felt—not the less powerful in its influence. And as she spoke she twined and twined a wreath of flowers; and with every bud she banded with such care, she dropped a jewel in its cup. And still she twined and twined that wreath, kissing each flower as she plucked it from its bed. And then she flung it on the neck of the child, breathing on his eyelids as she did so, and singing in a sweet unearthly voice,—
 "Thou art mine! thou art mine!"

"In sickness—health,—
 In weal or woe,—
 When tides of wealth
 Or ebb or flow,—
 'Gainst adverse powers—
 'Gainst spell divine,—
 This magic hour

Has claimed thee mine!
 Fairy fetters now are round thee,—
 Fairy favours now have bound thee;—
 Kiss and smile and wondrous word,
 Whispers by the spirit heard;—

The touch which to the youth is fire,
And to the babe a vague desire,
A weary longing for its home
As though the daylight ne'er would come;—
These have bound thee to my side,—
These will claim thy Fairy Bride !”

And the child was happy. Days passed, and he had forgotten earth, his mother, home, all,—beneath that charmed spell of the Fairies’ Hall. The beautiful face that bent over him with her deep blue eyes, so soft and fond, were dearer to him than even the features of his brave but unlovely dame. He was happy; for the Fairy Hall was his home, the fairy people were his own. And as he gazed round with his wondering eyes, his little heart cried out, “Oh! keep me here for ever !”

Heavens! what a blinding glare of light broke through the hall and lit it up with a burning flame, and wrapped yon silvery roof, those crystal pillars, that jewelled floor, and all those rarest works about in one sheet of glowing gloriousness. And hark to the mad wild shriek that accompanied with that flame, and pierced through the distance like a cutting sword,—a sound that went into the very soul of the hearer, clear, sharp, penetrating—a sound that made you nigh mad, it was so full of unearthly meaning! The peasant started from his sleep and crossed himself in dread, as he heard that eerie shriek; the belated traveller shrank from fear, and hid his eyes, muttering prayers to his patron saint, as the fierce glare broke out from the fairy hill, and wrapped the sky and woods and even the very mountain-tops in flame; and children moaned, sleeping in their mothers’ arms, and some woke up and cried for very dread, they knew not why.

And still the shriek grew louder and louder yet; and still the blinding glare mocked the fiercest sunlight of the east; and still rang through all the triumphant cry, “He’s ours! he’s ours!” And still, brighter even than that flame, looked out the dark familiar face, and smiled those deep blue eyes of love. And then it faded away: the sun was shining, the birds sang overhead, pale flowers glistened round, the rushing river foamed and flew, the sky arched its clear vault, and the boy was sleeping near the Fairy Hawk.

Janet sat in the young morning-light, alone beside her blackened hearth. The cottage door stood open; she had not cared to close it; the flowers were broken in the heavy thunderstorm of last night, and they hung mournfully about the lintel. The rose-leaves were scattered on the moss; the lilies, and the honeysuckles, and the feathery clematis, all lay mingled in an undistinguished mass of tarnished loveliness, trodden into the dust and mud by the feet of the heavy rain. Some ivy leaves had blown into her cot, and the rain still wet the floor. Every thing was desolate, every thing untended. Even the little cradle was tossed rudely down, and the child’s playthings, scattered about, were broken as if of no more use. Not weeping, not moaning, nor in any wilder rage of grief, Janet sat stilly by the blackened hearth. Her hair hung down her hard face, tangled and unkempt; her dress was soiled and torn, her feet were unwashed and bleeding; she sat as if stiffened into stone. Her hands were crossed upon her knees, her eyes were fixed upon the empty grate; a lonely, stern, desolate woman was she, but yet she had prayed to God for patience and for pity.

And ever as the moments tolled on the hours of eternity, did she do

hard actual strife with the passion of despair that rose in her heart as if it would have choked her ; and ever as she beat it down, the saints and the angels in heaven smiled, honouring that brave soul which men called so harsh and loveless. But still she sat on the chill hearthstone ; and hours passed in outward loneliness and silence, while in her spirit was this strife of sorrow and of patience, and the air was loud with voices of the angels who encouraged, and of the demons who tempted.

Then the evening drew on, and the sun declined, and grew pale as his death-hour came. No food had passed Janet's lips, no rest of mind and none of limb, save this stone-like stillness, this stiffened rigidity of eye and hand, since that fatal night—how long and yet how recent !—when husband and child had passed so strangely from her. But she never craved even a drop of water ; she never closed her eyes for even a moment's rest. Motionless and silent, she might have been one dead for all sign of life, save her widely opened eye, that told her yet of earth.

And the evening drew on, and the sun had almost set.

A horse's feet are heard galloping gaily past the widowed woman's home. Small bells tinkled in the summer air, and made a pleasant music as the gallant steed went freely forward. Suddenly the small wicket-gate was flung open, and the horse's hoofs came proudly up the narrow walk. A voice called,—

"Janet ! Janet ! thou art wanted, Janet !" and a hand upon the door knocked loudly.

The woman started; something in the voice struck upon her heart. She rushed to the door, muttering half inaudibly,—

"Tell me of my child !"

A beautiful lady, mounted on a white horse, whose trappings of green and silver were all hung with small bells and decorated with flowers ; the lady herself, a thing of heavenly beauty, habited in long green robes that fell like the shining sea about her—such was the visitor who now came to Janet's door. In her hand she held a lily branch ; and as she spoke she caressed her horse with this, and the touch of the silver flowers seemed to soothe and delight him, as she waved them over his mane.

"Down at the Fairy Hawk thou'lt find thy boy, brave Janet ! good Janet ! Haste, ere the moon has risen, and claim thy child—yet a little while thine own !"

And then that beautiful lady stooped down and kissed the rough, homely face of the widowed woman ; and Janet looking up, saw her fair features slowly change into the shape of her dark-browed foreign husband. And then all vanished, and only a small blue butterfly circled through the air, wheeling right above the woman's head.

Without let or stay, Janet rushed wildly to the Fairy Hawk, and all the way she went, a voice kept singing above and around her these words :—

"We have lured him there where the fairies dwell,

So merrily!—so cheerily!

Down in the cave where the torrents swell,—

And music is made through the ocean shell,—

Where mirth flows round like a golden shower,

And Love is an aye-unfolding flower,—

Yonder we've lured him,—yonder we've bound—

Go seek thy boy on the Haunted Ground !

"We have cradled him there where the fairies lie,

So merrily!—so cheerily!

Thou'lt find him when next the moon rides high,
And the stars come out on the purple sky :
Where the butterfly sleeps in his flower-built cave,—
And the moth enweaves her a silken grave,—
Where the plover is hid in her lowly nest,—
And the swallow skims back to his place of rest,—
Where the sweetest air of the night hath come,
To kiss the buds in their moonlit home,—
There we have couched him,—there we have laid
Where the purple beech casts a pleasant shade !

“He's ours ! he's ours !

By the magic spell

Which fairy powers

Can frame so well !

By our breath on his eyelid's snowy band,—

By our charm on his dimpled roseate hand,—

By our whispered words to his sleeping soul,

Which then as dreams to his cradle stole,—

By all the love

Which we lavish so free on the fair and good,

The charm is wove

In our fairy-home 'mid the darkling wood !

He's ours ! he's ours !

No longer of earth !

We've stolen the hours

That came to his birth !—

Weep ! for thou hast lost him !—weep ! for he is ours !

Weep thy child, fond mother ! in the fairy-haunted bowers !”

But Janet thought not of the words now,—it was only afterwards that she remembered them ; and then they seemed to have been seared into her brain with a red-hot iron, ceaselessly repeating :—“ He's ours !—he's ours !” till her every sense grew sick and dizzy with the sound.

On she went, over field and meadow, freeing the jealous hedge which would have kept her out, her long matted hair streaming in the evening air ; on, on she went, through the wood and over the brook, caring not for thorn or stone ; on ! on ! sped on by love ! And then the rushing of the fairy waters struck upon her ear, and the dark trees grew thicker, and the way became more tangled. One last defence yet barred her out. 'Tis passed, and the woman holds her child to her breast. And clasped in her arms,—tight clasped,—pressed to her beating bosom, as though her hands would never loose their fold, the mother held her child ; and the tears, which she would not dare to shed for sorrow, now fell down her face like rain for gratitude and joy. And then she knelt upon the ground, and prayed to God and all his saints, to make her thankful and obedient.

As the prayer went up, that fairy-ground was Heaven ; the holiest spot on which the rising moonlight fell. For all pure affection, all strong love, all large determination to be patient under sorrow, all child-like submission mingled with such manly endurance, all womanly tenderness and heroic courage, all moral beauty and holy feelings, hallowed the air and consecrated the ground, and drew down the love of that God whose love the suffering heart had striven to deserve. And the good people stood hushed in their halls, and they forgot their loud mirth, and stilled their shrill laughter, as they said to each other : “ Our Janet prays !” But Janet, if she had looked, would have seen a mild, pale light issuing from the church, and tipping the crested waves boiling in the dell ; and she would perhaps have fashioned out a face she knew, gazing at her lovingly from out the rock. But she did not look ; and the dark-browed

elf grew sad, then. And as that glance of sorrow dimmed his eyes, the baby woke and cried piteously, holding out his arms to the frowning, rugged rock, babbling some strange words which Janet could not know, save one—"father!"

Years had rolled away since Janet found her boy by the waters of the Fairy Howk, and knew then that no mortal man, but some spelled elf, had been her mate and the father of her babe. The village people said the same; for every brilliant gift which the foreign merchant had bestowed on maid, or wife, or boor, changed into empty baubles that very hour when the woman's home was first made desolate. As the husband kissed her cheek, taking with him the boy "to look upon the stars," each gem and jewel paled into mere rough-hewn pebbles; the gold was nought but tin or worthless copper; the gifts which had been so costly were even worse than valueless,—they were taunts and mockeries, and sensuous ironies from the fairy-world, which plagued the hamlet-people sorely.

Janet was never heard to mention her husband's name; nor did her child, even from the earliest, ever again speak that word of "father!" which he cried aloud to the mournful face within the rock. Her life was more solitary than ever, and her manner was so cold and stern and forbidding, that the neighbours feared to proffer her sympathy or love. She seemed to live beneath a constant anxiety; her very fondness for her child became a deeper pain; her eyes would follow his footsteps, and she would strain after him if he left her side but for a moment; and all the while that he was gone she would sit on that rustic bench before her door, stiffened and stark, a dead thing till he returned. And who could help loving that boy? that beautiful ethereal thing; that loving child, that pure-hearted woman, that brave free man, that casket of all beauty! If he had been lovely as a young child, what was he now, when years but increased the manliness of his beauty, without having robbed it of that angelic character which gave his infancy so great a charm? More delicate, more gentle than even the gentlest maiden of his class, modest but brave, diffident but thinking deep things out beneath the starry heavens, in the old Saxon church, and, dearer place yet, by the beloved banks of the Fairy Howk, his life glided on like a smooth summer stream which bore rare gold and gems within its breast, and nourished sweet flowers and stately trees and verdant moss beside its shores. And yet he was sad; no, not quite sad; but so still and quiet and subdued; so little like a youth of fresh health and youthful days! To sit by the river side, book in hand, to dream his own deep thoughts, and call to mind yon strange but sweetest vision that once came to him in childhood, to fashion out for himself a glorious being with hair of gold, and deep blue eyes that should look at him lovingly,—a being whom once he had seen in heaven, for surely never on earth! to dream, and still to dream, fond boy, of love and beauty and a mutual life which as yet he did not know, such and thus the tenor of young Edgar's life; such and thus the memory of his fairy visit. A longing unutterable, indefinite, sad from very intensity, drinking up his life's blood, and entwining itself with his inmost heart, till every moment grew into a world of varied fancies, angel-peopled,—a longing that made him wish to die, for then he should be at home, there among the bright stars above, when perhaps that most beautiful one would come to him and teach him worthily to love her; this was the charm which the fairy

The Fairy Hawk.

breath had worked upon him ; this was the evidence of his wondrous birth.

The child grew slowly into boyhood—the boy ripened into youth: and the gentle sadness which had hung about him like a morning cloud about the young east, giving it more beauty though it might obscure its radiance, increased as his nature developed itself, and his heart demanded more and yet more from life.

Janet saw her child's young soul, and read it like an open book. And as she read it, she knew the doom which nature had pronounced. More anxiously than ever she hung upon his looks ; more tenderly she watched his departing figure ; more dead and broken she waited in the solitude his absence made ; more keenly she suffered in that coming doom. And yet she never murmured ; not even to her own soul did she name her lot hard. And though she knew that her only treasure was to be taken from her, and though she felt each day, as it passed, knell out her death when he should be gone, yet mighty as was her grief her strong heart was mightier, and she bowed her head, and said, "It is good!"

Beautiful wert thou, Janet! in thy rough, homely, hardened features ; in thy manlike coarseness of brow and limb!—beautiful! oh, beautiful wert thou! radiant with a loveliness that youth and form may never give, blinding as their glories be! Nor was thine the beauty of intellect, all dazzling as this is—a light that may well excuse the foolish heart, which, taking it for a beam from heaven, follows it too far and too fond ; but thine was the loveliness of the heart, of the evil nature subdued, of the sternest and hardest virtues made easy by determined practice, of earth overcome, that thy whole soul might be a more acceptable sacrifice to heaven. And now, was not our Janet beautiful? was not her rough nature, which she had so rigorously trained to good, equal with her boy's angelic purity,—that heaven into which no sin could enter, no temptation be admitted? Yet if not the stain of the trial, neither had he the glory of the victory ; and she, if she had lost somewhat of feminine gentleness, yet she had gained stronger virtues which might well compensate for the want of aught lovely, merely from its fitness.

One day—it was a sultry August noon—the boy went out as usual to lie beneath the shade of the beech trees by the fairy river ; reading wonderful legends which the librarian at the monastery lent him, and still turning back to that one dear thought, that one beloved vision, which once came to him in childhood. And now he reads how sainted Christian men have baffled all the tempter's arts ; and now, how brave paladins have loved fair witchéd dames, whose love brought them only ruin, and a death untimely. Untimely, but how blessed! And what indeed is life of worth, if passed without this love? Were it not better to meet with the dear one, though but for the brief instant, on the brink of the yawning grave, than to live through a desolation which men call life, in a loneliness which is that life's truest death? Ah, yes, he thought! better to die as those brave knights have died, than live in loneliness, seeking that which cannot be found. Yet then he thought of his mother, of all her fond cares, fonder from her than from a gentler natured woman, of her deep sorrow so sternly borne and so bravely battled with, of her tenderness for him, her lonely love, her patient widowhood ; and the boy's heart smote him as he named his repining selfishness, and thought it were indeed worth to live, if his mother's heart would grieve him dead.

But stronger and more powerful rose up his vague indefinite longing; and more vividly the image of that gentle face, with all its fair-locked glory, its love and its beauty, was before him; wilder was his desire, louder his heart's wailing cry; he stretched out his arms as if to enclasp some beloved form—to meet the mocking air alone. A prayer broke from his lips, pressed out by agony and pain and all the weariness of the long lost; it came forth mingled with tears fast and sad; and the moon rose up in the East as the boy's prayer sobbed—"Take me to my home!"

A small, sweet, singing voice broke forth at his feet. It was a tiny noise, like the chirping of a grasshopper, or the first voice of a young bird. It sang pleasantly; making a light all around from the mirthfulness of its sound. But the boy cared nothing for that merry song; and the eyes which gleamed out from behind the broad-leaved dock seemed to him but two simple glow-worms, or the eyes of a harmless lizard. Yet the small sweet song continued, and the dark eyes gleamed brighter and brighter from behind the broad-leaved dock.

And then a light came from the fairy-land—a faint yellow ray, that hovered over the whole scene like a silken garment waving. It came on the moss, it flowed over the river, it covered in the rock, it netted the trees—the pale, faint, yellow ray, like a sunbeam spread around. The waters part their floods; there, just in that black stilly pool the light burns strongest; and up through the waves, and up through the yellow beam, a female form came slowly rising. Her locks of gold hung far, far down, curling over her brow, and shading her naked bosom which gleamed through their golden twine like a bed of pale blush roses. Her blue eyes looked out from their curling rings, deep and loving; and they went into the very heart of the boy, to mirror themselves in those other eyes which a childhood's vision had painted there. She held out her arms; she flung aside her hair; she called him by his name; she bid him to her love; and she smiled as she thus bid him. Maddened beyond thought, spelled to his doom, Edgar looked but once upon that form, and then he sunk into her arms, and the waters rushed over them both.

A brighter light broke forth—a louder burst of joy, and the fairy-hill resounded with the cry, "He's ours! he's ours!"

But it passed away, and all was still and dark as a lonely woman came on the shore, and wept when she drew from the waters the pale corse of a dead boy. And the fairies stole gently out into the moonlight, and scattered flowers and dew upon them, as they both lay, stark and cold, in the night-air. The mother's mighty love had been at last her death; her large stern heart had burst. Yet a smile was round her lips, and her pale face seemed lightened even in its deadness, as two of the elves—one dark-browed and grave, and one—oh! how like her pallid boy!—came and kissed her, and threw violets and forget-me-nots on her breast.

The neighbours all wondered the next day, when they found the widow and her child lying thus flower-bedecked, both dead in each other's arms; he with wringing hair and soaked garments, the water-plants tangled in his long, fair hair attesting to his death; and she without sign of wound or violence, dead because she might not live torn from that only love. Yet many of the wisest shook their heads and whispered "he was taken by the fairies!" And the Fairy Howk was kept as doubly sacred ground for generations after it had been the grave of the widow and her son.

THE FALKLAND ISLANDS.

BY CAPTAIN SULLIVAN, R.N.

Few people know more about the Falkland Islands than that they exist somewhere in the South Atlantic Ocean, at no great distance from the American coast; and many are scarcely even aware that Great Britain claims them as her own, and that on their shores a British colony has already been planted. A glance at a map of the world will show the very important position they hold on its surface as a resting-place to all ships rounding the Horn from the western coasts of the New World, the island of the Pacific, China, and our rapidly-increasing colonies of Australasia. Whatever may be their drawbacks from soil or climate, they must ultimately, as the commerce of the world increases, become important and wealthy, and I trust before long to see them affording a home and support to thousands of the Anglo-Saxon race, who now pine in the land of their birth in indigence and wretchedness.

The Falkland Island islands are situated between the latitudes 51° and $52\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ S., and longitude $57\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ and $61\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ W. They consist of two large islands and numerous smaller ones, which vary in size from a few miles in length and breadth to a few yards across, being in that respect very similar to the Bermudas. The whole group is about 150 miles long from east to west, and eighty from north to south.

The two largest islands are called East and West Falkland. They are separated by Falkland Sound. This sound varies in width from three to twenty miles; but the channel in some places is dotted with small islands, which considerably contract its size.

East Falkland is about ninety miles long and fifty-five broad; but its mean breadth is not more than thirty-five miles. It is also deeply indented by fine harbours, navigable by the largest ships, and in this respect it is unequalled by any of our other colonies. Every rock and shoal is clearly marked in them by buoys placed there by the hand of nature, composed of "kelp," a long sea-weed, which, floating on the surface, is seen at a great distance. Two of these harbours are on opposite shores of the island, and divide it into two peninsulas, connected by an isthmus about a mile wide. The northern peninsula is the largest. It is very hilly, and the central range is about 2000 feet high. It contains about 1300 square miles, or above 830,000 acres. Of this about 180,000 is low land, fit either for pasture or cultivation. About 300,000 is hilly, but affording good pasture, and the remaining 350,000 consists either of mountains, rocks, or peat-bog, of little value except for supplying fuel and some pasture in the summer. The southern peninsula contains about 900 square miles, or above 570,000 acres. The whole of it is low and undulating, well watered, with scarcely any useless land; but this fine tract has recently been sold to Mr. Lafarge, an English merchant at Monte-Video. Not only has the land been sold to him, but the right for six years over all the wild cattle found on it, amounting to upwards of 100,000 horned beasts and about 2000 horses. At present, about half

the cattle are on the northern peninsula, but Mr. Lafarce has the right of driving, by any means he can devise, all the animals away from that district on to his land during these six years, at the end of which time they are to become his property.*

The cattle are very fine, the pasture being excellent, and that with the climate so well suited to them, that they are more than one-fifth larger than those of the River Plate provinces, from whence the original stock was brought.

The rich Tussac grass, of which they are very fond, and which is equally valuable both as a winter and summer food, is nearly destroyed on East Falkland by the cattle themselves, from their tearing up the roots and eating them. It is, however, abundant on the smaller islands, many of which are close to the shores of East Falkland, and contain about 45,000 acres of land, but the greater part of these have also been sold to Mr. Lafarce.

The West Falkland is about eighty miles long and forty-five broad in some places, but its mean breadth is not more than fifteen miles. It is very hilly, and the highest ranges reach to about 2000 feet above the sea. They surround a large central valley well watered by several fine streams. The area of this island is about 1300 square miles, or above 830,000 acres. Of this probably not more than 200,000 is low land fit for cultivation, about 250,000 besides may be good hilly pasture land, and the remainder is composed of broken ground, rocks, or peat-bog. These calculations I wish to be considered merely as a rough approximation to the truth. I made them in my walks over the island, every part of which I have overlooked from the hills, and the summits of which I have climbed. The smaller islands near the West Falkland contain about 80,000 acres, of which the greater part is hilly and of little value; but some of the soil is good, and all the shores of these, as well as of the West Falkland, are covered with Tussac grass. There are only a few cattle on it, which have recently been placed there.

The soil on the low land is generally a dark and black earth, more or less peaty, from one to two feet deep, with a subsoil of clay. On the sides of the hills it is more peaty, but it is firm, and from two to three feet under the surface clay is found. On the higher parts of the hills and on level land, if elevated several hundred feet above the sea, the surface is either stony or consisting of a bed of peat many feet thick, generally dry and passable during the summer, but wet in the winter. The hills are all composed of a compact quartzose sand-stone, so much acted on by heat in some places as to become a pure quartz rock. It is on this formation that the peat-beds are found, and also the large patches or streams of stones, which in some places extend from the very summits of the hills to the valleys below. Nearly all the low land rests on fine sand-stone or clay-slate, but generally the former.

The climate of the Falkland Islands is in no way so severe as is generally supposed. The winters are about as cold as those in the south of England, but the summers are certainly not so warm as in the south; probably they more resemble those in the north of Scotland. They are very dry, and there is comparatively very little cloudy weather between

* It would be well if the public were to inquire by whose recommendation this arrangement was made, and what consideration was paid for it. I simply state the fact, without any remark.

October and March. Strong winds are prevalent, and gales frequent, though they rarely blow through the nights, which are usually calm and cloudless. In winter there are fewer gales, but the weather is much damper; yet, on the whole, much less rain falls during the year than in England. The prevailing wet wind at sea in the neighbourhood of Cape Horn is the north-west, but as this wind at the Falkland Islands blows directly from the dry plains of Patagonia, it is therefore very dry. As this is the prevailing wind, it is probably the cause of the unusual good health enjoyed by those who live on the islands. Though few of the inhabitants dwelt under wind-and-water-tight roofs, no fatal case of sickness had occurred, out of a population of one hundred and fifty persons, during the ten years that the islands had been settled prior to the year 1845, and several children had also been born. The only deaths which had taken place were from accidents or excessive intemperance.

Coughs are almost unknown, and persons subject to them have perfectly recovered after spending a summer on the islands. Easterly and north-easterly winds always bring rain, but they are rare, and seldom last through the day. South-easterly winds bring sleet and hail showers in summer, and snow in winter, but they seldom occur with the wind from the south to the west, which wind is also prevalent. Though there are heavy showers in summer, as the evaporation is very great, they scarcely are sufficient to keep the ground moist. Such is a brief and dry, but faithful, description of these important islands; and those who know the less cultivated portions of the highlands of Scotland, where trees have not been planted, may have a tolerably correct idea of the scenery.

I now come to the numerous advantages they offer to the nation at large, and to settlers in particular.

First, their position, as I have pointed out, half-way between Australia and England, as well as affording a stopping place to all ships engaged in the Pacific trade. Thus, as soon as regular supplies can be obtained, those ships carrying passengers will, without fail, call there to replenish their stock of fresh provisions and water. By this means they will gain many tons of stowage for freight, and will save the loss of a large portion of live stock, besides enabling the passengers to drink good water throughout the voyage.

In the second place, they are most important as a place of refuge to vessels of all nations which may meet with damage on their passage round Cape Horn. Many of them now put into the River Plate, or into some port on the Brazilian coast, much out of their way, and are often exposed to a ruinous expense for repairs. The British government, however, intend sending out a patent slip to Stanley, Port William, which, when it is completed, and the means are afforded of repairing ships at a moderate expense, will bring numerous vessels there, which are compelled at present to go elsewhere, or to venture home in an unseaworthy condition. At present, indeed, few masters of vessels are aware even that such a settlement as Stanley exists. Stanley will some day become, I trust, an important place. It is so situated on the lee side of the islands, that there is no danger in approaching it, and the anchorage is excellent. The only thing required to make it perfectly safe for a stranger to enter by night as well as by day, is a lighthouse, which should be erected on the point at the northern entrance, or on the rocky islets which lay off it. A good chart of the group and a large plan of Port William are now pub-

lished, and no vessel going round Cape Horn should be without them. They cost but two or three shillings.

Thirdly, the islands possess an advantage to settlers seldom found in a new colony—a profuse supply of fine cattle, the flesh of which they may purchase at 2*d.* per pound, and an abundance of fish, rabbits, and wild fowl, which they may catch as they can.

Fourthly, there is on their surface a large extent of pasture land both for sheep and cattle, and the Tussac grass affords a fattening food for them during the winter.

Fifthly, as the land is clear of trees, there is no expense (as in New Zealand and North America) in clearing it, while there is an abundance of good peat for fuel; and for all purposes for which wood is required; it can be imported at a less cost than that at which it could be prepared if it grew on the land. And lastly, the islands are only half the distance of the Australian colonies from England, by which the cost of the passage is reduced, and often the most boisterous part saved. Indeed, if people are satisfied with a healthy climate, and do not care about the want of trees and beauty of scenery, they may be very happy and prosperous in the Falkland Islands.

Little has, however, hitherto been done to promote their colonisation, beyond the appointment of government officers and the expenses of some money in surveying and marking out town, suburban, and country allotments, and in making a good road and two piers along the shore of the intended town, as well as in erecting some government buildings. All these works have been well done, and will prove of great advantage to those who may settle there. The erection of the patent slip will also be of the greatest benefit to the settlement, and indeed not a moment ought to be lost about it.

In Stanley, about fifteen town allotments, at half an acre each, and three or four suburban ones of twenty-five acres each, have been sold at the upset price of 50*l.* Country lands are to be sold in lots of 320 acres each, at 8*s.* per acre. This price, if corn is found to ripen well, will probably be given without much objection, though it is high; but as corn has not yet been tried, it is difficult to say whether it will succeed. If the land is found on a large scale to be fit only for grazing purposes, the price must, I think, be reduced, as the greater part of the best land has been sold to Mr. Lafarce at a price which, allowing for the value of the cattle, cannot be more than 2*s.* per acre. I have, however, great hopes that corn will succeed well, as there is plenty of sunshine to ripen it, and the temperature in summer is sufficiently high. Should it fail, it will, I think, be owing to a want of moisture in the spring. Barley was once tried, and it ripened, but the season was dry, and both stalk and ear were stunted for want of rain. Another year will serve more fully to develop the capabilities of the Falkland Islands. On their productiveness much depends whether they become thickly populated, and serve as a field towards which British emigration may be taught to flow; but at all events, their very position makes them valuable, and they must ultimately prove an important entrepôt for the commerce of the southern world.

The writer of the present paper has proved his own conviction of their importance and of their salubrity by going there, with all his family, at the end of last year; at the same time, he does not recommend labourers to emigrate thither unless men of capital go out to afford them employment.

LEGENDS OF Breslau

BY JOHN OXENFORD.

TILL the time of Miecislav I., Duke of Poland—the first Christian sovereign of that country—the city of Breslau was nothing but a collection of poor fisher-huts, situated on both sides of the Oder, around a fort in the Dom-insel (Cathedral island), which is the most ancient part of the present town. The Dom-insel seems originally to have been a sand-bank, and the left shore of the Oder, now the site of the city, was occupied by a dry marsh, and a thicket of oaks, a hill with large trees of this description, standing on the spot where the town-house has been since erected. To this day, a couple of acorns, placed as a sign over the Schweidnitz cellar, point to the epoch of the primæval trees. Before the tenth century the place is enveloped in obscurity, but Miecislav, who enlarged it about the year 964, elevated it into some importance.

It was about 1048 that Duke Casimir of Poland founded the Cathedral of Breslau, which is the oldest church in the city. The original edifice was of wood, and exceedingly small, and it was consequently soon pulled down to make room for the present stone cathedral, which was begun in 1148. It shared the usual fate of cathedrals, inasmuch as the original plan was never carried completely into effect, for while four towers were proposed, only two were erected. St. John the Baptist was the saint to whom it was dedicated, and his death is recorded by a head and charger carved in stone, and placed over the porch. At this cathedral, and also at those of Lübeck, Corvei, and Hildesheim, it is believed that, when a canon is about to die, he is warned three days beforehand by a white rose, which appears in his chair.

On one of the towers of the cathedral two birds are carved in the masonry to record a remarkable escape. Years ago two students belonging to the cathedral climbed up the tower, that they might look for birds'-nests under the roof. As the nests lay beyond their reach, they placed a board across the aperture in the belfry, upon the outer end of which one of them pursued his search, while the inner end was held firmly by his companion. The bird-seeker had soon put seven nestlings in his cap, when a dispute arose between him and the other as to which should possess the largest share. At last the boy inside declared that he would let the board go in case his demand was not complied with, and on the other still persisting in his refusal, actually put his threat into execution. A broad, stiff cloak, which was called a "Radmantel," and which it was then the fashion for students to wear, prevented this malicious act from proving fatal. The cloak opening wide, acted as a parachute, and the fall was so gradual, that the student not only reached the ground in safety, but bore with him his treasure of birds uncathed.

The ancient Sand church (*Sandkirche*) owes its origin to the piety of the Princess Maria, wife of Peter Wlast, an old governor of Silesia, being built to commemorate the recovery of her two children, Swentoslaus and Beatrice, from an illness that was considered desperate. The princess, according to the legend, addressed herself to the Virgin Mary, who appeared to her in a dream, and promised that her children should be

speedily restored to health, but insisted on the erection of a church. The promise was fulfilled, and the church was built to "Our Lady in the Sand." The governor was also persuaded to found a religious house, which he gave to some Augustine monks, and endowed it with all the sand of a certain district, as well as with other privileges. An old stone tablet in the Sand church, upon which are represented the Virgin Mary and the Princess Maria in the act of adoration, still records the circumstances of the foundation.

In the year 1328 a dispute which arose on the death of the abbot of this house led to a curious result. The monks, as they went to hold a chapter for the purpose of choosing the new abbot, scoffingly told a brother, named Conrad, who did the most menial offices in the kitchen, that he should join with them in the election. Conrad, laughing, told them to go their way, as he knew he should himself become the dignitary. The monks, not being able to come to any permanent conclusion, transferred the power of choice to three of their body, who seemed to have the highest claims to the honour. As these three were filled with mutual envy, neither of them would nominate one of the other two, but declared that he would sooner choose Conrad, the "kitchen brother," and Conrad was made abbot accordingly. While he held his humble office he was very celebrated as a good liver and merry companion; but on his promotion to the abbacy, he showed himself a firm ruler, and managed the affairs with great skill, under circumstances of difficulty, produced by the political troubles of his time.

The church of Sainte Croix (Kreuzkirche) is said to owe its origin to a *lusus naturæ*; or, as was thought in those early days, to a miracle. Duke Henry IV, surnamed Probus, had vowed a church to St. Bartholomew. When the workmen began to dig for the foundation of this edifice they came to a strange root, the upper part of which represented a cross, to which the Redeemer was attached. To the lower part two other pieces seemed to have grown, each of which represented a figure kneeling in prayer, with uplifted hands. The duke, on the discovery of this curiosity, asked his spiritual advisers what course he should pursue. They advised him to build a church to the "Holy Cross;" and as he did not wish to break his vow to the saint, he built another church on the first. The duke himself is buried here, and the shin-bone of a giant, who is said once to have infested Bohemia, and to have borne the name of Sceleton, is placed over the entrance. The upper part of the root was lost in the course of the Thirty Years' War, but the form is still preserved in an engraving.

The burning of Breslau by the Mongols, or, as they were popularly called, the "Tartars," belongs to the series of fearful events which marked the course of those scourges of Europe, Zingis-Khan and his successors. The grand khan Octai, formerly the minister of Zingis, sent a great army into the west, under the command of his nephew Batu, which committed the most fearful devastations in Russia, Poland, and Silesia. A murder committed at Neumarkt, a town to the west of Breslau, is recorded by the Silesians as the cause of the Mongol invasion of their country. Batu, it seems, had a favourite wife, named Kathy, who having heard wonderful accounts of the western lands, prevailed on her husband to let her travel there. She was provided with a numerous train of distinguished attendants, abundant store of jewels and precious metals, and

letters of introduction, which were to ensure her a gracious reception in the European cities. After seeing various places she came to the town of Neumarkt, where she took lodging for a night. Her immense treasures awakened the cupidity of the citizens, and they were not without a religious pretext for their evil designs, arguing that it was unjust for unbelieving Pagans to possess so much, while good Christians were starving. They therefore resolved to kill their visitor for the honour of the Deity. The host was soon persuaded to leave his door open, and the princess was slaughtered with all her train, excepting two female attendants, who contrived to hide themselves in the cellar. The citizens of Neumarkt, who felt no conscience about the matter, divided the spoil with great rejoicing; but the day of vengeance was at hand, for the two women, who had reached home, told Batu all that had occurred, and the fearful irruption into Silesia was the consequence. The cellar in which the Tartar princess was killed, and even some of her bones, were long shown at Neumarkt; and in the Breslau Cathedral, a rich mantle, which she is said to have worn, has been preserved as a monument of the event.

The 1st of April, 1241, is mentioned as the day on which the Tartars first appeared before the gates of Breslau. The preservation of the Dom-insel, when the other part of the town was occupied and fired by the barbarians, is attributed to a miracle. A Dominican prior, named Czeslaus, had advised a general retreat of the citizens with their treasures to this island, and when Batu reached it he found the bridge broken down, and the people on the other side of the water ready to defend themselves. Leaping into the stream, and followed by all his Tartars, he swore that he would not leave a single Christian alive. The pious Czeslaus ordered his people to sing a hymn, and falling on his knees, put up a prayer for deliverance, when lo! the sky opened, and a shower of fire came down which killed several of the barbarians and dispersed the rest. A picture was hung up in the church of St. Martin to immortalise this miraculous deliverance. This is not the only prodigy ascribed to Czeslaus. On one occasion, when he wished to administer the extreme unction to a dying man on the opposite side of the river, and could not find a boat, he is said to have placed his cloak on the waters, and to have used it as a raft. Those who are versed in the legends of the saints will be aware that Czeslaus by no means enjoys a monopoly of crossing streams in his cloak.

Before we follow the Tartar Khan and his horde from Breslau to Liegnitz, where the famous battle of Wahlstatt was fought, and Duke Henry II. of Lower Silesia was slain by the barbarians, we would bestow a word on St. Hedwig, the mother of that unfortunate prince, and one of the great notabilities of Breslau and its vicinity.

St. Hedwig was hereditary Duchess of Istria and Carinthia, and was married by the duke her father to Duke Henry I. of Silesia in 1198. After she had borne three sons and as many daughters, she resolved to lead a life of celibacy, which lasted for thirty years. During this long period her husband never shaved himself, and thus acquired the appropriate name of "Barbatus." In the Catholic records, the facts that Hedwig prayed till her knees became hard, and walked with bare bleeding feet in the severest weather, are still themes for admiration. Such exploits are ordinary enough in "*Lives of the Saints*," but some of the miracles attributed to Hedwig rise above the ordinary level. Thus, on one occasion, being

oppressed with thirst, she caused a spring of water to flow by casting her gold ring upon the ground; on another, her prayer-book having fallen accidentally into the fire, remained uninjured amid the flames. A crucifix once extended its right hand to bless her, and the mischief done by hanging an innocent man she repaired by restoring him to life.

The founding of the convent of Trebnitz, to the north of Breslau, is attributed to a providential escape of Duke Henry Barbatus. While engaged in the pursuit of a stag, he got into the middle of a deep marsh, and could move neither backwards nor forwards. Feeling that he and his horse were gradually sinking, he vowed to build a convent on the place of danger as the price of deliverance; when lo! a charcoal-burner appeared from a neighbouring thicket, and extricated him by means of a long pole. The deliverer vanished just as the duke was about to reward him, and the latter perceived — that an angel had assumed the form of a charcoal-burner for his especial benefit. On returning home he very properly consulted his pious wife, who exhorted him to fulfil his vow. All the criminals in Silesia who had been condemned to death were pardoned, on condition that they should work at the new convent. When, after sixteen years, it had been completed at an outlay of 40,000 silver dollars, and duly consecrated, the duke asked the Cistercian Nuns, to whom it was appropriated, whether anything more was required. They replied in the language of their country—"Trzeba nic"—(nothing is required); and Trebnitz, the present name of the place, is said to be a corruption of *this* reply. The good duke is buried in the church attached to the convent; and in a vault behind the altar, thought to be the very spot where he sank, flows a stream of clear water, to which miraculous powers are ascribed.

To return to the Tartars. Duke Henry II. of Silesia, son of Hedwig and Henry Barbatus, had gathered together all his vassals at Liegnitz to oppose the invaders on their retreat thither from Breslau. His mother, Hedwig, who had the gift of prophecy, foresaw his death, but when he sent her with his wife to Crossen as a place of safety, she perfectly resigned herself to the Divine will, and did not shed a single tear.

The duke set out from Liegnitz to meet the enemy on the 9th of April, 1241, when a tile that fell upon his shoulder from a church-roof was looked upon as an unlucky omen.

Of the battle of Wahlstatt a detailed account is in existence. Duke Henry drew up his army in five divisions on an elevated ground, about two leagues from Liegnitz. The first division consisted of a body of crusaders, assembled by order of the Pope, and commanded by Duke Boleslas of Moravia, under whom were also 600 miners, contributed by the city of Goldberg. The second division, consisting of Poles, was commanded by Subislaw, brother of the Woiwode of Cracow, who had been slain by the Tartars in the course of the expedition. The third was composed of the Upper Silesians, under Duke Micielas of Oppeln and Ratibon. The Prussian grand-master, Poppo of Osterna, with his knights, composed the fourth division; and the fifth, consisting of the picked men of Silesia, was commanded by Duke Henry himself.

When the battle began, Duke Henry observed that Boleslas of Moravia was overpowered by the Tartars, who gained the height which he had occupied. He instantly exclaimed to Hans von Haugwitz, "*Rech mir den Berg*" (take me the mountain). The order was obeyed, the moun-

tain was cleared of the barbarians, and Hans and his descendants took the name of "Rechenberg" in consequence. However, in spite of his assistance, the Duke of Moravia was slain. The Poles and Upper Silesians, who formed the second and third divisions, now renewed the combat by order of Duke Henry, and victory seemed to be on their side, when all was destroyed by a verbal misunderstanding. The leader of the Polish division had shouted out "Zabieszcze" (strike them dead), which the Silesians mistook for the opposite expression, "Bieszcze" (fly), and a general panic was the consequence. It is said that the Tartars, opening their ranks, exhibited hideous heads fixed upon poles, and serpents vomiting flames, thus terrifying the Christians, who fancied they were contending with evil spirits.

Duke Henry kept his place courageously, and when he saw the flight of the Poles, cheered up his men, and dashed into the midst of the enemy. After being twice rescued from the general pell-mell, he was at last struck down by a lance which was thrust through his shoulder, and was then despatched by the blows that fell on all sides. The Polish leader, Sulislaw, with his two brothers, Conrad Conradswicz and John Inwanowitz, together with Clement, the Castellan of Glogau, fell by the side of Duke Henry, and the tale was told at Crossen by John von Kötterich, a Silesian knight, who escaped with difficulty, and grievously wounded, from the midst of the fray. The Mongols are said to have filled nine sacks with the ears of the slaughtered Christians.

The town of Liegnitz was burned by the barbarians, but they did not penetrate further into Europe. The historical legend that ascribes the whole expedition to the murder of Batu's wife, informs us, that on hearing of the sudden death of Octai, the Grand-Khan, he considered the claims of justice to be perfectly satisfied. The probable view of the matter is, that the barbarians, although formidable in the open country, found the fortresses of Europe an insuperable obstacle to their arms, and abandoned a scheme which was evidently fruitless. On their return into Asia they terminated the Caliphate of Bagdad in a general massacre.

The body of Duke Henry was found with difficulty by his mother St. Hedwig. The head had been taken off, and it is said that he was only recognised in consequence of the peculiarity that he had six toes on his right foot.

A pretty story is told of the casting of the bell for the church of St. Mary Magdalen at Breslau. When the metal was just ready to be poured into the mould, the chief-founder went to dinner, and forbade his apprentice, under pain of death, to touch the vent by which the metal was to be conveyed. The youth, curious to see the operation, disobeyed orders, the whole of the metal ran into the mould, and the enraged master, returning from his meal, by the apprentice on the spot. On breaking away the mould he found he had been too hasty, for the bell was cast as perfectly as possible. When it was hung in its place, the master had been sentenced to death by the sword for the murder of the apprentice, and he entreated the authorities, as a great favour, that he might be allowed to hear it once before he died. His petition was granted, and from that time the bell was rung on the execution of a criminal.

According to another and a less characteristic version of the story, the master was pardoned by the authorities on account of the excellence of

the bell, but suffered death through a Divine judgment. Being appointed warden over the cathedral tower, and perceiving that a fire had broken out beneath him, he thrust his head through the aperture in the belfry, and bawled and shouted "Fire!" with such energy, that his head swelled, and he was unable to draw it back again. Fixed in this position, and slowly consumed by the flames beneath, he endured a most agonising death. A man's head, carved in stone upon the tower, is said to be a record of the bell-founder's fate. The first and best version of the tale will be found in Grimm's "*Deutsche Sagen*."

One of the many legends which turn upon a supposed compact with the Evil One is connected with a stone pillar on the road from Breslau to the neighbouring town of Lissa. A young wheelwright, who was a native of Lissa and worked at Breslau, fell in love with a damsel, who vowed everlasting fidelity, but the couple were too poor to marry. To improve his fortunes the youth went into Poland, and thence into Russia, where he had the misfortune to be sent to Siberia, and worked for twenty years in the mines.

On his quitting home, his beloved had given him a ring, with a promise that she would continue faithful as long as it remained entire. When, at the end of the twenty years, the ring broke and fell from his finger, he considered it such a bad omen that he became desperate, and vowed that he would give his soul to the devil if he might see his maiden once more. The devil took him at his word, and appearing in the mine, informed him that his mistress, believing him dead, was to be married to another on the very next day. On this information the parties entered into a contract, by the terms of which the devil was to take the wheelwright from Siberia to his native home, in the interval between midnight and the crowing of the first cock, and receive his soul as a recompense. The man was carried through the air by the devil, when, just as they came over Breslau, a cock crowed, and the devil finding himself foiled, let his burden fall to the ground. Though the tumble was none of the softest, the wheelwright got up without delay, and ran into the church at Lissa, just as the wedding-pair were standing before the altar. The beard of twenty years' growth prevented the bride from recognising him, but she was convinced of his identity by the production of the broken ring, and the new bridegroom having generously abandoned his claim, the hands of the long-separated lovers were joined, after the wheelwright had performed a severe penance for his impiety. The stone-pillar is said to mark the very spot where the man fell, and to have been erected by him as a testimonial of gratitude for the unexpected rescue of his soul.

We may conclude with a terrific story attached to an imperial castle that once stood at Breslau, and was at least as old as the days of the Emperor Sigismund. According to general belief, a vault of this castle held one of those horrible instruments of death, common in middle-age traditions as "iron maidens." The machine at Breslau was in the shape of a gigantic woman with a naked sword in each breast, and a row of sharp points issuing from her body. Often at night the passers-by heard a dreadful rattle of wheelwork, as though the machine were in motion, and a groan of agony, as if some unhappy victim was suffering. It is to the last rattle and the last groan that our story relates.

Werner von Brunek, the Castellan, had a daughter, yeleft Marie, who was so beautiful, that not only was she considered the flower of Breslau,

but she caused Conrad von Salza, a young member of the Teutonic order—bound as he was by his vow of celibacy—to fall in love with her. Finding that his love was returned he had great difficulty in subduing it, but conscience at last gained the victory, and he determined privately to leave the castle, where he had taken up his abode. When he had quitted the fair one on the last evening, he lost his way among the intricate passages of the edifice, and came to a part of it which he had never seen before. Following a gleam of light, he found himself in a large hall, lit by one suspended lamp, just as the clock was striking midnight. At the final stroke began a rattle, as of wheelwork, mingled with the most horrible groans uttered by a male and female voice. The voices came nearer and nearer, until at last one of the doors in the apartment flew open, and a woman with dishevelled hair rushed in, followed by a man in battered armour, from the joints of which blood was constantly flowing. They soon vanished by an opposite door, and the rattling and groaning was renewed. When it ceased, they reappeared, and were again about to cross the hall. Conrad drew his sword and stopped them, imperatively demanding who they were. He was not a little horror-stricken, when he saw that the faces into which he looked were those of corpses. However, in compliance with a signal given by the male figure, he followed him and his companion till he came to the edge of a deep hollow, strangely illuminated, and at the bottom of which he saw the terrible "iron maiden," with all her equipment of swords and spikes. The spectral knight flung his companion into the arms of the "maiden," and then threw himself after her, and Conrad felt his heart sink within him as he saw how the iron image closed its armed hands upon them, and how they were torn by the spikes that issued from its body. He left the spot with horror; but the figures, who had again quitted the dreadful "maiden," followed him into the hall, where he had first seen them, with gestures of earnest supplication. Conrad, touched by compassion, asked how he could assist them, when they pointed to an inscription—*From Renunciation flows Redemption*. Thinking that these words referred to his own unholy love, Conrad promised the renunciation, which the inscription seemed to require, when the male figure, with a gesture of joy, gave him a vellum scroll. At this moment the rattle of the engine was renewed, and Conrad, for a while, lost his senses.

When he had recovered he found that he was in his own apartment, with the scroll of vellum in his hand. It contained the story of a nun who had broken her vow, and of a knight, who had been misled by her charms, and stated how this unfortunate pair, whom he had seen the preceding night, had been subjected to the tortures of the "iron maiden." Conrad, feeling how narrow had been his escape from a similar sin, was strengthened in his resolution to quit the castle, and departed the next day. When he returned a year afterwards he found that his Maria had married another, and subsequently distinguished himself as grand master of his order,—the order to which Prussia is indebted for some of her most important possessions.

On the very night of Conrad's departure the old part of the castle, to which this frightful tradition was attached, fell in with a terrific crash,

LORENZO DA PONTE.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO.

THE name of this poet, who is so intimately connected with Mozart's *capo d'opera*, "Il Don Giovanni," is one of those which—as frequently happens—has been completely absorbed by its contact with a greater than itself, and is probably unknown to all but our exclusively musical readers. Yet it deserves to be withdrawn from the oblivion to which it has been consigned, as much from the singularity of the individual's career and the moral which points his end, as from his identification with the great German composer.

Lorenzo da Ponte, who borrowed his name from a certain bishop, his benefactor, was born at Ceneda, a small town in the Venetian territory, on the 10th of March, 1749. Being the son of very poor parents, he remained without the slightest education, and was entirely left to his own pursuits until he had attained the age of fourteen. Chance, at that time, threw him in the way of the good bishop, who, perceiving in him, as he thought, indications of more than ordinary talent, and that he was fitted by nature for something better than to lead the life of a vagrant on the plains of Trevigiano, procured the admission of young Lorenzo into the seminary of his native town. In one sense he fulfilled his patron's expectations, for at the end of five years he quitted the seminary, having made a better use of his time than the generality of his fellow-students, and given evidence of the possession of abilities of an order to insure success—as far as success can be dissociated from good conduct on the one hand, and good fortune on the other. To a native of Venetian Lombardy, and to one of a temperament so sanguine as that of Lorenzo, there was but one haven to his thoughts, and that was Venice. To that gay and brilliant city—for such the "Sea-Cybele" was in the middle of the last century—he directed his steps, to win fame at the point of the pen if possible, but at all events to taste the pleasures of life.

And at the period of which we are writing, no city of Europe, without excepting Paris, offered the same attractions to the pleasure-seeker as Venice. Her race was nearly run; and, like the hectic glow which paints the cheek of the victim of consumption, her aspect became more brilliant than ever the closer she drew to the moment of her dissolution. The society of Venice just then offered a singular picture of manners. The aristocracy, who felt that their part was well nigh played out, at last cast aside much of the patrician pride which had kept them aloof from the easiest and most sociable people on the face of the earth. Institutions of every kind were falling to decay. Religion was without seriousness, the laws without influence, and morality was at its lowest ebb. The Venetians believed in nothing; neither in God, nor in the philosopher's substitute—reason. The church was a show, the confessional a court of love, justice a game of chance, and marriage a jest. Everything was laughed at; the past and the future, this world and the next. "Sufficient for the day," was the motto of the Venetians, but to the "evil" of the proverb they gave no heed, abandoning themselves without restraint to the enjoyments of the present hour, laden as it was

with all the seductions of luxurious living, wine and play, of lovely women, poetry and music, and delicious moonlight nights on the *lagune* of their beautiful city—

And, all unconscious of the coming doom,
The feast, the song, the revel there abounded.

Afar from them were chased remorse and gloomy care. The gay crowd was formed of the most heterogeneous materials, where priests, inquisitors, buffoons, and *cicisbei* were mingled together, eating, drinking, laughing, and dancing, as if to do so were the end and aim of all mortal efforts. Society was one vast masquerade, where every object that met the eye was travestied, and every sound that fell upon the ear told of the intoxication of mirth and love. Venice was then a city where pleasure reigned supreme. She was truly

The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy.

The Venetian women still glowed with the beauty which Titian and Giorgione have gained an immortality by transferring to their canvas; the nobles were still rich, and more, they were well-educated and witty; and the people were light of heart, careless, easy, and content. To Venice, from all quarters of the globe, strangers continually flocked to scatter their gold and enjoy all that was enjoyable in life; her enchanted shore were the fabled resort of dethroned kings, who fled thither to end their days, if not as royally, at all events more happily than they began them. Even those retreats, which in other lands are unprofaned by gaiety, the convents resounded to the tinkling of mandolines and the light footfall of the dancers. To the positive pleasures which were to be found on the *lagune* on the Piazza of St. Mark, and at the *casino*, was added the mystery of the mask, which lent them an indefinite charm. This mystery was inviolate, and more than one crowned head concealed itself from time to time under the guise of a *burattino*. Well might the Venetian poet have exclaimed—

Venezia! Venezia! tu sei'l sorriso del mondo!

Like a vessel decked for a summer's fête, with garlands of roses and lamps of every hue, Venice sailed resplendent above the waters, which, when the storm came, were to pass over her head without leaving a trace of her path.

It was to such a city that the young Lorenzo da Ponte hastened with winged feet, and delivered himself up to the enchantments which beckoned to him on every hand. To fall in love was, naturally enough, the first thing he did; and the charms of his mistress inspired him to produce the sweetest sonnets of the day. But even a first love failed to absorb the passions of one so inconstant as Lorenzo; the soft blue eyes and fair hair of a stranger from the north threw a spell over his affections, to which he unreluctantly surrendered himself, without, however, forsaking the beautiful Venetian who had first captivated him. Jealousy was, perhaps, the only real passion that survived in Venice; but da Ponte was a skilful dissembler, and always seemed in love with the mistress of the hour. Like James V. of Scotland,

Lightly from fair to fair he flew,

nor left any other regret behind him than that caused by his temporary absence.

But the charms of his art, and the opportunities for exercising it, which the theatres and the *casini* afforded, soon claimed a part, and not the least joyous part, of his time. At one moment he might be seen engaged in a war of wit with the celebrated Abbate Chiari, and at another indulging in the vein which was natural to him with his friend Gozzi, improvising satirical poems against the follies of the age, in which he more than shared, and sneering at the comedies of Goldoni, which, he said, were *impastate* with a morality as frigid as it was lachrymose. While he was thus plunged in amorous and literary intrigues, gambling, and duelling, now quarrelling about a pretty face and then about an epigram, scattering the resources of his mind, and casting the freshness of his youth before every wind that blew, his dream of love was rudely disturbed by an unforeseen event, which, it is to be presumed, wounded his *amour-propre* more than it affected his heart.

A state inquisitor—holy man!—carried off the fair foreigner to whom he had devoted one half of himself, and da Ponte followed them from Venice. Fruitlessly, it would seem, for the next place he is found at is Treviso, where, cured of his passion, or seeking to drown the recollection of it, he became professor of rhetoric in the *gymnasium* of that city. Despite the gravity of his new position, the life he led at Treviso resembled that which had occupied him at Venice—as far as the difference between the two places permitted; but it was not of long duration, for amongst the few things which existed to remind the dwellers in the realm of the Queen of the Adriatic that they were not altogether their own masters, was freedom of speech in matters political. Lorenzo da Ponte, in some unguarded moment, uttered words which the republic held to be of dangerous import, and he was forced to fly from the states of Venice.

He took refuge on the opposite promontory of Istria, and at the inn where he stopped on his arrival fell in love with the hostess, who was unable to resist the charm of his wit and the graces of his personal appearance. In this quiet nook, where, he used to say, he passed the happiest hours of his existence, he remained for some time concealed; but fresh enmities arose, while old ones pursued him, and again he was driven forth to wander,—unchanged, however, in his tendencies, and untaught by the past. From Görz he went direct to Dresden; and there, like the hero of the drama in whom he created his prototype, he gave himself up to universal courtship, soliciting and being accepted alike by *prime donne* and princesses. Morality had already been sufficiently scandalised by the courses of Lorenzo da Ponte, but at Dresden his conduct declared that no consideration had force enough to bind him; he became the lover of two sisters, each of whom he courted in secret, and for a time without discovery. Accident, at last, revealed his infidelity to both his mistresses, whose jealousy and tenderness he afterwards reproduced in Donna Elvira and Donna Anna, and he fled from the storm of their reproaches to Vienna, his only prospect of employment there being afforded by a letter of recommendation—in which morality went for nothing—from the poet Catarino Mazzola to the composer Sarti. He met with better luck than he deserved. Sarti presented him to the Emperor Joseph II., whose poetical and musical tastes were all Italian,

and who at once created him poet laureate to the imperial court, as the successor of Metastasio, whose death had just made the place vacant. Fame had long fluttered over him in her erratic flight, and now closing her wings, descended upon his head; Da Ponte gathered new laurels with every poem; but the greatest were to come. The occasion which called them forth demands some reference to the works of a genius immeasurably loftier than his own.

In the year 1786, of which period we are speaking, the reputation of Mozart had reached its highest point, by the production of the "*Nozze di Figaro*." Successful as this opera was at Vienna, its reception there bore no comparison to that which awaited it at Prague, whither Mozart was invited, in the early part of 1787, by the Count de Thun, an old friend of his father. On the stage of the old capital of Bohemia nothing was represented but the "*Nozze*;" in the saloons of the rich, and at the corner of every street, fragments of the opera,—and of it alone—were heard; "*Non più andrai*" was sung by all the *kellerine* of the city, and the wandering musician who could not play it on his harp or violin attuned his instrument in vain. It made, in short, a perfect *furor*, and so grateful was Mozart for its reception by the enthusiastic Czechs, that he made a promise to Bondini, the director of the theatre, of composing an opera expressly for the inhabitants of Prague.

In this very opera of "*Le Nozze*," Mozart had been indebted for a great part of the *libretto* to Da Ponte. On him, then, he turned his eyes when he went back to Vienna to trace the outline of the new work. Da Ponte had forestalled the great composer, having already committed to paper the plan of a new work which he destined for its illustration to him. The Venetian was an ardent admirer of the German's genius, and in the intercourse which had subsisted between them he had sounded the depths of Mozart's soul—gathering from his experience the knowledge of the secret which could, by a simple word, awaken the harmony that slumbered there. Da Ponte felt that his own career was a history which, if rightly understood and poetically rendered, contained within it all the elements to call forth the creative powers of Mozart. The Don Juan floating vaguely before his thought, was not only an impersonation of himself but a complete incarnation of the poetry and life of Venice, with all its intrigue, its adventure, its tears, its smiles, its tenderness, its scepticism, its desolation, and its doom. Who could present such a theme so perfectly as he who had passed through every phase of that brilliant but troubled existence? Where could he find so able an interpreter as Mozart for that which music alone could adequately express? Mozart also felt, that in Da Ponte he had met with one capable of supplying him with the theme which was necessary for the development of his own extraordinary genius.

Soon, therefore, the composer and the poet understood each other, and Da Ponte addressed himself earnestly to the task, working chiefly at night, by the pale light of a trembling lamp, and urged on by the fever that fills the poet's mind when he loves his subject. The manner in which he wrote was characteristic: on a table before him was set the *Inferno* of Dante, and a flask of rich Tokay; beside him sat a beautiful girl of sixteen, the companion of his solitary hours. From these sources, types of the passions and irregularities of his hero, he drew the inspira-

tion which formed Don Juan. Not, however, that Da Ponte's conception of the character was a new one, or referable only to himself and Venice. His antecedents were to be found in the plays of Tirso di Molina and of Molière, and the subject had been treated by a great many composers — amongst others, by Righini, Cimarosa, Tritta, and his own countryman Gazzaniga; Goldoni also had converted it into an indifferent Italian comedy. But what Da Ponte wanted to accomplish, and succeeded in accomplishing, was the union of the several characteristics which marked the hero of Tirso di Molina and of Molière; to combine the ardent passion and gross superstition of the Spaniard with the mockery, the hypocrisy—even the atheism of the French dramatist's creation. Moulded afresh, the new Don Juan appeared, young, handsome, elegant, rich, courageous; his heart filled with infinite desires,—his head conceiving wrong, and his hand ever ready by its deeds to confirm that wrong; the gratification of his passions his only object; but with intellect sufficient, if not altogether to stifle his own conscience, at all events to defend his acts and fearlessly to avow his principles. The Don Juan of Da Ponte is one whose career is a succession of triumphs, leading him, however, only the more surely to his inevitable fate, his last moments concentrating within their brief span the agonies of a life ill spent, when the pleasures of the world inspire nothing but disgust, when the infidel sneer withers on the lip, and terror possesses the soul.

Pity that he who could draw such a picture should himself have failed to profit by the example!

But it would rather seem that Da Ponte took for his model only the vicious part of Don Juan's character, keeping out of sight his late repentance, though that too, perhaps, came—as it seldom fails to do—at the last moment.

As long as Mozart and the Emperor Joseph lived, the life of Da Ponte was directed to higher aims than it had ever been before; but when death had robbed him both of his friend and his patron, another change came o'er the spirit of his dream. The old influences were again at work: an intrigue with a lady of high rank and the enmity of the poet Casti—of whom it has been said that there was nothing chaste about him but his name—compelled him, after nearly ten years' residence, to exile himself from Vienna and abandon Germany, the country of his adoption. Passing through Trieste, he met with a beautiful young Englishwoman, whom he persuaded to share his fortunes, and together they set out for Paris, where he arrived in the year 1792, in the midst of the worst horrors of the French Revolution. These were so little to his taste that he quickly left them behind, and sought a more secure asylum in London, where he established himself as a teacher of the Italian language. For upwards of ten years he resided in the British capital; but a destiny beyond his control—or, what is more likely, conduct which he never sought to control—caused him once more to roam in search of that rest which had ever been denied him, or that novelty for which he always yearned.

On the 5th of March, 1803, he embarked for the United States, and, reaching New York, speedily installed himself professor of Italian, and once more employed the soft accents of his native tongue for the perversion of the sex whom he had ever sought to win from the paths of virtue. In this manner, grown grey and aged in vice, he lived on, losing

by the discredit which attached itself to his actions the respect which should have been paid to his years and abilities.

One gleam of sunshine, however, was shed on the close of his days. By accident he became aware that the famous singer, Garcia, the father of Malibran and Pauline Viardot, and what was of much greater interest to him, the only man who had ever been known rightly to interpret "Don Juan," arrived in New York, accompanied by his family.

Forgetting his fourscore years and more, and his heart beating with the emotion of a boy of twenty, he hastened to the artist's residence, and announced himself in these words:—

"I am Lorenzo da Ponte, the author of the *libretto* of 'Don Juan,' and the friend of Mozart!"

Garcia leapt with joy, fell on the poet's neck, and then, in a flood of melody, burst forth—

Fin ch' han dal vino
Calda la testa,
Una gran festa
Fa preparar.

To represent the *chef-d'œuvre* of Mozart was their immediate object, and by dint of the exertions of Da Ponte, a tenor, able to sing the part of Ottavio, at length was found; Garcia himself was the Don Juan, and Malibran, not married then, the Zerlina.

This was the last happiness in store for the poet. On the few days or years to which his life was prolonged, the memory of the joys of his youth shed a halo of pleasure; but to think that such pleasure was not embittered by the remembrance of talents too often misemployed, and noble gifts too constantly perverted, were to deny the scheme of retribution which God ordains for man while yet on earth.

Lorenzo da Ponte died at New York on the 17th of August, 1838, in the ninetyeth year of his age—destitute and alone.

THE PHENOMENA OF SLEEP.

The gaudy, blabbing, and remorseless day
Is crept into the bosom of the sea.
'Tis now the very witching time of night.—SHAKESPEARE.

O DREAMS, dreams! ye myriad-shaped vitalities born of life's death—ye bright and beautiful creations of an unconscious Creator—ye terrible and almost demoniacal phantoms conjured up, at times, even from the heaven of sleeping innocence and beauty—ye self-kindled splendours that illuminate our inward world with more than a meridian blaze, while all without is wrapped in the pall of night—ye vivid sights that the eye seeth not—ye most distinct and unmistakeable sounds which yet the ear heareth not—ye various odours that give delight or offence without being scented—ye savours, sweet or bitter, so recognisably tasted without

intervention of the palate—ye countless sensations, corporeal and mental, felt with more than a waking reality by the impassive and the unconscious—O dreams, dreams! who shall attempt to penetrate your inscrutable nature? Who shall solve the enigma of your phantasmagoric and everchanging revelations? Fantastic imps! commingled echoes of the past and foreshadowings of the future! ye hover before and behind the mystic curtain that divides the spiritual from the material, the visible from the invisible world, and when we fancy ye are about to draw it up, and enrapture us with a glimpse into the glorious unrevealed, lo! we awake; again are we circumscribed by the dull, dark, narrow horizon of reality, and again does our disappointed spirit beat the wing against its prison bars!

Invisible visions! Who shall wonder that we cannot analyse or define your nature; for, are ye not the daughters of sleep, and consequently the mysteries of a mystery? How is it that the vital functions shall continue, and yet the senses be unaffected by ordinary impressions of external objects? Why is it that a nightly death is absolutely indispensable to our daily life? And what is the process, which, thus rapidly regenerating our exhausted faculties and powers, makes us rise every morning with a new youth and vigour, born out of yesterday's decay? No physiologist can account for this silent and rapid reconstruction of a whole prostrate system; no art can supply a substitute for that *elixir vitæ* which can only be found in a partial loss of life. We may imitate the quiescence of "Nature's great restorer;" we may lie motionless and thoughtless as a statue; but were it possible to repel for a sufficient time the sleep of life, we should only exchange it for the sleep of death. We cannot preserve existence except by offering up a portion of it as a nightly sacrifice. Sleep is the premium that we pay for our life assurance.

Although all voluntary functions are suspended during a state of repose, while those that are involuntary, such as the respiration and the circulation, are slower than usual, assimilation and nutrition proceed with a greatly increased activity, to which cause may partly be assigned the rapid recruitment and resuscitation of the frame. Strange! that this interruption of corporeal vitality, giving new wings to the mind, should enable it to spring like a Phoenix, from the ashes of animation into a fresh world of wonders! Strange! that the helpless and unconscious human being, incalculably more puissant in his dormant state than when awake, should mentally be converted into a species of deity; that he should possess the power to annihilate both time and space, to conjure up the dead, to recall the past, to anticipate the future, to make the whole creation pass before him as a gorgeous pageant; in fact, to be omniscient and omnipresent, while he is lying on his couch in passive ignorance.

True it is, that in waking reveries similar presentments may pass across the mind, but they are only transient imaginings; we never see them, whereas the figurings of our dreams flash upon our inward eye with even a brighter vividness than if we gazed upon them with the outer organ. Waking phantasies are the real dreams, and the real sights are those that haunt our slumbers; in confirmation of which it may be added, that while we know the former to be fictitious, the latter are always believed, at the moment, to be actual existences. Not the least remarkable among the many phenomena of our slumbers is the fact, that no one ever dreamed himself to be dreaming. Sleep can render us conscious of every existence except its own.

May not this indispensableness of the night's inanimation to the day's vitality be adduced as an additional argument, were any such wanting, that the darkness and the sleep of death are but the inevitable prelude to eternal light and life? Such suggestions may not be altogether unworthy the attention of preachers; for the time is at hand, when they must reflect instead of repeating; when they must commit the sin of originality, by discoursing less upon original sin; and instead of dividing their sermons into three heads, prove that they have one of their own. Men of this stamp are springing up in our large and intellectual towns—Promethean spirits, who snatch fire from heaven, wherewith to electrify their flocks; but the pastor of our rural districts, ringing no greater variety in his sermons than if he were pulling the ropes in the belfry, and eternally dinnning the same catch-word from his pulpit-perch, rarely reminds his congregation of any thing more dignified than a parrot in his cage. Let not the clerical worthy imagine that I speak this in any irreverent mood, but rather excuse me when he reflects that I could hardly avoid some passing allusion to his sermons in an essay upon sleep.

A writer upon the mysterious subject of the visions that haunt our slumbers, demands, "What parts of a human being are active, what dormant when he dreams? Why does he not always dream when asleep; or why dreams he at all? Do any circumstances in our constitution, situation, and peculiar character, determine the nature of our dreams?" The inquirer must himself be dreaming if he expect a solution of these enigmas. Lives there a man who was never visited by any of these night-ghosts of his day thoughts? This may well be doubted, for even animals, especially dogs, are manifestly subject to the influence of dreams. Enthusiasts and imaginative people see visions when they are awake: the life of the insane man is a perpetual dream; that of a raving maniac is an incessant and frightful nightmare.

Some of our faculties and functions seem to be awake in our dreams, for we talk aloud, in accordance with our reveries, get up, walk about, and engage unconsciously in various occupations; but the somnambulist, while performing them, is not subject to the impressions they would excite were he awake. Seeing external objects, but not sensible to their customary effect, he will walk on the brink of a precipice without danger, because he is without fear. Remarkable is it that when we are wandering in the visionary world, the reasoning faculty, the sun of intellect, never pierces through the clouds that encircle and obscure it. *Nil admirari* is then our motto. Improbabilities and even impossibilities excite no surprise in us. We imagine ourselves to be fiercely attacked by a hippopotamus in an omnibus, or by a crocodile in a church, and though we may be sufficiently terrified to cry out lustily for assistance, we never feel the least astonishment that such assailants should have sprung upon us from such localities. In further illustration of this peculiarity I will reproduce the well-known anecdote recorded by Dr. Johnson, who dreamt that he had retired from a literary party in deep mortification of spirit, because he had been completely eclipsed, both in argument and brilliancy, by an opponent with whom he had maintained a long controversy.

"Had not my judgment been totally dormant," said the doctor, in relating this imagined discomfiture, "I should have been aware that my own intellectual armoury had supplied my antagonist with all his weapons, and that if I had been vanquished, I myself was the victor."

But when the truant mind thus escapes from the dormant body, and plays such strange antics that we may well believe it to be indulging in the saturnalia of intoxication, the most capricious and provoking of its faculties is the memory. Absent or deceased friends have stood by our bed-side, making revelations which would secure the grandeur and happiness of our future life, but when we start up in our beds, eager to act upon these disclosures and secure the promised prize, lo! the whole vanishes from our recollection like the dissolving view of a magic-lantern, and we are tantalised with a dim apprehension of the glories that have eluded our grasp. Again we fall asleep, we gaze enchanted upon a magnificent pageant, a tournament of the olden times, or a modern opera-house crowded with spectators, all distinctly visible, so long as we are lying in the dark with our eyes closed. Awakened by the daylight we raise our lids, and the entire pageant is not only unseen but instantly unremembered. We who supplied the whole apparatus of the actors, scenery, dresses, and decorations, during the night, are ushered into the dark and dreary theatre of day, and cannot even recall a shadow or an echo of what we have just been seeing and hearing. Like Caliban, well may we "cry to sleep again" when we are thus defrauded of our own creations. The dreaming mind, where memory refuses to act in its pantomimic vagaries, is a Saturn, and devours its own children as soon as they are born.

If the galled jade may wince, well may I myself complain of the beautiful daughters of darkness that have eloped from the parental brain under cover of the light. Inmeasurably would *my* sleeping night thoughts have eclipsed those of Young, had not these intellectual spirits spread their wings, and flown—who knows why or whither, at the crowing of the cock. Oh! the terse and mellifluous stanzas; oh! the profound and original essays; oh! the witty and laughable fancy-flights which I have composed and written down upon the tablets of my sleeping brain, but which the waking daylight instantly and enviously blotted out! Oh! that my fame as an author could be estimated by my unproduced, instead of by my printed works! Of the literary progeny that I have published, it becomes me not to boast; but I feel confident that the world would have hailed with acclamation my unborn offspring, so cruelly strangled in the birth by the traitress—memory. Her malice seems the more vexatious when contrasted with the marked favouritism sometimes extended to others. The whole poem of Kubla Khan, Coleridge's "psychological curiosity," composed in his sleep, was so faithfully repeated to him by memory when he awoke, that he was enabled to recall and to commit it to paper! How different *my* fate! If there be any truth in Ariosto's assertion, that all lost things betake themselves to the moon, what an enviable literary reputation must I enjoy in that luminary! Let this console me for the want of it upon earth.

And how frivolous the causes that have occasioned these mental infanticides! A noise, or the cessation of a noise, has suddenly awakened me. Memory vanishes, and the compositions which would have been heirs of immortality, are suddenly submerged by the waters of oblivion. What a mass of inconsistencies does sleep present! Monotonous sounds throw us into a somnolent state: let them cease, and we are aroused from our slumber. When I am awake and deeply engaged in thought, I do not

hear the striking of the clock: let me fall asleep, and the same sound awakes me. Silence and its cessation are equally the causes and the dispellers of our repose.

Memory, that presence of the past which, by chewing the cud of thought, enables us to feed upon the time we have devoured, may be termed the life of our departed existence. It is too much to expect that she should retain the fugitive pieces of our dreams, when we consider to what a miraculous extent her tablets are engraven with the inscriptions of our whole waking life, many of them as deeply and indelibly impressed as ever were the cuttings of an Egyptian chisel upon adamantine granite. From youth to age do we keep storing up fresh words, thoughts, sounds, sights, feelings in the all-containing mental *Pantechnicon*, until it is crowded from ground to garret with innumerable deposits, all "to be left till called for," and all forthcoming, without confusion or hesitation, when they are called for. Imagine the immense demands made upon this vast repository by a speech of three hours' duration, when every word requires the delivery of a separate parcel, which is supplied to us, not only without confusion or delay, but even without our consciousness of the process! Overladen as it is with the innumerable products of our reason, can we expect that Memory's warehouse should also find room for the goods and chattels of our sleeping delirium? That so many dreams prove still-born is a strong argument against the prophetic character so frequently assigned to them, for Heaven would hardly present them to our suspended apprehensions in order to withdraw them from our consciousness. Celestial guides would not shroud themselves in oblivion at the very moment when we needed their aid and tutelage.

But so many dreams, I may be told, are remembered and verified. Rather say so *few*. When it is recollected that all our sleeping reveries are suggested by our hopes and fears, and by the manifold probabilities of life, it might surprise us, could an accurate register be kept, that the mere doctrine of changes has not occasioned the confirmation of a greater number. Rumour, with her thousand tongues, blazons to the world the one that has come to pass: the millions that remain unaccomplished sink into oblivion. These vagaries of sleep have a retrospective not a prospective aspect. It is not that "coming events cast their shadows before," but that receding ones leave theirs behind. Their doubtful gleams, like lanterns in a vessel's stern, can only throw light upon that through which we have passed! As a rower looks behind him, to see which way he is to steer, so may we, by sometimes reverting to our past dreams, render our future progress more safe and easy. Confidently may we trust to them if they warn us against those excesses, omissions, or improprieties of the day which have given a distressing or unholy character to the visions of the night. Thus may our wildest dreams become our wisest preceptors: thus may the sprites *ivane*, and the imps of darkness that haunted our slumbers, become the wise and good angels of our waking hours.

PEDRO THE CRUEL.*

DON PEDRO, surnamed the Cruel, has been celebrated both in prose and verse. Voltaire is not his only apologist. As early as 1648, M. de la Roca composed a little volume called "El Rey Don Pedro defendido." And at the end of the last century, Don Josef Ledo del Pozo, professor of philosophy at Valladolid, published a work called "Apologia del Rey Don Pedro, conforme à la Crónica de Don Pedro Lopez de Ayala." Both these works are avowedly founded upon Ayala's "Crónica del Rey Don Pedro," and "Crónica del Rey Don Enrique II."—the fountain head of almost all that can be gleaned of this remarkable epoch. There was a reason for Professor del Pozo's work. Suspected of Voltarian and philosophical opinions, he had the misfortune to attract the notice of the Inquisition, and to ward off the storm, he hastened to publish his defence of hereditary and divine rights. Mr. Lockhart has been so far lenient in his historical notes to the "Ancient Spanish Ballads" as to admit that there may be traced, in the circumstances which attended Pedro's accession, something to palliate the atrocity of several of his bloody acts; and taking the subject up in a more philosophical point of view, the French academician, M. Prosper Mérimée, has ransacked the libraries of Madrid and Barcelona, and has laboured to decypher old Aragonese and Catalanian archives, in order to understand more thoroughly the character and the actions of a monarch, whom he could not help considering as possessed of an energetic genius, which had led him to struggle with, and to attempt to reform, the more flagrant evils of feudalism and other corrupt manners of the fourteenth century.

As family dissensions and the revolt of emirs undermined the power of the dynasty founded by Abd-er-rahman, so the kingdom founded in the Asturias by Pelayo, aggrandised by Alphonso and Sancho the Great, and again enlarged by the victories of Alphonso IX. and of Iago the Conqueror, till the Peninsula contained four Christian kingdoms—Castile, Aragon, Navarre, and Portugal—and the Mohammedans were restrained within the limits of Granada, was, in the fourteenth century, enfeebled and rendered almost powerless by internal discord and rebellion.

Alphonso, the eleventh of the name, and father of Don Pedro, had done his best to remedy this state of things. The kingdom of Castile had been a prey to anarchy ever since the death of Saint Ferdinand, and a succession of feeble princes and long minorities had raised the daring of the nobility to the greatest excesses. They were fighting with one another for the exclusive privilege of pillaging the country; while the peasants and citizens, exasperated by their sufferings, were rising up on all sides and wreaking their vengeance in sanguinary reprisals against their oppressors. To subdue one party, Alphonso XI. was obliged to abet another; but, his object being once accomplished, he found himself sufficiently strong to command obedience, instead of being obliged to purchase it by the sacrifice of his people. He engaged the turbulent nobility in war against the common enemy—the Moors. The victory of Tarifa (Octo-

* Histoire de Don Pèdre Ier, Roi de Castille; par Prosper Mérimée. (De l'Académie Française.) Paris, Charpentier, 1848.

ber 29th, 1346) established the superiority of the Christians for ever. Alphonso took Algezirás, and might even have captured Gibraltar, but for the "Black Death" which broke out in the army and destroyed the king himself on the 27th of March, 1350.

Alphonso had only one legitimate son, Don Pedro, then fifteen years of age, whose mother, Maria, was daughter of Alphonso IV. of Portugal. This marriage, founded on policy, was not happy. Soon after the birth of an heir, the king formed an attachment for Dona Leonora de Guzman, a young widow descended from an illustrious family of Seville, who took the position, publicly as well as privately, previously occupied by the queen. Leonora had no less than ten children by the king—nine boys and one girl. The domain of Trastámara was, with the title of count, assigned to Don Henrique, the eldest, born in 1332, who was brought up as the first subject of the King of Castile. His twin brother, Don Fadrique, had been appointed master of the Order of St. Iago. Both these youths accompanied their father in his war-like expeditions, while the hereditary prince, Pedro, lived in seclusion at Seville, participating in the humiliations inflicted upon his mother. It was thus that the first feelings of jealousy and hatred were nurtured in the bosom of the future king.

The Castilian laws, which fixed the epoch of majority at fifteen, permitted Don Pedro to succeed to the throne immediately upon the death of his father; while Dona Leonora, who at first took refuge in her Castle of Medina Sidonia, was soon obliged, by the disaffection of the nobles, to retire to Seville. Don Henrique also took refuge, at first in the Castle of Moron, and afterwards in Algezirás; while his brother, Don Fadrique, took possession of the Castle of Montanches, in virtue of his mastership of the order of St. Iago. The friends and relatives of the favourite hastened to arm themselves and to prepare for civil war in every direction. On the other hand, Queen Maria, assisted by Don Juan Alonso d'Albuquerque, one of the most powerful vassals of the kingdom, proclaimed Don Pedro King of Castile, and hastened to appoint the various officers of court and the heads of the civil and military departments. The second most powerful noble of the kingdom, Don Juan Nunez de Lara, united his influence to that of Albuquerque to establish the authority of the legitimate successor to the crown. Finding that opposition would be useless, the bastard sons of Alphonso sought to be received as subjects of the new king, and they were admitted to pay homage, and even their pensions were left to them. Leonora alone was treated with severity, and confined as a state prisoner in the Alcázar of Seville. Dona Juana de Villena, niece of the powerful Lara, who was betrothed to the Count of Trastámara, participated in her imprisonment. The hopes of attaching the interest of Lara to that of the fallen family depended upon this union, and it was hastily performed in the castle in which Leonora was a prisoner, to the infinite annoyance of the legitimists. Leonora was in consequence removed to the Castle of Carmona, but Don Henrique made his escape into Asturias, accompanied by two faithful squires, Pero Carrillo and Men Rodriguez, of Senabria, all three having their faces concealed by leathern masks.

The sudden and severe illness of the young king gave, for a time, a heavy blow to the progress of order, and, awakened hopes among the

dissatisfied and insubordinate, Don Fernando of Aragon, and Don Juan Nunez of Lara, alike pretended to the throne by right of royal descent. The re-establishment of the young king's health and the sudden death of the head of the house of Lara, put an end to these difficulties at the same moment, and Albuquerque remained without a rival at the head of the government; for as to the king himself, being at that time only sixteen years of age, he took no heed of business; so long as he was allowed to pass his time in hunting and shooting, he was perfectly indifferent as to the good or the harm Albuquerque might effect.

The Cortés were summoned upon the accession of Don Pedro to meet at Valladolid, in order that a display of power might be made in the disaffected provinces. On the way the king was entertained at Llerena with great magnificence by his brother, the grand master of the order of St. Iago. Queen Maria accompanied the king on this journey, as did also the unfortunate Dona Leonora. After a brief interview with her son Don Fadrique, this unfortunate woman was hurried away to the Castle of Talavera, and a few days after her arrival there was put to death by the orders of the queen-mother. M. Merimée asserts that the king had nothing to do with this act of peculiarly feminine revenge. At Valencia Don Tello, a third son of Dona Leonora's, a boy scarcely fifteen years of age, was brought before the king.

"Don Tello," said the king to the youth, "do you know that your mother Dona Leonora is dead?"

"Sire," answered the youthful courtier, "I have neither mother nor father except your good graces."

More painful scenes were enacted at Burgos. A powerful feudal chieftain, Don Garci Laso de la Vega, had come out to meet the king with a display that excited either the fears or the jealousy of the legitimists. A plot was laid to put him out of the way. When, upon the ensuing morning, Don Garci waited upon the king, followed by his friends and relatives and the usual retinue of great vassals of the time, he was seized by a body of armed men in presence of the king, and conducted into a narrow passage, where, by orders given by the young king's own mouth, he was stricken down with a mace, and afterwards despatched by numerous dagger-wounds. His body was then thrown into the great square, where the king's arrival was at that moment being celebrated by a bull-fight. The enraged animals trampled upon the body and tossed it several times in the air, and it was afterwards publicly exposed on the rampart of Comparanda. The report of this execution, which was followed by others, caused Don Henrique to take refuge in Portugal, and Don Nuno, the only son of Lara, at that time a child of three years of age, was carried off into Biscay, notwithstanding the active pursuit of the king's emissaries. Biscay rose up in defence of the proscribed and persecuted child of their old lord, and a civil war ensued, only terminated by the death of the infant, which took place suddenly at Bermeo.

The sitting of the Cortés was prolonged until the spring of the year 1352. The king then repaired to Ciudad Rodrigo, where he had an interview with Alphonso IV., father of the queen-mother, whose intercessions in favour of the children of Leonora were favourably received. But Don Henrique had returned to the Asturias, where he was busy in recruiting his followers, in which factious disposition he was seconded in Castile by Don Alonso Fernandez Coronel, who, since the tragical death

of Garci Laso, aspired to the leadership of the mal-contented. Coronel strengthened himself in the Castle of Aguilar, upon the frontier of Granada, and exerted himself in inducing the Moors to take up his cause. Albuquerque assembled a little army at Cordova and marched at once with the king against the castle; but Aguilar was well fortified, and the king and his minister were obliged to withdraw after a useless demonstration. From thence the king repaired to the Asturias, where Don Henrique had seized upon the town of Gijon. On his way he took possession of several strongholds belonging to Coronel; the holder of one of which, Juan de Canedo, having offered some resistance, he was seized, and both his hands were cut off. The royal army then entered into the Asturias, Don Henrique flying at his approach to the mountains, and thus a truce was concluded.

The next step was to effect a treaty with Pedro IV., of Aragon, in whose kingdom Don Tello had taken refuge. And owing to private feelings of hostility entertained by the Aragonese minister, Bernal de Cabrera, towards Coronel, this was easily brought about. These preliminaries accomplished, the king marched at the head of an efficient army into Andalusia, once more to lay siege to the Castle of Aguilar. The besieged defended themselves with bravery. It was some months before the approaches could be established, so as to enable the legitimists to make a breach. At this moment, when everything was prepared for a final assault, Juan de Canedo appeared before the king, horribly mutilated as he was, and asked permission to be allowed to enter the castle and to die with his master. Such were the ferocious manners of the times, that his wish was granted. The royal army effected its entrance through the breach, while Coronel was at prayers. When the formation was conveyed to him, he only requested to be taken before the king. On his approach Albuquerque addressed him.

"What!" he said, "Coronel a traitor in a country where he has received so many benefits?"

"Don Juan," replied Coronel, "we are children of that Castile in which men are raised up and stricken down. No one can conquer his destiny. All I ask is, to be put to death without delay."

The king, who listened to this dialogue with his visor down, did not make a single remark. Coronel was led away a few paces and beheaded, as were also a number of his followers, knights, and valiant gentlemen.

During the sitting of the Cortés, at Valladolid, a project of marriage had been set on foot by the queen-mother and the minister Albuquerque, while an ambassador had been despatched for that purpose to Paris, to ask the hand of Blanche, niece of King Jean, and daughter of the Duke of Bourbon, at that time scarcely fifteen years of age, whose beauty, grace, and sweetness of disposition, were much extolled. The princess was only waiting for the troubles, which obliged the king to march through his provinces at the head of an army, to be put an end to, to enter into Spain. At the same time, however, that the minister was arranging this political alliance, uncertain as to the light in which his influence might be regarded by the young queen, he secretly planned a less honourable connexion. The person whom he thought best adapted to second his views was Dona Maria de Padilla, an orphan, descendant of a noble family, but ruined by their attachment to the Lara faction. Dona

Maria was small in person, beautiful, lively, and abounding in that voluptuous grace peculiar to the women of the south. She was somewhat older than the king. Albuquerque first brought the king into the seductive company of this syren on the occasion of the expedition to the Asturias. Don Pedro was young and sanguine, and easily caught in the trap laid for him. It is asserted that some kind of religious ceremonies were gone through between the parties. M. Merimée does not profess to decide upon this point; but only intimates that if it were so they must have been celebrated with the greatest mystery. It is certain that Juan Fernandez de Hinestrosa, uncle to the damsel, conducted her to San Fagund, where Don Pedro rested on his return from the Asturias; that Dona Maria was at first generally regarded as the king's mistress, and that Hinestrosa and the other relatives of the favourite, issuing forth from their previous obscurity, appeared publicly at court, and were considered in the light of counsellors of the prince.

Immediately after the reduction of the Castle of Aguilar, Don Pedro hastened to his mistress, at Cordova. She had just given birth to a daughter, and the event was celebrated by festivities. The arrangements of the minister were, at the same time, working most unpropitiously for himself. Dona Maria endeavoured in every way to excite dislike and distrust of Albuquerque, on the part of the king. She succeeded so well that Don Pedro determined to ally himself with his repudiated brethren, and the minister was sent upon some frivolous mission to Portugal. Blanche of Bourbon had, meantime, arrived at Valladolid, where the marriage was to take place, accompanied by ambassadors and a numerous suite. Don Pedro had established himself at Torrijos, where, devoted to pleasure, he bestowed no thought upon the princess. Suddenly a severe countenance disturbed the enchantment. It was that of Albuquerque, who, called back by public scandal, came to reprimand the young monarch for the insult he was offering to France, by his neglectful conduct. Don Pedro was obliged to yield to the advice of his minister; and, leaving Maria de Padilla in the strong castle of Montalvan, he wended his way sorrowfully to Valladolid.

Don Henrique and Don Tello, meanwhile, had established their head-quarters at Cigales, within two leagues of Valladolid; and Albuquerque prevailed upon the king to march out the morning after his arrival, to give battle to his brethren, who, he pretended, came with far too great a force for merely peaceable intentions. After a somewhat ridiculous demonstration, the brothers met, Don Henrique and Don Tello embraced both the foot and hand of the king; and the young son of Garci Laso was placed in his hands as an hostage, to the great annoyance of the old minister, who found that he had been duped by the Padillas.

The marriage of Don Pedro with the French princess was celebrated on the 3rd of June, immediately after the interview of Cigales. The ceremony was performed with great pomp, and there were present the Count of Trastamara, Don Tello, Albuquerque, the Infants of Aragon, and many of the nobility who had played a conspicuous part in the late insurrections. Tournaments, bull-fights, and other popular amusements, followed upon the marriage ceremony. But amidst all these gaieties, people looked inquiringly at the young couple. It was impossible not

to read on the king's countenance indifference, if not aversion, to the French princess; and the populace believed that he had been fascinated by Maria de Padilla, and that his eyes, charmed by magical art, exhibited to him a repulsive being, instead of the youthful beauty of Blanche.* Without having recourse to magic, the apologist of Don Pedro previously alluded to, the Count de la Roca, asserts jealousy to have been the cause of Don Pedro's aversion. He even goes so far as to insinuate that Blanche had yielded to the seductions of Don Fadrique on the way from Paris to Valladolid. This statement, to a certain extent vindicated by the subsequent conduct of the king towards his bastard brother, is stoutly denied by M. Mérimée, who asserts that Don Fadrique did not form part of the embassy, and that he had not even seen the princess at the time of her marriage. Be this as it may, the 5th of June, only two days after the celebration of the unfortunate union, Don Pedro rode out of Valladolid, accompanied only by Diego de Padilla, the brother of his mistress, travelled sixteen leagues the same day, and the next morning arrived at Montalvan, where Dona Maria had preceded him, and where he was shortly afterwards joined by Don Henrique and by Don Tello.

The veteran minister made one last attempt to recal the monarch to a sense of decency, and rode after him with a considerable number of followers; but the Jew, Don Simuel el Levi, was sent out to meet him, and the result of the interview was so unsatisfactory to Albuquerque, that he retraced his steps. Having thus got rid of his Mentor, the king dismissed all who were known to favour his cause, or even to owe to him their appointments, and their places were filled by the partisans of the Padillas. By the advice of Dona Maria herself, who wished to save appearances, the king returned once more to Valladolid, but he only remained there two days. As to Albuquerque, he had retired with a strong party to the fortress of Carvajales. The French nobles who had accompanied Blanche, withdrew, indignant at the treatment their princess had experienced. Blanche herself was conducted by the queen dowager to Tordesillas, on the Duero, the residence allotted to her by Don Pedro, but from whence she was soon afterwards removed to the Castle of Arévalo, where she was separated from the queen-mother, and placed under the care of the Bishop of Segovia. Albuquerque was pardoned, and his large possessions secured to him, upon condition of his sending his son as a hostage; but some of his followers were pursued and variously punished. Don Fadrique also made his appearance at court, and was well received; and the marriage of Don Tello with Dona Juana de Lara was at length carried out.

Don Pedro had now begun to reign on his own account, and he was looked upon by the people as the protector of the oppressed, the redressor of grievances, and the zealous enemy of the iniquities of the feudal system. But the justice of Don Pedro, which has remained proverbial, was that of Mohammedan rulers, swift and terrible, almost always

* The bewitchment of Don Pedro by Padilla is a popular tradition in Andalusia. The author of the "*Première Vie du Pape Innocent VI.*" gravely relates that Blanche, having made her husband a present of a golden waistband, Maria de Padilla, assisted by a Jew who was a magician, turned the belt into a serpent; and great was the surprise of the king and all the court when they saw it beginning to move and hiss. Padilla founded upon this circumstance a charge against Blanche, of being in league with magicians, who intended to take the king's life by their arts.

passionate, and not unfrequently eccentric in its forms. One of his favourite amusements was seeking for adventures alone and in disguise, in the streets of Seville. Nor did such fail in presenting themselves; and tradition has preserved the memory of several, as curious as those recorded in the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments."

The acts of persecution committed by the Padillas against the friends of Albuquerque, and more especially the treacherous death of Nunez de Prado, led to reprisals; and at length, in the spring of 1354, Don Pedro suddenly presented himself at the head of an efficient force before Medellin, a town of Estramadura, of which Albuquerque was lord. Having reduced this fortress, he advanced against the fortress of Albuquerque, which gave its name to the minister; but finding that every preparation had been made for a prolonged resistance, he left Don Henrique and Don Fadrique to invest the place, while he himself returned into Castile. The youthful monarch had fallen desperately in love with Dona Juana, daughter of Don Pedro de Castro, surnamed *De la Guerra*, and widow of Don Diego de Haro. But, virtuous as she was beautiful, Dona Juana resisted all the temptations proffered to her, till the king, exasperated by difficulties, offered his hand and his crown to the young widow, and such was the laxity of the times, that, notwithstanding the obstacle existing in the person of Queen Blanche, the marriage was celebrated by the complacent Bishop of Salamanca, who gave his blessing to the young couple.

The entire transaction was, however, like a scene in a comedy. M. Merimée, indeed, attributes the whole to a momentary spite—a lover's quarrel—with Maria de Padilla. The very day after going through this sacrilegious ceremony, Don Pedro abandoned his young wife, never to see her again, leaving her only the domain of Duenas as an indemnity, which he could not well refuse his victim.

The same day, also, that this act of bigamy was committed, unexpected news arrived that the Count of Trastamara and Don Fadrique had raised the standard of revolt, and that, leagued with Don Juan d'Albuquerque, they were preparing to enter Castile. Don Henrique proposed to himself, at that period, to proclaim Don Pedro of Portugal King of Castile. The king issued orders for his vassals to assemble at Castrojeriz. Don Fadrique began the campaign, and surprised several castles which belonged to the order of St. Iago. Don Tello and Don Fernando de Castro, brother of Don Pedro's wife of a day, also joined the rebels. Being fearful that Queen Blanche should fall into the hands of the rebels, he ordered her removal to the Alcazar of Toledo, under the charge of Juan de Hinestrosa, uncle of the favourite. This step was ominous to all of the fate reserved for this unfortunate princess, but the king's intentions were for the time thwarted by the Bishop of Segovia, who, under pretence of conducting Blanche to the stone which bore the impression of the Virgin Mary's foot—an object of veneration throughout all Spain,—placed her in the sanctuary of the cathedral, from whence Hinestrosa did not dare to use force to remove her. Don Juan having, however, received orders to that effect, returned to Toledo with a strong body of followers, but the citizens declared themselves in favour of the young and persecuted princess; the garrison was driven out of the castle, and Blanche was led in triumph to the prison intended for her by her husband, but which was now at once her palace and her fortress. Don Pedro prepared, in consequence, to

march against Toledo, first going through the form of deposing the Grand Master, and electing in his stead Juan de Villagera, the illegitimate brother of his mistress, although the latter was married, which was against the statutes of the order. Proposals were made to the king on the part of the confederates, that if he would dismiss his mistress and live as a faithful husband with his legitimate wife, and take other counsellors, they would lay down their arms; but Don Pedro remained inflexible, although at the moment he had barely six hundred horsemen in his suite, while the confederates boasted of six or seven thousand. Yet, notwithstanding this superiority in point of numbers, the confederates hesitated to act. They wished, if possible, to gain their ends without having recourse to open violence. Meantime, Albuquerque died suddenly at Medina. He was said to have been poisoned by an Italian doctor, who was afterwards richly rewarded by the king for his opportune services. The dead body of the minister was, by his last orders, carried in the midst of his followers as long as the war lasted. At this time, Don Fadrique returned from Toledo to join the main body, loaded with the plunder of the rich Jew treasurer, Don Simuel el Levi, and further enriched by large contributions from Queen Blanche. A solemn interview took place at Tejadillo between the king and the chiefs of the rebellion, but without any results. The king saw the rebel army defile before him, from the ramparts of Toro, as at a review—the body of Albuquerque pompously displayed amidst the standards of his vassals,—and then, as if satisfied with the exertion, he rode away to console himself in the company of his mistress, leaving his little army and treasury under the charge of his mother, at Toro. But Dona Maria was as much disgusted with his foolish passion as others, and she delivered up the town to the rebels; an act which virtually put an end to the war. Don Pedro was obliged to surrender himself up to the confederates. He was received with demonstrations of joy and respect; but Don Juan de Hinestrosa, and others of the Padilla party, who had remained faithful to him, were arrested. All the officers of the court were dismissed, and new ones appointed in their stead; among others, Don Fadrique was made Lord Chamberlain, or rather head-gaoler, to the king. From that time one of the grand-master's squires slept every night in the king's apartment; he was never lost sight of for a moment, and no one was permitted to converse with him, except by permission of Don Fadrique. The success of the confederates was celebrated by a marriage and a funeral. The first was that of Don Fernando de Castro, with Dona Juana, sister of Don Henrique and Don Fadrique; the second was the pompous interment of the remains of the murdered minister, whose manes being now avenged, might, it was hoped, find repose.

The gold of Simuel Levi effected the escape of Don Pedro. Issuing one day from the gates of Toro, with a falcon on his wrist, as if on a hunting excursion, and accompanied by the Jew treasurer and an escort of about two hundred horsemen, among whom it is asserted was Don Tello, and all of whom, it is supposed, had been bribed, the king put spurs to his horse, and, accompanied by the Jew, reached Segovia in safety. A few days afterwards he convoked the deputies of the nobility and people at Burgos, complained of the treatment he had experienced, and asked for men and money, which were readily granted, to revenge himself upon the rebels.

Don Pedro had issued from captivity a different man. Betrayed by all his relatives, even to his own mother, he remained suspicious for the rest of his life. He had been violent and impetuous before, and not having it in his power to revenge himself as he desired, he now sought to obtain his ends by the same duplicity and treachery that he himself had experienced. Scarcely three months had elapsed before he found himself at the head of a numerous body of troops, with which he at once marched against the rebels. The first of the long number of vengeful acts upon which he was bent upon took place at Medina del Campo. Two rich gentlemen, Pero Ruiz de Villegas and Sancho de Rojas, were arrested in his palace, and slain without even the form of trial; others were cast into prison, and their estates confiscated.

After a feint attack upon Toro, the king advanced upon Toledo, whither Don Henrique and Don Fadrique also directed their forces. The latter had, on his way, assisted by the knights of his order, put to death all the inhabitants of Colmenar, sparing neither age nor sex, for having fought in defence of the king. Don Pedro took up a position at Torrijos, and Don Henrique took up his at Talavera, nearly at the same moment. The followers of the count effected an entrance into the city first, which, for twenty-four hours, they plundered and ravaged, slaying the inhabitants without regard to age or sex. The king marched up to its relief on the 8th of May; some of his troops were admitted into the Jewish quarter, but the main body made so vigorous an attack upon the bridge of San Martin that the followers of the count and of the grand master were obliged to give way, and they retreated by one gate of the city as the king entered by another. Once in possession of the town and fortress, the king manifested his anger in fearful acts of vengeance. The unfortunate Blanche was sent off prisoner to the castle of Sigüenza. Many of the nobility and clergy were also imprisoned in distant castles, and their property confiscated. All wounded prisoners were put to death, and twenty-two citizens were publicly executed. It is related by Ayala, that there was among these a goldsmith, upwards of eighty years of age, whose son begged on his knees to be put to death in the place of his father, and that the king, as he had done in the case of the unfortunate and mutilated Juan de Canedo, acceded to the arrangement!

Leaving Toledo in a state of stupor at these fearful acts of revenge, Don Pedro marched back upon Toro, where the two brothers had taken refuge with Queen Maria. The siege of Toro was carried on for some time, in a manner peculiar to the middle ages. Twice a-week the king made a grand demonstration before the walls of the town, a few arrows were exchanged, a number of lances were broken, and at night the trumpets sounded a retreat. In the intervals little expeditions, in which the king generally took a part, were made against neighbouring strongholds, castles, or villages. This was called making war.

This lasted till the 24th of January, 1356, excepting that Simuel Levi's ingenuity had raised funds which enabled the king to press the siege much more closely, and that Don Henrique, fearful that the city could not hold out much longer, had taken himself off, under pretence of obtaining succour. Upon the day above mentioned, Don Pedro was riding along the banks of the Duero, when he perceived his brother, Don Fadrique, with a few followers, on an island, within speaking dis-

tance. Don Juan de Hínestrosa immediately rode up, and entering into conversation with the grand master, so far prevailed upon him as to induce him, by promises of pardon, to cross the river, and to throw himself at the king's feet and kiss his hand.

When the people of Toro witnessed this strange scene from the ramparts, they cried out, "We are betrayed!" and every one sought to secure his own safety. The same night the king entered the town, and the next day laid siege to the castle. A Navarrese knight was the only person who could be found to brave the king's anger, and the result showed that, for once, Don Pedro could be merciful. The knight issued forth from a postern-gate, holding in his arms a child twelve or thirteen years of age, the illegitimate son of King Alphonso and of Donna Leonora. "Sire," he exclaimed, "spare me, and I will deposit your brother Juan at your feet." "Martin Abarca," replied the king, "I pardon my brother Don Juan, but for you there is no pardon." "Well, then," said the knight, crossing the ditch with his precious burden, "here is the child, do with me what you think proper." Don Pedro was so much affected with this noble devotion that he granted the knight his life, to the great joy of the chivalry by whom he was surrounded.

This act of clemency encouraged the besieged to come out to the king. The drawbridge was lowered, and the queen-mother issued forth, accompanied by the Countess of Trastámara, and by a number of chiefs of the league, trembling at the reception awaiting them. They were not, however, long left in doubt. A follower of the Padillas, recognising Carpentero, Master of Calatrava, rushed upon him, and struck him down with his mace. This was the signal for a general slaughter; the chiefs, Castaneda, Martin Telho, and Tellez Giron, drenching the garments of the two ladies with their blood. The latter were carried away in a fainting state. Several other chieftains, who had been taken prisoners, were publicly executed the same day. The fall of Toro ensured the supremacy of the king for the time. Don Henrique withdrew across the Pyrenees, and Don Tello laid down arms and made submission.

Castile being thus pacified, Don Pedro repaired to Seville, a city which he had always preferred as a place of residence, and where he was joined by Maria de Padilla, whom he now openly treated as his queen, and the people had grown accustomed to respect his choice. An act of piracy and insolence committed to the king's person, on the occasion of his visiting the tunny fishery, by Francès de Perellòs, an Aragonese adventurer, led to an open rupture between the two countries. Pedro IV., of Aragon, sent into France for Don Henrique, who once more hastened to take an active part in warring against his brother. As Don Fadrique was invested at the same time with all the estates belonging to the order of St. Iago, in Aragon, there is reason to suppose that he was also in correspondence with the enemies of Don Pedro. Great preparations were made on both sides; but Don Pedro's gallantries occasioned the defection of two powerful vassals at the onset of this campaign. Don Alvar Perez de Guzman was obliged to fly to the enemy, with his wife, Dona Aldonza, daughter of the celebrated Coronel, from the persecution of the young king, and he was followed by his brother-in-law, Don Juan de la Cerda, who threw himself into the castle of Gibrálon.

To meet these difficulties Don Pedro marched at once into Aragon,

and, assisted by Don Fadrique and the knights of the order of St. Iago, carried the city of Tarazona by assault. This was followed by other minor successes, which were again succeeded by an armistice, without anything decisive having been effected on either side. The Countess of Trastamara had escaped from prison into Aragon, where she had joined her husband; but on the other hand Juan de la Cerda had been taken prisoner in Andalusia, and put to death, his wife having arrived with letters of pardon eight days after his execution. The name of Maria Coronel, wife of la Cerda, is intimately associated in ballad and legendary history with that of Don Pedro; but it is mistaken for that of Aldonza Coronel. It is of Maria that the legend relates that she destroyed the beauty which had inflamed the heart of Don Pedro. Aldonza repaired in 1358, as Maria had done before, to intercede for her husband, Don Alvar de Guzman; but less far rigid than Dona Maria, she occupied apartments in the "Golden Tower," on the banks of the Guadalquivir, while Maria de Padilla lived as queen in the fortress of the same city—Seville. The ambition of the new mistress soon brought about her fall. Having caused Juan de Hinestrosa and Diego de Padilla to be thrown into prison, the king was so irritated that Dona Aldonza was obliged to retire to a convent for the remainder of her life.

We have seen that Don Fadrique fought in Don Pedro's cause at Tarazona; and, to all appearance, he enjoyed at this time the full confidence and favour of the king. Unfortunately it was discovered that he was in secret correspondence with Don Henrique and the King of Aragon, and he was summoned from Jumilla, which he had just captured, with the treacherous intention of involving Don Pedro in a recommencement of hostilities to Seville. Don Fadrique arrived on the 29th of May, 1358, and M. Merimée gives the following account of his death:—

It is said that a clerk, posted outside the gates of the city, not improbably by Sarmiento, informed him in mysterious terms of the fate which awaited him; but the grand master either took no heed of his words, or did not understand them.* Traversing the city without stopping, he entered the Alcazar with a numerous retinue of knights and gentlemen of his household. The king was engaged playing at draughts with one of his courtiers. Don Pedro, well skilled in the arts of deception, received Don Fadrique with a smile, and gave him his hand to kiss. Then, stopping his play, he inquired where his last stage had been, and whether he was satisfied with his accommodation at Seville? The Master answered that he had just accomplished a journey of five leagues, and that in his haste to pay his respects to the king he had not yet thought of a lodging.

"Well, then," replied Don Pedro, who saw that the Master was strongly accompanied, "look to your lodging, and then come and see me again." And after having given him an amicable farewell, he resumed his game.

Don Fadrique, on quitting the king, repaired to the apartments of Maria de Padilla, who lived with her daughters in the Alcazar. As these apartments were looked upon in the light of a harem, and oriental punctilio was observed, the Master had to dismiss his knightly followers, and to enter accompanied only by Diego de Padilla, who, ignorant of what was plotting, had accompanied the Master in the character of friend and colleague.

The favourite received Don Fadrique with tears in her eyes, and exhibited so many signs of distress, that Don Fadrique was surprised, yet without suspecting the true cause of the emotions testified at his presence. She alone beside the infant, Don Juan of Aragon and Perez Sarmiento, knew the intentions of the king, and she had made vain endeavours to dissuade him from putting them into execution. After having embraced the daughters of Maria, whom he called

* *Romances sobre el Rey D. Pedro.* Rades, *Hist. del Ord. de Sant Iago*, p. 48. *Hist. de Murcia*, p. 123. Ayala does not notice this circumstance.

his nieces, the Master descended into the yard of the Alcazar,* where he expected to find his horses and attendants; but the porters had received orders to clear the court and shut the gates. Imagining these directions could have no reference to him, he asked for his mule, when one of his knights, named Snero Gutierrez, remarking an unusual movement in the castle, said to him, "My lord, the postern-gate is open, go out; once out of this, there will be no want of mules." At this moment, two knights came forward, intimating to the Master that the king wished to speak to him. He immediately obeyed, and walked towards the king's apartments, a building within the Alcazar, called the Palace of Iron. Pero Lopez Padilla, chief of the cross-bow-men, stood at the gate with four of his men. Don Fadrique, still accompanied by the Master of Calatrava—Diego de Padilla—knocked at the door. One of the siffles opened, and discovered the king's person behind, who cried out immediately, "Pero Lopez, arrest the Master."

"Which of the two, sire?" inquired the officer, hesitating between Don Fadrique and Don Diego de Padilla.

"The Master of St. Iago," replied the king, in a voice of thunder.

Immediately Pero Lopez, seizing Don Fadrique by the arm, said to him, "You are my prisoner."

Don Fadrique, taken by surprise, offered no resistance, and the king called out, "Men of the guard, kill the Master of St. Iago."

For a moment, surprise and respect for the red cross of St. Iago prevented the men obeying their instructions. One of the knights of the household, advancing to the door, exclaimed, "Traitors! what are you doing? Do you not hear that the king bids you kill the Master?"

The guards then raised their maces, but Don Fadrique, disengaging himself by a sudden effort from the grasp of Pero Lopez, retreated into the court, and prepared to defend his life. The hilt of his sword, which was carried beneath the great mantle of his order, had unluckily got entangled, and he could not draw it. Followed by the guardsmen, he ran from one corner of the court to another, to avoid their blows, without being able to extricate his weapon. At length one of the guards, called Nuno Fernandez, struck him on the head with his mace and knocked him down. His three comrades followed this up by repeated blows. The Master was stretched on the ground, and bathed in his blood, when the king came down into the court, looking out anxiously for any other knights of the order that might be present, and whom he was determined upon sacrificing with their chief. But we have seen, that, at the time when Don Fadrique paid his visit to Maria de Padilla, the court-yard had been cleared. There only remained the Master's first squire, Sancho Ruiz de Villegas, who, on perceiving the king, rushed into the apartment of Maria de Padilla, and taking up the eldest of her daughters, wished to interpose this child as a bulwark between himself and his enemies. Don Pedro, who followed him, had the child taken out of his arms, and dealt him the first blow with his dagger, while his courtiers gave the finishing stroke. Leaving his mistress's chambers deluged with blood, the king descended into the court, and went up to the Master, whom he found on the ground, motionless, but still breathing. He drew his dagger, and handed it to an African slave, to give the *coup-de-grace* to the dying man. Certain now of his revenge, the king passed into a saloon only a few paces removed from the dead body of his brother, and sat down to take refreshment.

There is nothing in this account of the murder of the master, founded mainly upon the chronicle of Ayala, which bears out, in any respect, the popular traditions conveyed in the "Romances Sobre el Rey Don Pedro," to which so much popularity has been given in this country by Mr. Lockhart's admirable translations. The chronicle involves Maria de Padilla in the ferocious, yet judicial murder, no further than as an accessory before the fact, but it adds that she interceded and wept for the unfortunate

* Here, as elsewhere, we use, in accordance to general custom, the article *the* before Alcazar, although the word, in its Arabic sense, Al "the" Kazr, or Kazar, "Castle," like Alcoran, Alhambra, &c., contains its own article.

victim. Nor is there any authenticity for the statement that the head of the victim was carried to her to glut her revenge, and then thrown to the

hour of long concealed vengeance had now struck. Men of arms were despatched in all directions, to Cordova, to Salamanca, to Mora, to Toro, and elsewhere, to put to death the friends and followers of the grand master. Don Pedro had sought refreshment in the presence of his dead enemy, but his repast was not that of a Vitellius. He had fatigues to undergo, for in a few minutes he was on horseback bound to the North. In seven days he was at Aguilar del Campo, where he was in hopes of surprising his other brother, Don Tello, before the news of Don Fadrique's death could reach him. Luckily for Don Tello he was out hunting, and when they came to inform him of the king's arrival, he rode off to Biscay without looking behind him, and from thence he took ship to Bayonne. Don Pedro actually followed him out to sea, and was only thwarted by contrary winds. Another characteristic murderous scene was enacted at Bilboa. The king had commanded the infant Don Juan of Aragon to attend him thither.

The infant had no sword, only a dagger in his belt. Some of the courtiers surrounded him and took away his dagger, as if playfully examining it. At the same moment, a chamberlain seized him by the arm, while a guardsman, Juan Diente, one of those who had killed Don Fadrique, hit him with his mace from behind. Stupified by the blow, Don Juan staggered towards Hinestrosa, who presented his sword at him, and told him not to advance further. Then the executioners repeated their blows, and struck him down. The square before the palace was crowded with people. A window was opened, and the body thrown into the midst of the crowd, while they called out from above, "Men of Biscay, there is the man who pretended to be your ruler!" And the crowd thought that the king had done that which was just, and that he was only defending the rights of their country.

From Bilboa the king repaired to Burgos, where he remained for some time, whilst his emissaries brought him from the north and from the south the heads of the proscribed knights suspended from the bows of their saddles. Here he learnt that Don Henrique had taken up arms to revenge his brother's death, and that Pedro IV. of Aragon had sent a knight of great strength and prowess, one Bernard Galceron de Pinas, to the Pope, to defy Don Pedro to combat, twenty against twenty, or a hundred against a hundred, for it was not fit, he said, "that kings should fight alone."

Don Pedro, however, commenced his campaign against Aragon by expeditions of galleys, partly Castilian, partly Genoese, which he commanded in person. His successes on these maritime expeditions were, however, very indifferent. Don Pedro was not satisfied with thus carrying a war against the rebels in Aragon. His revengeful disposition led him even to put to death such of their female relatives as were in his power. The Queen Leonora, mother of Don Fernando, was destroyed by some African slaves. Dona Isabel de Lara, wife of the infant Juan of Aragon, was put to death at Bilboa, and Dona Juana de Lara, wife of Don Tello, was poisoned in the dungeons of Seville. Queen Blanche and Isabel, sister to Dona Juana de Lara, were at the same time removed to the castle of Jerez, from whence they were destined never to go forth alive.

The war against Aragon was prolonged from 1358 to 1361. The king failed in a maritime expedition against Barcelona; and suspecting treachery, revenged himself for his want of success by further executions. The first victims were Don Juan and Don Pedro, the two youngest children of Dona Leonora de Guzman, one nineteen, the other only fourteen years of age. Juan Diente and Garci Diaz, who had become the habitual executors of the king's vengeance, had almost daily judicial murders to perform. Such atrocities only served to strengthen the cause of his enemies. But Don Henrique and Don Tello were not carrying on so prolonged a civil war without acts of criminal violence on their part. At Najera they massacred all the Jews, and their troops, badly paid and little disciplined, gave themselves up, on all occasions, to the most revolting cruelties. Don Pedro took horrible revenge for these excesses, and sometimes, as at Miranda, he had the chiefs of the rebels burnt alive, or actually boiled in the great jars in which wine, oil, and corn are preserved in the south and east.

As Don Pedro was on his way to Najera, a priest, or, according to popular tradition, the ghost of a priest, whom he had killed with his own hand, appeared to him and warned him that he should die by the hand of his brother Don Henrique. The fact of its being a ghost would, however, be rendered very doubtful, if we are to believe Ayala, who says that the king punished the prophet by having him burned alive in the midst of his camp. Don Pedro, like most men of his time, was very superstitious, and the prophecy of the priest, who persevered amid the flames in asserting that he was sent by St. Domingo, had such an effect upon him, that a decided success obtained at Najera against his brother was not followed up, and the king preferred retiring to the shrine sacred to the saint, to appease his anger by prayer and rich offerings.

Gutier Fernandez, another powerful vassal, who was put to death shortly after the battle of Najera, also wrote to the king, that if he continued to put all his chief subjects to death, he would one day suffer for his crimes in his own person; but these various intimations, although they did not pass unheeded by Pedro, had little effect in arresting what had now become an habitual practice; the execution of Fernandez was followed shortly afterwards by that of Gomez Carrillo, another powerful vassal, and that by a still more surprising fall—that of the Jew treasurer, Simuel Levi, who perished in the anguish of tortures inflicted to make him confess where his riches were secreted.

Nor were these the only intimations that the king received of approaching misfortune. Hunting one day in the neighbourhood of Jerez, where Blanche was confined, a shepherd addressed him, saying, "Sire, God bids me tell you that the day will come when you will have to give an account of the manner in which you have treated Queen Blanche." Don Pedro fancied he was an emissary of the queen; but that unfortunate princess was found, upon immediate inquiries being instituted, engaged in prayer, indifferent to what was taking place beyond the walls of her prison.

Shortly after the conclusion of peace between Castile and Aragon, about the middle of 1361, Blanche of Bourbon died at the Castle of Jerez, sometimes designated as that of Medina. She was only twenty-five years of age, and had spent ten of these in prison.

All modern writers (says Merimée) agree with contemporaneous chronicles, in attributing her death to Don Pedro; some add, that in ordering it he yielded to the instigations of his mistress, Maria de Padilla. Ayala, more explicit, and a better authority than the others, names the executioners, and relates several circumstances connected with the crime. According to his statement, the king entrusted the murder to Inigo Ortiz d'Estuniga, keeper of the Castle of Jerez. A certain Alphonso Martinez de Uruena, servant to the king's physician, conveyed the fatal order, and was also the chief agent in its execution, having given a poisoned drink to Blanche. Ortiz having said, as a good knight that he was, that so long as he commanded the castle no attempt should be made on the life of his queen, he was supplanted by Juan Perez de Rebollo, a mere cross-bowman of the guard. Delivered up to this wretch, the queen perished immediately afterwards. Such is the version given by Ayala, since repeated by most Spanish historians, and against which the testimony of the *Romances del Rey Don Pedro* cannot be adduced.

Notwithstanding the contemporaneous testimony of Ayala, and the universal agreement of historians in admitting the crime, although they all differ, as in the case of "Mariana" and the old French "Memoirs of Du Guesclin," and the *Romanceros*, translated by Mr. Lockhart, as to the causes that induced it, M. Merimée is inclined, from the total absence of any satisfactory explanation of this worse than useless crime, to believe that the queen's death was natural. *

Do not ten years of captivity (he argues) suffice to explain the premature death of a poor girl, deprived of her native air, separated from her family, overwhelmed with humiliations and ill-treatment? One has rather reason to be astonished that she resisted such great evils for so long a time. Whatever authority the testimony of Ayala has in my estimation, I cannot help thinking that, in this instance, he was merely the echo of popular rumour, and that he too readily admitted a crime which it was not in his power to attest.

Maria of Padilla did not long survive Queen Blanche. She died at Seville, carried off by a sudden death, probably the same epidemic (black death) which ravaged Andalusia at the time of Blanche's decease, and at the commencement of the war with Granada, and which may, indeed, have occasioned the death of both these women.

The war in Aragon had been followed, in 1361, by declaration of war against Abou-Said, usurper of the throne of Granada, who had been an active ally of the King of Aragon. It was in this war that Don Pedro was joined by Sir Hugh Calverly, who came with a body of English adventurers out of Aquitania, and who was destined subsequently to play an important part in the internal affairs of Castile. Diego de Padilla, who had been taken prisoner by the Moors, induced Abou-Said to repair to the court of Don Pedro, to solicit peace, accompanied only by four or five hundred horsemen. The Moor was at first well received, but this was only in pursuance of that treacherous system which M. Merimée justly remarks forms the most detestable feature of Don Pedro's character. He was soon after invited with his chief emirs to a repast, at which they were all made prisoners; and, being tied to posts in a neighbouring field, they served as targets for the javelins and arrows of the king and his friends. "Small is thy chivalry!" was all the "Red King," as Abou-Said was called, exclaimed upon so cruel a death.

In 1362, Don Pedro, after legitimating his children by Maria de Padilla, left Seville for the north, where he entered into an alliance, offensive and defensive, with the King of Navarre. Together they invaded Aragon, and captured a number of cities and castles; after which,

Don Pedro returned to Seville, where a great affliction awaited him—his son, Don Alphonso, died in his arms of the same epidemic which had carried off his mother, Dona Maria. Don Henrique had, in the mean time, returned to the aid of the King of Aragon, with numerous bands of adventurers whom he had recruited in France. The support given to the pretender by the French court was sufficient cause why England should throw its power into the balance in favour of Don Pedro, and accordingly ambassadors were deputed to the Black Prince towards the end of 1362, who concluded a treaty of alliance and friendship between Edward and Don Pedro.

The king recommenced operations, assisted by the infant Louis of Navarre, and by the brave Captal de Buch, vassal of the Black Prince, as also by a body of auxiliary Moors. He began the campaign by invading Valencia, whose renowned Huerta, or garden, was soon converted into a desert by the undisciplined marauders. Peter IV. came down to the rescue with Don Henrique; but, instead of fighting, the chief entered into long and fruitless discussions. While these were being carried on, the jealousy so long existing between the Count of Trastamara and the infant Don Fernando led to an open quarrel, in which the latter was slain by Pero Carrillo, the count's major-domo. Don Henrique inherited by this murder the command of the troops who had hitherto fought under the banner of the infant, as also the allegiance of his brothers, Don Tello and Don Sancho, who had previously always sided with Don Fernando. Not long afterwards, the infant Louis of Navarre fell into an ambuscade, and was made prisoner by the Count de Denia, one of Don Henrique's captains. Don Pedro rushed to his rescue, and captured several towns and strongholds in Valencia, laying siege to the capital, but was obliged to retire before the united forces of the King of Aragon and of the Count of Trastamara, the latter of whom had just added a new stain to his reputation by murdering with his own hand his most faithful and attached subject, Pero Carrillo; because, it is said, Carrillo aspired to the hand of his sister.

Don Pedro upon this occasion, as also in the autumn of the year, when he again returned into Valencia, would not engage the enemy in a decisive battle; it appears that the reason of this was, dread of treachery on the part of his own generals and captains. The arrival of the "great company," as it was called, under the renowned Du Guesclin,* changed the face of the war. Among those who formed part of this great band of adventurers were several noble relatives of Blanche, who were burning to avenge her wrongs. There were also many English and Gascon subjects of the King of England, who, notwithstanding the treaty of alliance with Don Pedro, now fought (under the command of Sir Hugh Calverly) under the banners of the Breton knight. At this period the equipment of the French and English cavalry—for in the middle ages little importance was attached to foot soldiers—was much superior to that of the Spaniards. Don Pedro could do little towards opposing such an array of revengeful knights, well-equipped troops, and warlike commanders. Sir Hugh Calverly commenced the campaign by the reduction of Borja. This first success was followed by the entrance of Don Henrique into Castile at the head of the whole army, whose chiefs, Du Guesclin for the French, Calverly for the English, and the Count de

* Properly Bertram du Gleasquin, but commonly written Du Guesclin.

Denia for the Aragonese, named the count of Trastamara King of Castile, and he was publicly crowned a few days afterwards at Burgos.

Don Pedro, meanwhile, had taken refuge in Toledo. The great vassals of the kingdom had deserted him almost to a man. Even Don Diego de Padilla was not one of the last to kiss the hand which disinherited his nieces. Driven out of Toledo, the king took refuge for a time at Seville, but there likewise the people rose up against him. Fernando de Castro alone remained faithful to the fallen monarch; and repudiated by his old ally the King of Portugal, Don Pedro was still permitted to pass through his states on his way to Galicia, from whence, under the protection of Don Fernando, he could appeal to the Prince of Wales and to the King of Navarre for succour. But the latter having given an evasive answer, the king was obliged to take ship for Aquitania; and the Black Prince having left Bordeaux to meet him, the two princes met together at Cape Breton, now a ruinous village, not far from Bayonne. The ex-king, who travelled with his three daughters, was received by the chivalrous prince with all the honour due to his rank, and the sympathy excited by his situation. Edward at once offered the aid of England, and conducted the ex-king to Bayonne, where they were joined by the King of Navarre, whom it was necessary to win over, as he held the passes of the mountains. In his distress, the ex-king offered part of Biscay as a reward to the English for their aid in replacing him on his throne, and to the King of Navarre the provinces of Guipuzcoa and Logrono, besides subsidies in money, while his daughters were to remain at Bordeaux as hostages for the fulfilment of his engagements. So enthusiastic was the Black Prince in the cause, that he had his private plate converted into money for the use of his officers. Don Henrique had, on his part, the two most powerful kingdoms of Spain, Castile and Aragon united, to oppose to the greatest captain and the best troops of the age. Notwithstanding that the mountains were still enveloped in snow, the Black Prince advanced by the celebrated pass of Roncevaux at the end of January, 1367. Charles of Navarre, in order not to compromise himself with Don Henrique, and at the same time not to oppose the English, caused himself to be seized and imprisoned by a Breton knight, one of Du Guesclin's captains, who held the castle of Borja. Sir Hugh Calverly sought and obtained permission, under pretence of making friendly overtures for Don Henrique, to join his master, the Prince of Wales, with his 300 or 400 horsemen. Martin Enriquez, lieutenant-general of Aragon, also joined with the Aragonese contingent of 300 lances. The faction of Don Pedro, which was far from being extinct in Castile, also gained courage on hearing that the English had entered Spain, and 600 horsemen joined to the invaders on the onset. Salvatierra declared for the ex-king, and opened its gates to the English advance-guard, commanded by John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. The foragers of the advance-guard suffered, however, severely on the plain of Alava, where they were attacked at great disadvantage by the cavalry of Don Tello; and a mound, still called *Inglesmendi*, near Ariniz, records to the present day the glorious death of Sir Thomas Felton, who, at the head of only 200 horsemen and as many archers, fought for a whole day against an army of 3000 heavy armed cavalry. These discouragements, added to the loss of many men and horses by fatigue, exposure to cold, want of sufficient food, and the refusal of Don Henrique to accept the battle offered to him near Vittoria, led the Prince of Wales to retire upon

Navarre, and re-enter Castile by the bridge of Logrono, by which the mountainous country south of Vittoria was avoided. Don Henrique anticipated this movement by passing the Ebro, and taking up a position at Najera. On the 1st of April, 1367, the Black Prince sent a herald to the Count of Trastamara, and seeing upon his return the Castilian army taking up its position on the plain between Najera and Navarrete, where the English were awaiting his answer, "By St. George!" he exclaimed, "there is in this bastard a valiant knight!"

Each army formed itself into four bodies or *batailles*. On the side of Don Henrique the advance-guard was commanded by Du Guesclin and by Don Sancho, brother of Don Henrique, at the head of the Knights of the Scarf. The right was under the orders of the Count de Denia, the left under Don Tello, and the rear and centre under Don Henrique himself. On the side of the English the Duke of Lancaster was opposed to Du Guesclin; the Captal du Buch, and the Comte de Foix, with their Gascons, were opposed to the Count de Denia; the Marquis d'Armagnac and the Lord d'Albret confronted their followers to Don Tello. Lastly, in the centre and rear, as with Don Henrique, floated the banner of Don Pedro, of the Prince of Wales, of the King of Navarre, and of the King of Naples. The troops appear to have been pretty equal in point of numbers.

"Sire," said the Prince of Wales to Don Pedro, "in an hour you will know if you are King of Castile;" and then he cried out, "Banners forward, in the name of God and of St. George!" The trumpets sounded, and the two advanced guards exclaimed, as they engaged, the one "Castile for King Henry!" the other, "St. George and Guyenne!"

The onslaught of Du Guesclin was so impetuous that the English line gave way for a moment. A Castilian knight, of great strength and prowess, singling out the famous John Chandos, challenged him to single combat—a duel which terminated in the death of the Castilian; but not till after he had got his veteran antagonist down upon the ground. Meanwhile, Don Tello's cavalry had given way at once upon the onslaught of the Marquis d'Armagnac, as had also occurred with respect to the column opposed to the Captal du Buch, so that these two bodies were left free to come to the aid of the Duke of Lancaster. In vain Don Henrique hurried to the assistance of the devoted Band of the Scarf; the English reserve came up, the Castilians were driven back by the English archers, and the defeat became general. Du Guesclin, Don Sancho, the Count de Denia, and all the Knights of the Scarf, were made prisoners. The Castilians left on the spot 600 cavalry and 7000 foot soldiers slain; many more were killed or drowned in passing the Najeritta. According to Froissart, the Prince of Wales only lost four knights, twenty archers, and forty foot soldiers.

Don Pedro, who had fought valiantly throughout the engagement, was still more furious in the pursuit. He galloped about, calling out for his brother, "Where is the bastard who calls himself King of Castile?" On his way back he recognised one of his former friends, Migo Lopez Orozco, who had been made prisoner. Unable to restrain his indomitable passions, Don Pedro slew him with his own hands. The English felt themselves outraged at this barbarous act of revenge, and the Prince of Wales and Don Pedro exhibited openly, for the first time, that aversion which soon afterwards showed itself still more glaringly.

The very morning after the battle fresh quarrels arose upon the subject of the prisoners. Don Pedro demanded that the Castilians should be given up to him, the Prince of Wales positively refused the concession, as contrary to the laws of chivalry. Don Pedro succeeded, however, in obtaining the execution of several commanders, and after these were over the two princes separated, mutually displeased with one another. Don Pedro marched at the head of the English advanced guard upon Burgos, while the Prince of Wales, disgusted at the savage ferocity of his ally, followed more leisurely behind. Don Henrique, meantime, had taken refuge in Toulouse. The crown of Castile was, however, assured for a time to Don Pedro by the battle of Najera. Burgos opened its gates to the victorious king, and the submission of the whole kingdom was more rapid than even its insurrection had been. No one thought of protesting against the judgment obtained upon the banks of the Najerilla.

At Burgos further misunderstandings arose between Don Pedro and Prince Edward. The king had not only arrested Diego de Calatrava, but had also imprisoned, in one of those frightful inventions of feudal despotism, a subterranean dungeon, the Archbishop Jean de Cardillac, who was a relative of the Marquis d'Armagnac. When the Prince of Wales rebuked him for cruelties and severities totally opposed to the treaty entered into with the English when they volunteered their assistance, he answered in his usual violent manner, that he no longer wanted the English army; that there were no more battles to fight; and that, leaving him about a thousand men, the prince had better return into Aquitania. The Prince of Wales was not unwilling to withdraw his army, but he was resolved that the indemnification in repayment of expenses and cession of certain ports in Biscay should first be settled. Weeks were spent in discussion and recrimination, till at last his troops, decimated by dysentery and disease, he was obliged to return without having gained anything by the expedition beyond the sterile glory of the victory of Najera.

The moment, however, that Don Pedro had deprived himself of the aid of his formidable auxiliaries, the whole of Castile began to exhibit symptoms of insurrection. Misfortune had wrought no effect upon the cruel character of the king. At every town he visited executions of knights and citizens alienated the hearts of his subjects. One lady, Dona Urraca de Osorio, was burned alive without the ramparts of Seville. These frightful atrocities terrified all parties, and no one could either serve or attach himself to such a monster. Meantime Don Henrique was recruiting troops with money advanced to him by the King of France. The English captains, disgusted with Don Pedro for his breach of faith, set their prisoners at liberty for small ransoms, and these went to swell up the force of the pretender. Don Henrique was soon enabled to march upon Castile at the head of 400 lances, all chosen men. On entering into his native country he was joined by great numbers of malcontents, and he proceeded at once to Burgos, where the party against him was soon subdued. Don Henrique had to wait till the spring of 1363 before he could carry his arms southward; and in the interval Don Pedro had been making every effort to oppose him successfully. To his own resources had been added those of Mohammed, King of Granada. But after a sanguinary and unsuccessful attack upon Cordova, the latter allies withdrew to devastate the province of Andalusia on their own account. Don

Henrique was detained by the siege of Toledo, and the year passed without anything definite being accomplished on either side. In the spring of 1369 Don Henrique was joined by the renowned Du Guesclin (who had obtained his liberty by taunting the chivalrous and fearless Prince of Wales with being afraid to set him free) at the head of a considerable body of followers. Thus reinforced, Don Henrique moved from the walls of Toledo to give battle to Don Pedro, who was advancing slowly to its relief. The army of the pretender surprised that of Don Pedro on the 14th of March, near Montiel, and routed it even before Du Guesclin could come up to aid in the combat. The king took refuge within the fortress, which was immediately invested. Finding it impossible to escape, Don Pedro sent an envoy, Men Rodriguez de Senabria, to treat with Du Guesclin, or to try and buy him over with large offers. Du Guesclin communicated the nature of the advances made to him to Don Henrique, who persuaded him to induce Don Pedro to come to the camp under false pretences.

The night of the 23rd of March, 1369, ten days after the combat of Montiel, Don Pedro, accompanied by Men Rodriguez, by Don Fernando de Castro, and by a few other knights, issued silently from the fortress, on his way to the quarters of the French adventurers. Each led his horse by the bridle, the feet having been previously wrapped up in cloth, so as to make the least possible noise. The king was not in his usual dress; he wore a light coat of mail, and was enveloped in a large cloak. The sentinels, according to previous instructions, allowed him to pass through the circumvallation of stones surrounding the fortress, and conducted him to Du Guesclin, who waited for him immediately beyond the wall, surrounded by his captains.

"To horse, Messire Bertrand," said the king to him, in a low voice, as he approached, "it is time to go."

No one answered. This silence, and the embarrassed looks of the French, appeared ominous to Don Pedro. He made an attempt to vault into his saddle, but his horse had already been seized. He was surrounded. He was told to wait a little, and to walk into a neighbouring tent. Resistance was impossible, and he followed his guides.

Some minutes passed in mortal silence. Suddenly there appeared in the centre of the circle around the king a man sheathed in complete armour, with his visor up: it was Don Henrique. The others made way respectfully, and in a moment he stood face to face with his brother. It was fifteen years since they had met.

Don Henrique, looking at the knights who had come out of Montiel, said, "Where is this bastard—this Jew, who pretends to be king of Castile?"

A French esquire pointed out Don Pedro. "There is your enemy," he said.

Don Henrique, still uncertain, looked at him anxiously.

"Yes, it is I," exclaimed Don Pedro; "I, King of Castile. All the world knows that I am the legitimate son of the good King Don Alphonso. Thou art the bastard!"

Immediately Don Henrique, rejoiced that his provocation had had effect, drew his dagger, and struck him with it in the face. The brothers were too near to one another, confined in the narrow circle formed by the lookers on, to draw their long swords. They seized one another by the body, and struggled for some time, without any one endeavouring to separate them; on the contrary, those around them gave way. Without loosening their hold, the one of the other, they fell against a camp-bed in a corner of the tent, but Don Pedro, who was the strongest, was uppermost. He was feeling about for a weapon with which to kill his antagonist, when an Aragonese knight, the Viscount de Rocaberti, seizing Don Pedro by the foot, threw him on one side, so that Don Henrique, who still grasped him, was placed above his brother. Picking up his dagger, he raised the king's coat of mail, and struck him in a direction slanting upwards. Don Pedro's arms soon ceased to press upon his enemy; Don Henrique drew back, leaving to some of his followers to give the *coup-de-grace* to the dying king. Among the knights who accompanied Don Pedro, two only, a Castilian and an Englishman, attempted to defend him; they were cut to pieces.

The others surrendered without resistance, and were treated with humanity by the French captains. Don Henrique had the head of his brother cut off, and he sent it to Seville.

Thus perished Don Pedro by the hand of his brother, at the age of thirty-five years and seven months. According to popular tradition, one of the adventurers, delighted at the prospect of a duel between two kings, cried out "Fair play!" According to another, it was Du Guesclin who turned Don Pedro over, saying, "I neither make nor unmake kings, but I save my lord."

Down they go in deadly wrestle,
Down upon the earth they go,
Fierce King Pedro has the 'vantage,
Stout Don Henry falls below.

Marking then the fatal crisis,
Up the page of Henry ran,
By the waist he caught Don Pedro,
Aiding thus the fallen man.

Thus sings the ballad so spiritedly rendered by Sir Walter Scott, and it also intimates that the said page was "sole spectator of the struggle." Mr. Lockhart, in his historical introduction to this ballad, relates the latter events of Don Pedro's life quite differently to the manner in which they are recorded by M. Merimée after Ayala. He makes Don Pedro's army at Montiel superior in number to that of his enemy; and he affirms that the king was captured by an adventurous knight while attempting to make his escape, and not treacherously seduced into the camp by the French. It is not likely that a Frenchman and a careful historian should preserve the latter version, unless he considered it to be a true one; and if so, it scarcely leaves the memory of the heroic Du Guesclin like that of Bayard, *sans reproche*.

It only remains to mention, that M. Merimée's work, of which we have given a summary, is about to be brought before the public in an English dress by Mr. Bentley.

ON SEEING A RECENT ENGRAVING OF A. W. SCHLEGEL ON HIS BED, AFTER DEATH.

BY CYRUS REDDING.

THE sere leaf fallen on the parched bed
Emblems thee, Schlegel, now, where sightless, dead,
Man ends his deeds, or ill or happily,
As Heaven his destined lot hath dictated—
Such is the eve of life's chill wintry day
Of desolation! How insensibly
In by-gone time our converse whiled away,
As if time present were not made to die!
Thus ends the tale in death-bed and the dead;
The aspirations for undying things
Of dying ones, the midnight weary lore,
And all the graspings of ambition led,
Noble in guise or coil, are now no more
* Than their vain dreams of power to fleshless kings!

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER X.

SUCH A RUN!

It is well to fight a thing fairly out and be done with it. There is nothing so unsatisfactory as a disputed victory.

Our last chapter left our hero, Mr. Soapey Sponge, skimming o'er the Berryhorse Brook, while poor Caingey Thornton was blobbing about in it. When the immortal Nimrod had Dick Christian in that unpleasant predicament in the blue waters of the Whissendine in his Leicestershire run, and when some one more humane than the rest of the field observed, as they rode on,

"But he'll be drowned."

"Shouldn't wonder!" exclaimed another.

"But *the pace*," Nimrod added, "*was too good to inquire.*"

Such, however, was not the case with our watering-place cock, Mr. Sponge. Independently of the absurdity of a man risking his neck for the sake of picking up a bunch of red-herrings, Mr. Sponge, having beat everybody, could afford a little humanity, more especially as he rode his horse on sale, and there was now no one left to witness the further prowess of the steed. Accordingly, he availed himself of a heavy newly-ploughed fallow, upon which he landed as he cleared the brook, for pulling up, and returned just as Mr. Spareneck, assisted by one of the whips, succeeded in landing Caingey on the taking-off side. Caingey was not a pretty boy at the best of times—none but the most purblind partial parents could think him one—and his clumsy-featured, short, compressed face, and thick, lumpy figure, were anything but improved by a sort of pea-green net-work of water-weeds with which he arose from his bath. He was uncommonly well soaked, and had to be held up by the heels to let the water run out of his boots, pockets, and clothes. In this undignified position he was found by Mr. Waffles and such of the field as had ridden the line.

"Why Caingey, old boy! I'm dashed if you don't look like a boiled porpoise with parsley sauce!" exclaimed Mr. Waffles, pulling up where the unfortunate youth was sputtering and getting emptied like a jug. "Confound it," added he, as the water came gurgling out of his mouth, "but you must nearly have drunk the brook dry."

Caingey would have censured him for his inhumanity, but knowing the imprudence of quarreling with his bread and butter, and also aware of the laughable drowned-rat figure he must then be cutting, he thought it best to laugh, and take his change out of Mr. Waffles another time. Accordingly, he chuckled and laughed too, though his jaws nearly refused their office, and kindly transferred the blame of the accident from the horse to himself.

"He didn't put on steam enough," he said.

Meanwhile, old Tom, who had gone on with the hounds, having availed himself of a well-known bridge, a little above where Thornton went in, for getting over the brook, and having allowed a sufficient time to elapse for the proper completion of the farce, was now seen rounding the

opposite hill, with his hounds clustered about his horse, with his mind conning over one of those imaginary runs that experienced huntsmen know so well how to tell, when there is no one to contradict them.

Having quartered his ground to get at his old friend the bridge again, he just trotted up with well-assumed gaiety as Caingey Thornton spluttered the last piece of green weed out from between his great thick lips.

"Well, Tom!*" exclaimed Mr. Waffles, "what have you done with him?"

"*Killed him, sir,*" replied Tom, with a slight touch of his cap, as though "killing" was a matter of every-day occurrence with them.

"*Have you, indeed!*" exclaimed Mr. Waffles, adopting the lie with avidity.

"Yes, sir," said Tom, gravely; "he was nearly beat afore he got to the brook. Indeed, I thought Vanquisher would have had him in it; but, however, he got through, and the scent failed on the fallow, which gave him a chance; but I held them on to the hedge-row beyond, where they hit it off like wildfire, and they never stooped again till they tumbled him over at the back of Mr. Plummey's farm-buildings, at Shapwick. I've got his brush," added Tom, producing a much tattered one from his pocket, "if you'd like to have it?"

"Thank you, no—yes—no," replied Waffles, not wanting to be bothered with it; "yet stay," continued he, as his eye caught Mr. Sponge, who was still on foot beside his vanquished friend; "give it to Mr. What-de-ye-call-'em," added he, nodding towards our hero.

"*Sponge,*" observed Tom, in an under tone, giving the brush to his master.

"Mr. Sponge, will you do me the favour to accept the brush?" asked Mr. Waffles, advancing with it towards him; adding, "I am sorry this unlucky bather should have prevented your seeing the end."

Mr. Sponge was a pretty good judge of brushes, and not a bad one of camphire; but if this one had smelt twice as strong as it did—indeed, if it had dropped to pieces in his hand, or the moths had flown up in his face, he would have pocketed it, seeing it paved the way to what he wanted—an introduction.

"I'm very much obliged, I'm surc," observed he, advancing to take it—"very much obliged, indeed; been an extremely good run, and fast."

"Very fair—very fair," observed Mr. Waffles, as though it were nothing in their way; "seven miles in twenty minutes, I suppose, or something of that sort."

"*One-and-twenty,*" interposed Tom, with a laudable anxiety for accuracy.

"Ah! one-and-twenty," rejoined Mr. Waffles. "I thought it would be somewhere thereabouts. Well, I suppose we've all had enough," added he; "may as well go home and have some luncheon, and then a game at billiards, or rackets, or something. How's the old water-rat?" added he, turning to Thornton, who was now busy emptying his cap and mopping the velvet.

The water-rat was as well as could be expected, but did not quite like the new aspect of affairs. He saw that Mr. Sponge was a first-rate horseman, and also knew that nothing ingratiated one man with another so much as skill and boldness in the field. It was by that means, indeed, that he had established himself in Mr. Waffles' good graces—

an ingratiating that had been pretty serviceable to him, both in the way of meat, drink, mounting, and money. Had Mr. Sponge been like himself, a needy, penniless adventurer, Caingey would have tried to have kept him out by some of those plausible admonitory hints that poverty makes men so obnoxious to; but in the case of a rich, flourishing individual, with such an astonishing stud as Leather (Mr. Sponge's immaculate groom) made him out to have, it was clearly Caingey's policy to knock under and be subservient to Mr. Sponge also. Caingey, we should observe, was a bold, reckless rider, never seeming to care a copper for his neck, but he was no match for Mr. Sponge, who had both skill and courage.

Caingey being at length cleansed from his weeds, wiped from his mud, and made as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, was now hoisted on to the renowned steeple-chase horse again, who had scrambled out of the brook on the taking-off side, and, after meandering the banks for a certain distance, had been caught by the bridle in the branch of a willow—Caingey, we say, being again mounted, Mr. Soapey Sponge also, without hindrance from the resolute brown horse, the first whip put himself a little in advance, while old Tom followed with the hounds, and the second whip mingled with the now increasing field, it being generally understood (by the uninitiated, at least) that hounds have no business to go home so long as any gentleman is inclined for a scurree, no matter whether he has joined early or late. Mr. Waffles, on the contrary, was very easily satisfied, and never took the shiue off a run with a kill by risking a subsequent defeat. Old Tom, though keen when others were keen, was not indifferent to his comforts, and soon came into the way of thinking that it was just as well to get home to his mutton-chops at two or three o'clock, as to be groping his way about bottomless bye-roads on dark winter nights.

As he retraced his steps homeward, and overtook the scattered field of the morning, his talent for invention, or rather stretching, was again called into requisition.

"What have you done with him, Tom?" asked Major Bouncer, eagerly bringing his sturdy collar-marked cob alongside of our huntsman.

"Killed him, sir," replied Tom, with the slightest possible touch of the cap. (Bouncer was no tip.)

"Indeed!" exclaimed Bouncer, gaily, with that sort of sham-satisfaction that some people express about things that can't concern them in the least. "Indeed! I'm *deuced* glad of that! Where did you kill him?"

"At the back of Mr. Plummey's farm-buildings, at Shapwick," replied Tom; adding, "but, my word, he led us a dance afore we got there—up to Ditchington, down to Somerby, round by Temple Bell Wood, cross Goosegreen Common, then away for Stubbington Brooms, skirtin' Sanderwick Plantations, but scarce goin' into 'em, then by the round hill at Camerton, leavin' great Heatherton to the right, and so straight on to Shapwick, where we killed, with every hound up—"

"God bless me!" exclaimed Bouncer, apparently lost in admiration, though he scarcely knew the country; "God bless me," repeated he, "what a run! The finest run that ever was seen."

"Nine miles in five-and-twenty minutes," replied Tom, tacking on a little both for time and distance.

"*B-o-y JOVE!*" exclaimed the major.

Having shaken hands with and congratulated Mr. Waffles most eagerly and earnestly, the major hurried off to tell as much as he could remember to the first person he met, just as the cheese-bearer at a christening looks out for some one to give the cheese to. The cheese-getter on this occasion was Doctor Lotion, who was going to visit old Jackey Thompson, of Woolleyburn, Jackey being then in a somewhat precarious state of health, and tolerably advanced in life, without any very self-evident heir, was obnoxious to the attentions of three distinct litters of cousins, some one or other of whom were constantly "baying him." Lotion, though a sapient man, as fearless as Lord John Russell, and somewhat grinding in his practice, did not profess to grind old people young again, and feeling he could do very little for the body corporate, directed his attention to amusing the Jackey mind, and anything in the shape of gossip was extremely acceptable to the doctor to retail to his patient. Moreover, Jackey had been a bit of a sportsman, and was always extremely happy to see the hounds—*on anybody's land but his own.*

So Lotion got primed with the story, and having gone through the usual routine of asking his patient how he was, how he had slept, looking at his tongue, and reporting on the weather, when the old posing question, "What's the news?" was put, Lotion replied, as he too often had to reply, for he was a very slow hand at picking up information,

"Nothin' particklar, I think, sir;" adding, in an off-hand sort of way, "you've heard of the great run, I s'pose, sir?"

"Great run!" exclaimed the octogenarian, as if it was a matter of the most vital importance to him; "great run, sir! *no sir, not a word!*"

The doctor then retailed it.

Old Jackey got possessed of this one idea—he thought of nothing else. Whoever came, he out with it, chapter and verse, with occasional variations. He told it to all the "cousins in waiting;" Jackey Thompson, of Carrington Ford; Jackey Thompson, of Houndsley; Jackey Thompson, of the Mill; and all the Bobs, Bills, Sams, Harrys, and Peters, composing the respective litters;—forgetting where he got it from, he nearly told it back to Lotion himself. We sometimes see old people affected this way—far more enthusiastic on a subject than young ones. Few dread the aspect of affairs so much as those who have little chance of seeing how they go.

But to the run. The cousins reproduced the story according to their respective powers of exaggeration. One tacked on two miles, another ten, and so it went on and on, till it reached the ears of the great Mr. Seedyman, the mighty *wz* of the country, as he sat in his den penning his "stunners" for his market-day *Mercury*. It had then distanced the great sea-serpent itself in length, having extended over thirty-three miles of country, which Mr. Seedyman reported to have been run in one hour and forty minutes.

Pretty good going, we should say.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FEELER.

WE will begin a fresh chapter, having rather outstripped our story in the last, and "will for once," as Beckford says, "try back." We "boke away" with old Tom's description of the run, and were not able to get our pen by the head again till we had earthed the story in the new paper. "Here again!" then, gentle reader. "Here again"—let us start afresh from the right place. This is it. Our friends were trotting home with the hounds when old Tom accommodated Major Bouncer with the what may be called a bouncer. Bag fox hunts, be they ever so good, are but unsatisfactory affairs; drag runs are, beyond all measure, unsatisfactory. After the best managed bag fox hunt, there is always a sort of suppressed joy, a sort of deadly liveliness in the field. Those in the secret are afraid of praising it too much, lest the secret should ooze out, and strangers suppose that all their great runs are with bag foxes, while the mere retaking of an animal that one has had in hand before is not calculated to arouse any very pleasurable emotions. Nobody ever goes frantic at seeing an old donkey of a deer shoved back into his rattle-trap to be wheeled home again.

Our friends on this occasion soon exhausted what they had to say on the subject.

"That's a nice horse of yours," observed Mr. Wyndey Waffles to Mr. Soapey Sponge, as the latter, on the strength of the musty brush, now rode alongside the master of the hounds.

"I think he is," replied Sponge, rubbing some of the dried sweat from his shoulder and neck; "I think he is; I like him a good deal better to-day than I did the first time I rode him."

"What, he's a new one, is he?" asked Mr. Waffles, taking a scented cigar from his mouth, and giving a steady side-long stare at the horse.

"Bought him in Leicestershire," replied Sponge. "He belonged to Lord Bullfrog, who didn't think him exactly up to his weight."

"Up to his weight!" exclaimed Mr. Caingey Thornton, who had now ridden up on the other side of his great patron, "why, he must be another Daniel Lambert."

"Rather so," replied Mr. Sponge; "rides nineteen stuns."

"What a monster!" exclaimed Thornton, who was of the pocket order.

"I thought he didn't go fast enough at his fences the first time I rode him," observed Mr. Sponge, drawing the curb slightly so as to show the horse's fine arch neck to advantage; "but he went quick enough to-day, in all conscience," added he.

"He did *that*," observed Mr. Thornton, now bent on a toadeying match. "I never saw a finer lepper."

"He flew many feet beyond the brook," observed Mr. Spareneck, who, thinking discretion was the better part of valour, had pulled up on seeing his comrade Thornton blobbing about in the middle of it, and therefore was qualified to speak to the fact.

So they went on talking about the horse, and his points, and his speed, and his action, very likely as much for want of something to say,

or to keep off the subject of the run, as from any real admiration of the animal.

The true way to make a man take a fancy to a horse is to make believe that you don't want to sell him—at all events, that you are easy about selling. Mr. Soapey had played the game so very often that it came quite natural to him. He knew exactly how far to go, and having expressed his previous objection to the horse, he now most handsomely made the *amende honorable* by patting him on the neck, and declaring that he really thought he should keep him.

It is said that every man has his weak or "do able" point, if the sharp ones can but discover it. This observation does not refer, we believe, to men with an innocent *penchant* for play, or the turf, or for buying pictures, or for collecting china, or for driving coaches and four, all of which tastes proclaim themselves sooner or later, but means that the most knowing, the most cautious, and the most careful, are all to be come over, somehow or another.

There are few things more surprising in this remarkable world than the magnificent way people talk about money, or the meannesses they will resort to in order to get a little. We hear fellows flashing and talking in hundreds and thousands, who will do almost anything for a five-pound note. We have known men pretending to hunt countries at their own expense, and yet actually "living out of the hounds." Next to the accomplishment of that—apparently almost impossible feat—comes the dexterity required for living by horse-dealing.

A little lower down in the scale comes the income derived from the profession of a "go-between"—the gentleman who can buy the horse cheaper than you can. This was Caingey Thornton's trade. He was always lurking about people's stables, talking to grooms and worming out secrets—whose horse had a cough, whose was a wind-sucker, whose was lame after hunting, and so on—and had a price current of every horse in the place—knew what had been given, what the owners asked, and had a pretty good guess what they would take.

Waffles would have been an invaluable customer to Thornton if the former's groom, Mr. Figg, had not been rather too hard with his "reg'lars." He insisted on Caingey dividing whatever he got out of his master with him. This reduced profits considerably; but still, as it was a profession that did not require any capital to set up with, Thornton could afford to be liberal, having only to tack on to one end to cut off at the other.

After the opening Soapey gave as they rode home with the hounds, Thornton had no difficulty in sounding him on the subject.

"You'll not think me impertinent, I hope," observed Caingey, in his most deferential style, to our hero, when they met at the News-room the next day—"you'll not think me impertinent, I hope; but I think you said, as we rode home yesterday, that you didn't altogether like the brown horse you were on?"

"Did I?" replied Mr. Sponge, with apparent surprise; "I think you must have misunderstood me."

"Why, no; it wasn't exactly that," rejoined Mr. Thornton, "but you said you liked him better than you did, I think?"

"Ah! I believe I did say something of the sort," replied Soapey, casually—"I believe I did say something of the sort; but he carried me

so well that I thought better of him. The fact was," continued Mr. Sponge, confidentially, "I thought him rather too light-mouthed; I like a horse that bears more on the hand."

"Indeed!" observed Mr. Thornton; "most people think a light mouth a recommendation."

"I know they do," replied Mr. Sponge, "I know they do; but I like a horse that requires a little riding. Now this is too much of a made horse—too much of what I call an old man's horse, for me. Bullfrog, who I bought him of, is very fat—eats a great deal of venison and turtle—all sorts of good things, in fact—and can't stand much tewing in the saddle; now, I rather like to feel that I am on a horse and not in an arm-chair."

"He's a fine horse," observed Mr. Thornton.

"So he ought," replied Mr. Sponge; "I gave a hatful of money for him—two hundred and fifty golden sovereigns, and not a guinea back. Bullfrog's the biggest screw I ever dealt with."

That latter observation was highly encouraging to Thornton. It showed that Mr. Sponge was not one of your tight-laced dons, who take offence at the mere mention of "drawbacks," but, on the contrary, favoured the supposition that he would do the "genteel" should he happen to be a seller.

"Well, if you should feel disposed to part with him, perhaps you will have the kindness to let me know," observed Mr. Thornton; adding, "he's not for myself, of course, but I think I know a man he would suit, and who would be inclined to give a good price for him."

"I will," replied Mr. Sponge; "I will," repeated he; adding, "if I were to sell him, I wouldn't take a farthing under three 'underd for him—three 'underd guineas mind, not pounds."

"That's a vast sum of money," observed Mr. Thornton.

"Not a bit on't," replied Mr. Sponge. "He's worth it all, and a great deal more. Indeed, I haven't said, mind that, I'll take that for him; all I've said is, that I wouldn't take less."

"Just so," replied Mr. Thornton.

"He's a horse of high character," observed Mr. Sponge. "Indeed, he has no business out of Leicestershire; and I don't know what set my fool of a groom to bring him here."

"Well, I'll see if I can coax my friend into giving what you say," observed Mr. Thornton.

"Nay, never mind coaxing," replied Mr. Sponge, with the utmost indifference; "never mind coaxing; if he's not anxious, my name's 'easy.' Only mind ye; if I ride him again, and he carries me as he did yesterday, I shall clap on another fifty. A horse of that figure can't be dear at any price," added he. "Put him in a steeple-chase, and you'd get your money back in ten minutes, and a bag full to boot."

"True," observed Mr. Thornton, treasuring that fact up as an additional inducement to use to his friend.

So the amiable gentlemen parted.

CHAPTER XII.

THE DEAL, AND THE DISASTER.

IF people are inclined to deal, bargains can very soon be struck at idle watering-places, where anything in the shape of occupation is a godsend,

and bargainers know where to find each other in a minute. Everybody knows where everybody is.

"Have you seen Jack Sprat?"

"Oh, yes; he's just gone into Muddle's Bazaar with Miss Flouncey, looking uncommon sweet." Or—

"Can you tell me where I shall find Mr. Slowman?"

Answer.—"You'll find him at his lodgings, No. 15, Belvidere Terrace, till a quarter before seven. He's gone home to dress, to dine with Major and Mrs. Holdsworthy, at Grunton Villa, for I heard him order Jenkins's fly at that time."

Caingey Thornton knew exactly when he would find Mr. Waffles at Miss Lollypop, the confectioner's, eating ices and making love to that very interesting, much-courted young lady. True to his time, there was Waffles, eating and eyeing the cherry-coloured ribbons, floating in graceful curls along with her raven-coloured ringlets, down Miss Lollypop's nice fresh plump cheeks.

After expatiating on the great merits of the horse, and the certainty of getting all the money back by steeple-chasing him in the spring, and stating his conviction that Mr. Sponge would not take any part of the purchase-money in pictures or jewellery, or anything of that sort, Mr. Waffles gave his consent to deal, on the terms the following conversation shows.

"My friend will give you your price, if you wouldn't mind taking his cheque and keeping it for a few months till he's into funds," observed Mr. Thornton, who now sought Mr. Sponge out at the billiard-room.

"Why," observed Mr. Sponge, thoughtfully, "you know horses are always ready money."

"True," replied Thornton; "at least that's the theory of the thing; only my friend is rather peculiarly situated at present."

"I suppose Mr. Waffles is your man?" observed Mr. Sponge, rightly judging that there couldn't be two such flats in the place.

"Just so," said Mr. Thornton.

"I'd rather take his 'stiff' than his cheque," observed Mr. Sponge, after a pause. "I could get a bit of stiff *done*, but a cheque, you see—especially a post-dated one—is always objected to."

"Well, I dare say that will make no difference," observed Mr. Thornton; "'stiff,' if you prefer it—say three months; or perhaps you'll give us four?"

"Three's long enough, in all conscience," replied Mr. Soapey, with a shake of the head; adding, "Bullfrog made me pay down on the nail."

"Well, so be it, then," assented Mr. Thornton; "you draw at three months, and Mr. Waffles will accept, payable at Coutts'."

After so much liberality, Mr. Caingey expected that Mr. Sponge would have hinted at something handsome for him; but all Soapey Sponge said was, "So be it," too, as he walked away to buy a bill stamp.

Mr. Waffles was more considerate, and promised him the first mount on his new purchase, though Caingey would rather have had a ten, or even a five-pound note.

Among the many causes of festivity recognised by Englishmen, the purchase of a horse is always considered one. Indeed, a horse has little chance of doing well that is not properly inducted. Hercules had no

cause to complain of any deficiency of this sort, for he was toasted and re-toasted, and toasted again, at the nominal club dinner that took place every day before hunting, for which each guest was supposed to pay for himself, though in reality it had about become the "perquisite" of the master of the hounds to pay for the party. All the good wishes of the world were freely lavished on Hercules, and great anticipations indulged in as to his performances on the morrow. Those nice watering-place playthings, the hounds, met at Drakelow Toll-bar, about two miles from Laverick Wells. Of course it was a "show meet," as, indeed, most of their meets were.

It was now "Multum in Pavo's" turn to exhibit; indeed, the actual stud was now reduced to that solitary unit. This piecemeal, fit-and-start sort of writing, though the most agreeable to the writer, is not, we imagine, very convenient to the reader, who may, perhaps, have something better to do than carry forward the incidents of one month to tack on to the tail of the next; and as it is now five months since we introduced this second paragon of perfection, it may, perhaps, be well to refresh their memories, by repeating that he was a long, low, strong, sedate-looking chesnut horse, with a bang tail down to the hocks, and white stockings up to the knees. He was a mild-eyed, quiet-looking animal, that would let any one do anything they liked with him—punch him in the ribs, tickle him in the flank, pull him round by the tail, slap him familiarly on the quarter, take any sort of liberty with him; in fact, when Mr. Soapey Sponge rode him on trial at Mr. Buckram's farm, he thought he was rather a "slug." That, however, he considered might be caused by his easy stealing way of going, compared to the bounding elasticity of Hercules. "Multum in Pavo's" particular "peculiarity" will be gleaned from the short dialogue that took place between the renowned groom, Mr. Leather, and our hero, Mr. Sponge, on the latter's mounting at the door of the Imperial to go to Drakelow Toll-bar.

The reader will now have the kindness to suppose Mr. Wyndey Waffles' room at the Imperial, with a long table covered with all sorts of breakfast viands, hot meats and cold, tea, coffee, chocolate, eggs, potted game, fish, omelets, and, we are concerned to say, champagne, *eau de vie*, and curaçoa. The reader will also have the kindness to imagine it a hunt breakfast—not such a hunt breakfast as Mr. Grant depicted at Melton, where there was only one man actually breakfasting, but a regular cut-and-come-again sort of affair, where the men went at the meat as if they hadn't tasted food for a week, and didn't know when they might do so again. To complete the picture, the reader may also fancy Mr. Waffles paying, or rather owing, for it.

Towards the hour of ten, numerous gaitered and trousered and jacketed grooms began to ride up and down before the House, most of them with their stirrups crossed negligently on the pommels of the saddles, to indicate that their masters were going to ride the horses, and not them. The street about the hotel grew more lively, not so much with people going to hunt, as with people coming to see those who were. Tattered Hibernians, with rags on their backs and jokes on their lips; young English *chevaliers d'industrie*, with their hands ready to dive into anybody's pockets but their own; stablemen out of place, servants loitering on their errands, striplings helping them, ladies'-maids with novels or three-corner'd notes, and a good crop of beggars on crutches, ready to thrust their wounds into

the faces of the well-fed Divess in scarlet and fine linen, who came down to their horses. Presently some of the breakfast-satisfied ones appeared in the balcony of the Imperial, switching their napkins, and looking up and down for their steeds. Then might be heard scraps of conversation such as these—

"What, Spareneck, do you ride the grey to-day? I thought you'd done Gooseman out of a mount," observed Ensign Downley.

Spareneck.—"No, that's for Tuesday. He wouldn't stand one to-day. What do you ride?"

Downley.—"Oh, I've a hack, one of Screwman's, Perpetual Motion they call him, because he never gets any rest. That's him, I believe, with the lofty-actioned hind legs," he added, pointing to a weedy string-halty chesnut passing below, high in bone and low in flesh; a beast, that, like Gil Blas's mule, seemed to be all faults.

"Who's o' the gaudy chesnut?" asked Caingey Thornton, who now appeared, wiping his fat lips after his second glass of *eau de vie*.

"That's Mr. Sponge's," replied Spareneck, in a low tone, knowing how soon a man catches up his own name.

"A deuced fine horse he is, too," observed Caingey, in a louder key; adding, "Sponge has the finest lot of horses of any man in England—in the world, I may say."

Mr. Soapey himself now appeared, and was speedily followed by Mr. Waffles and the rest of the party, some bearing sofa-pillows and cushions to place on the balustrades, to loll at their ease, in humble imitation of the velvet-cushioned gentry in Piccadilly. Then our friends smoked their cigars, reviewed the cavalry, and criticised the ladies who passed below in the flys on their way to the meet.

"Come, Old Bolter!" exclaimed one, "here's Miss Bussington coming to look after you—got her mamma with her, too—so you may as well knock under at once, for she's determined to have you."

"A devil of a woman the old'un is, too," observed Ensign Downley; "she nearly frightened Jack Simpers of ours into fits, by asking what he meant after dancing three dances with her daughter one night."

"My word, but Miss Jumpheavy must expect to do some execution to-day with that fine floating feather and her crimson satin dress and ermine," observed Mr. Waffles, as that estimable lady drove past in her Victoria phaëton. "She looks like the Queen of Sheba herself. But come, I suppose," he added, taking a most diminutive Geneva watch out of his waistcoat-pocket, "we should be going. See! there's your nag kicking up a shindy," he said, to Caingey Thornton, as the redoubtable brown was led down the street by a jean-jacketed groom, kicking and lashing out at everything he came near.

"I'll kick him," observed Caingey, retiring from the balcony to the brandy-bottle, and helping himself to another pretty good-sized glass. He then extricated his large cutting whip from the confusion of whips with which it was mixed, and clonk, clonk, clonked down stairs to the door.

"Multum in Pavo" stopped the way, across whose shoulder Leather passed the following hints, in a low tone of voice, to Mr. Sponge, as the latter stood drawing on his dog-skin gloves, the observed, as he flattered himself, of all observers.

"Mind, now," said Leather, "this oss as a will of his own; though he

seems so quiet like, he's not always to be depended on; so be on the look-out for squalls."

Sponge, being rather cocked with the brandy, just mounted with the air of a man thoroughly at home with his horse, and drawing the rein, with a slight feel of the spur, passed on from the door to make way for the redoubtable Hercules. Hercules was evidently not in a good-humour. His ears were laid back, and the liberal show of the white of the eye indicated mischief. Soapey saw all this, and turned to see whether Thornton's rolling, wash-ball seat, would be able to control the fractious spirit of the horse.

"Whoay!" roared Thornton, as his first dive at the stirrup missed, and was answered by a hearty kick out behind, the "*whoay*" being given in a very different tone to the gentle, coaxing style of Mr. Buckram and his men. Had it not been for the brandy within and the lookers-on without, there is no saying but Caingey would have declined the horse's further acquaintance. As it was, he quickly repeated his attempt at the stirrup with the same sort of domineering "*whoay*," adding, as he landed in the saddle and snatched at the reins, "*Damn you, do you think I stole you?*"

Whatever the horse's private opinion might be on that point he didn't seem to care to express it, for finding kicking alone wouldn't do, he immediately combined rearing with it, and by a desperate plunge broke away from the groom, before Thornton had either got him fairly by the head or his feet in the stirrups. Three most desperate bounds he gave, rising at the bit as though he would come back over if the hold was not relinquished, and the fourth effort bringing him to the opposite kerbstone, he up again with such a bound and impetus that he crashed right through Messrs. Frippery and Flummery's fine plate-glass window, to the terror and astonishment of their elegant young counter-skippers, who were busy arranging their ribbons and rubbish for the day's campaign. Right through the window Hercules went, switching through book muslins and baregès as he would through a bullfinch, and attempting to make his exit by a large plate-glass mirror against the wall of the cloak-room beyond, which he dashed all to pieces with his head. Worse remains to be told. "*Multum in Pavo*," seeing his old comrade's hind-quarters disappearing through the window, just took the bit between his teeth, and followed, in spite of Mr. Sponge's every effort to turn him; and when at length he got him hauled round, the horse was found to have decorated himself with a sky-blue *visite* trimmed with Honiton lace, which he wore like a charger on his way to the Crusades, or a steed bearing a knight to the Eglington tournament.

Quick as it happened, and soon as it was over, the whole town of Laverick Wells seemed to have congregated in the street as our heroes rode out of the folding glass-doors.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN OLD FRIEND.

ABOUT a fortnight after the above catastrophe, and as the recollection of it was about effaced by Miss Jumpheavy's abduction of Ensign Downley, our friend Mr. Waffles, on visiting his stud at the

four-o'clock stable-hour, found a most respectable, middle-aged, rosy-gilled, better-sort-of-farmer-looking man, straddling his tight drab-trousered legs, with a twisted ash plant propping his chin, behind the redoubtable horse Hercules. He had a bran-new hat on, a velvet-collared blue coat, with metal buttons, that anywhere but in the searching glare and contrast of London might have passed for a spic-and-span new one; a small, striped, step-collared toilanette vest; and the aforesaid drab trousers, in the right-hand pocket of which his disengaged hand kept fishing up and slipping down an avalanche of silver, which made a pleasant musical accompaniment to his monetary conversation. On seeing Mr. Waffles, the stranger touched his hat, and appeared to be about to retire, when Mr. Figg thus addressed his master:—

"This be Mr. Buckram, sir, of London, sir; says he knows our brown orse, sir."

"Ah, indeed," observed Mr. Waffles, taking a scented cigar from his mouth; "knows no good of him, I should think. What part of London do you live in, Mr. Buckram?" asked he.

"Why, I doesn't exactly live in London, my lord—that's to say, sir—a little way out of it, you know—have a little hindeppence of my own, you understand."

"Hang it, how should I understand anything of the sort—never set eyes on you before," replied Mr. Waffles.

The half-crowns now began to descend singly in the pocket, keeping up a protracted jingle, like the notes of a lazy, undecided musical clock or snuff-box. By the time the last had dropped, Mr. Buckram had collected himself sufficiently to resume.

Taking the ash-plant away from his mouth, with which he had been barricading his lips, he observed,

"I know'd that oss when Lord Bullfrog had him," nodding his head at our old friend as he spoke.

"The deuce you did!" observed Mr. Waffles; "where was that?"

"In Leicestersheer," replied Mr. Buckram. "I have a haunt as lives at Mount Sorrel; she has a little hindeppence of her own, and I goes down 'casionally to see her—in fact, I believes I'm her *hare*. Well, I was down there just at the beginnin' of the season, the 'ounds met at Kirby Gate—a mile or two to the south, you know, on the Leicester road—it was the fust day of the season, in fact—and there was a great crowd, and I was one; and havin' a heye for an oss, I was struck with this one, you understand, bein', as I thought, a 'ticklar nice 'un. Lord Bullfrog's man was a-ridin' of him, and he kept him outside the crowd, showin' off his pints, and passin' him backwards and forwards under people's noses, to tract the notish of the nobs—*parsecutin*, what I call—and I see'd Mr. Sponge struck—I've known Mr. Sponge many years, and a 'ticklar nice gent he is—well, Mr. Sponge pulled hup, and said to the grum, 'Who's o' that oss?' 'My Lor' Bullfrog's, sir,' said the man. 'He's a deuced nice 'un,' observed Mr. Sponge, thinkin', as he was a lord's, he might praise 'im, seein', in all probability, he weren't for sale. 'He is *that*,' said the grum, patting him on the neck, as though he were special fond on him. 'Is my lord out?' asked Mr. Sponge. 'No, sir; he's not comed down yet,' replied the man, 'nor do I know when he will come. He's been down at Bath for some time, 'sociatin' with the aldermen o' Bristol, and has thrown up

a mighty sight o' bad flesh—two stun' sin' last season—and he's afeared this oss won't be able to carry him, and so he writ to me to take 'im out to-day, to show 'im.' 'He'd carry *me*, I think,' said Mr. Sponge, making hup his mind on the moment, jist as he makes hup his mind to ride at a fence—not that I think it's a good plan for a gent to show that he's sweet on an oss, for they're sure to make him pay for it. Howsomever, that's nouth' here nor there. Well, jist as Mr. Sponge said this, Sir Richard driv' hup in his bounder, and havin' got his oss, away we trotted to the goss jist below, and the next thing I see'd was Mr. Sponge leadin' the 'ole field—Sir Richard, Robinson, and all—on this werry nag. Well, I heard no more till I got to Melton, for I didn't go to my haunt's at Mount Sorrel that night, and I saw little of the run, for my oss was rather puffy, livin' principally on chaff, bran mash, Swedes, and soft food; and when I got to Melton, I heard 'ow Mr. Sponge had bought this oss," Mr. Buckram nodding his head at the horse as he spoke, "and 'ow that he'd given the matter o' two 'under'd—or, I'm not sure it weren't two 'under'd-and-fifty guineas for 'im, and—"

"Well," interrupted Mr. Waffles, tired of his verbosity, "and what did they say about the horse?"

"Why," continued Mr. Buckram, thoughtfully, propping his chin up with his stick and drawing all the half-crowns up to the top of his pocket again, "the fust 'spicious thing I heard was Sir Digby Snaffle's grum, Sam, sayin' to Captain Screwley's bat-man grum, jist afore the George Inn door,

"'Well, Jack, Tommy's sold the brown oss!'

"'N—o—o—r!' exclaimed Jack, starin' 'is eyes out, as if it were impossible.

"'He 'as, though,' said Sam.

"'Well, then, I 'ope the gemman's fond o' walkin',' exclaimed Jack, bustin' out a laughin', and runnin' on.

"This rayther set me a thinkin'," continued Mr. Buckram, dropping a second half-crown, which jinked against the nest-egg one left at the bottom, "and fearin' that Mr. Sponge had fallen 'mong the Philistines—which I was werry concerned about, for he's a real nice gent, but thoughtless, as many young gents are who 'ave plenty of tin—I made it my business to inquire 'bout this oss; and if he *is* the oss that I saw in Leicestersheer, and I 'ave little doubt about it (dropping two consecutive half-crowns as he spoke), though I've not seen him out, I—"

"Ah! well, I bought him of Mr. Sponge, who said he got him from Lord Bullfrog," interrupted Mr. Waffles.

"Ah! then he *is* the oss, in course," said Mr. Buckram, with a sort of mortified, sorrowful chuck of the chin; "he *is* the oss," repeated he; "well, then, he's a *dangerous* hanimal," added he, letting slip three half-crowns.

"What does he do?" asked Mr. Waffles.

"Do!" repeated Mr. Buckram, "no! he'll do for anybody."

"Indeed!" responded Mr. Waffles; adding, "how could Mr. Sponge sell me such a brute?"

"I doesn't mean to say, mind ye," observed Mr. Buckram, drawing back three half-crowns, as though he had gone that much too far,—“I doesn't mean to say, mind, that he's wot you call a misteched, runaway,

rear-backwards-over-hanimal—but I mean to say that he's a difficultish oss to ride—himpetuous—and one that, if he got the hupper 'and, would be werry like to try and keep the hupper 'and—you understand me?" said he, eyeing Mr. Waffles intently, and dropping four half-crowns as he spoke.

"I'm tellin' you nothin' but the truth," observed Mr. Buckram, after a pause, adding, "in course its nothin' to me, only bein' down 'ere on a visit to a friend, and 'earin' that the oss were 'ere, I made bold to look in to see whether it was 'im or no. No offence, I 'opes," added he, letting go the rest of the silver, and taking the prop from under his chin, with an obeisance as if he was about to be off.

"Oh, no offence at all," rejoined Mr. Waffles, "no offence—rather the contrary. Indeed, I'm much obliged to you for telling me what you have done. Just stop half a minute," added he, thinking he might as well try and get something more out of him. While Mr. Waffles was considering his next question, Mr. Buckram saved him the trouble of thinking by "leading the gallop" himself.

"I believe 'im to be a *good* oss, and I believe 'im to be a *bad* oss," observed Mr. Buckram, sententiously. "I believe that oss, with a bold rider on his back, and well away with the 'ounds, would beat most osses goin', but its the start that's the difficulty with him; for if on the other 'and he don't incline to go, all the spurrin', and quiltin', and leatherin' in the world won't make 'im. It'll be a mercy o' Providence if he don't cut out work for the crowner some day."

"D—n the brute!" exclaimed Mr. Waffles, in disgust; "I've a good mind to have his throat cut."

"Nay," replied Mr. Buckram, brightening up, and stirring the silver round and round in his pocket like a whirlpool, "nay," replied he, "he's fit for summat better nor that."

"*Not much*, I think," replied Mr. Waffles, pouting with disgust. He now stood silent for a few seconds.

"Well, but what did they mean by hoping Mr. Sponge was fond of walking?" at length asked he.

"Oh, vy," replied Mr. Buckram, gathering all the money up again, "I believe it was this 'ere," beginning to drop them to half-minute time, and talking very slowly; "the oss, I believe, got the better of Lord Bullfrog one day, somewhere a little on this side of Thrussinton—that, you know, is where Sir 'Arry built his kennels—between Mount Sorrel and Melton, in fact—and havin' got his lordship off, who, I should tell you, is an uncommon fat 'un, he wouldn't let him on again, and he 'ad to lead him the matter of I don't know 'ow many miles;" Mr. Buckram letting go the whole balance of silver in a rush, as if to denote that it was no joke.

"*The brute!*" observed Mr. Waffles, in disgust, that being exactly the trick the horse had played Mr. Spareneck, who had volunteered his services to ride him after Caingey Thornton's defeat. "Well," observed Mr. Waffles, "as you seem to have a pretty good opinion of him, suppose you buy him; I'll let you have him cheap."

"'Ord bless you, my lord—that's to say, sir!" exclaimed Buckram, shrugging up his shoulders, and raising his eyebrows as high as they would go, "he'd be of no use to me, none votsomever—shouldn't know wot to do with him—never do for 'arness—besides, I 'ave a werry good

machiner as it is—at least he sarves my turn, and that's everything, you know. No, sir, no," continued he, slowly and thoughtfully, dropping the silver to half-minute time; "no, sir, no; if I might make free with a gen'leman o' your helegance," continued he, after a pause, "I'd say, sell 'im to a post-master or a buss-master, or some sich cattle as those, but I doesn't think I'd put 'im into the 'ands of not never no gen'leman, that's to say if I were *you*, at least," added he.

"Well, then, will you speculate on him yourself for the buss-masters?" asked Mr. Waffles, tired alike of the colloquy and the quadruped.

"Oh, vy, as to that," replied Mr. Buckram, with an air of the most perfect indifference, "vy, as to that—not bein' nouter a post-master nor a buss-master—but 'aving, as I said before, a little hindependence o' my own, vy, I couldn't in course give so bountiful a price as if I could turn 'im to account at once; but if it would be any 'commodation to you," added he, working the silver up into full cry, "I wouldn't mind givin' you the with (worth) of 'im—say, deductin' expenses hup to town, and standin' at livery afore I finds a customer—expenses hup to town," continued Mr. Buckram, muttering to himself in apparent calculation, "standin' at livery—three-and-sixpence a night, grum, and so on—I wouldn't mind," continued he, briskly, "givin' of you twenty pund for 'im—if you'd throw me back a sov. for luck," continued he, seeing Mr. Waffles' brow didn't contract into the frown he expected at having such a sum offered for his three hundred-guinea horse.

In the course of an hour from this, that wonderful invention of modern times,—the Electric Telegraph—conveyed the satisfactory words "All right" to our friend Mr. Soapey Sponge, just as he was sitting down to dinner in a certain sumptuously sanded coffee-room in Conduit Street, who forthwith sealed and posted the following ready-written letter:—

'Slaughter's Hotel, St. Martin's Lane, London.

"SIR,

"I have been greatly surprised and hurt to hear that you have thought fit to impeach my integrity, and insinuate that I had taken you in with the brown horse. Such insinuations touch one in a tender point—one's self-respect. The bargain, I may remind you, was of your own seeking, and I told you at the time I knew nothing of the horse, having only ridden him once before, and I also told you where I got him. To show how unjust and unworthy your insinuations have been, I have now to inform you that, having ascertained that Lord Bullfrog knew he was vicious, I have insisted on his lordship taking him back, and have only to add, that on my receiving him from you, I will return you your bill.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"SOAPEY SPONGE.

"To Wyndey Waffles, Esq.,
"Imperial Hotel, Laverick Wells."

Mr. Waffles was a good deal vexed and bothered when he got this letter. He had parted with the horse, who was gone no one knew where, and Mr. Waffles felt that he had used the freedom of speech, prayed for by parliament, but taken by common individuals, in speaking of the transaction. Mr. Sponge having left Laverick Wells, had, perhaps, led him a little astray with his tongue—slandering an absent man being generally thought a pretty safe game; it now seemed Mr. Waffles was all

wrong, and might have had his money back if he had not been in such a hurry to part with the horse. Like a good many people, he thought he had best eat up his words, which he did in the following manner:—

“Imperial Hotel, Laverick Wells.

“DEAR MR. SPONGE,

“You are quite mistaken in supposing that I ever insinuated anything against *you* with regard to the horse. I said *he* was a beast, and it seems Lord Bullfrog admits it. However, never mind anything more about him, though I am equally obliged to you for the trouble you have taken. The fact is, I have parted with him.

“We are having capital sport; never go out but we kill, sometimes a brace, sometimes a leash of foxes. Hoping you are recovered from the effects of your ride through the window, and will soon rejoin us, believe me, dear Mr. Sponge,

“Yours very sincerely,

“W. WAFFLES.

“To Soapey Sponge, Esq., Slaughter's Coffee House,
“St. Martin's Lane, London.”

To which Mr. Sponge shortly after rejoined as follows:—

“DEAR WAFFLES,

“Yours to hand—I am glad to receive a disclaimer of any unworthy imputations respecting the brown horse. Such insinuations are only for horse-dealers, not for men of probity, honour, and high gentlemanly feeling.

“I am sorry to say we have not got out of the horse as I hoped. Lord Bullfrog, who is a most cantankerous beggar, insists upon having him back, according to the terms of my letter; I must therefore trouble you to hunt him up, and let us accommodate his lordship with him again. If you will say where he is, I may very likely know some one who can assist us in getting him. You will excuse this trouble, I hope, considering that it was to serve you that I moved in the matter, and insisted on returning him to his lordship, at a loss of 50*l.* to myself, having only given 250*l.* for him.

“I remain, dear Waffles,

“Yours sincerely,

“To Wyndey Waffles, Esq., Imperial Hotel,
“Laverick Wells.”

“SOAPEY SPONGE.

“DEAR SPONGE,

“Laverick Wells.

“I'm afraid Bullfrog will have to make himself happy without his horse, for I hav'n't the slightest idea where he is. I sold him to a jolly cockneyfied countryfied sort of a chap, who said he had a small “*hindependence of his own*”—somewhere, I believe, about London. He didn't give much for him, as you may suppose, when I tell you he paid for him chiefly in silver. If I were you, I wouldn't bother my head about him.

“Yours, very truly,

“W. WAFFLES.

To S. Sponge, Esq., Slaughter's Hotel,
“St. Martin's Lane, London.”

Our hero addressed Mr. Waffles again, in the course of a few days, as follows :—

"DEAR WAFFLES,

"I am sorry to say Bullfrog won't be put off without the horse. He says I insisted on his taking him back, and now he insists on having him. I have had his lawyer, Mr. Chousam, of the great firm of Chousam, Doem, and Co., of Throgmorton Street, at me, who says his lordship will play old gooseberry with us if we don't return him by Saturday. Pray put on all steam, and look him up.

"Yours, in haste,

"To W. Waffles, Esq."

"SOAPEY SPONGE.

Mr. Waffles did put on all steam, and so successfully, that he run the horse to ground at our friend Mr. Buckram's. Though the horse was in the box adjoining the house, Mr. Buckram declared he had sold him to go to "Hireland;" to what county he really couldn't say, nor to what hunt; all he knew was, the gentleman said he was a "captin," and lived in a castle.

Mr. Waffles communicated the intelligence to Soapey, requesting him to do the best he could for him, who reported what his "best" was in the following letter :—

"DEAR WAFFLES,

"My lawyer has seen Chousam, and deuced stiff he says he was. It seems Bullfrog is indignant at being accused of a 'do;' and having got me in the wrong box, by not being able to return the horse as claimed, he meant to work me. At first Chousam would hear of nothing but 'l—a—w.' Bullfrog's wounded honour could only be salved that way. Gradually, however, we diverged from l—a—w to £—s.—d.; and the upshot of it is, that he will advise his lordship to take 250*l.* and be done with it. It's a bore; but I did it for the best, and shall be glad now to know your wishes on the subject. Meanwhile, I remain,

"Yours, very truly,

"To W. Waffles, Esq."

"SOAPEY SPONGE.

Formerly a remittance by post used to speak for itself. The tender-fingered clerks could detect an enclosure, however skilfully folded. Few people grudged double postage in those days. Now one letter is so much like another, that nothing short of opening them makes one any wiser. Mr. Sponge received Mr. Waffles' answer from the hands of the waiter with the sort of feeling that it was only the continuation of a series. Judge, then, of his delight, when a nice, clean, crisp promissory note, on a five-shilling stamp, fell quivering to the floor. A few lines, expressive of Mr. Waffles' gratitude for the trouble our hero had taken, and hopes that it would not be inconvenient to take a note at two months, accompanied it. At first Mr. Sponge was overjoyed. It would set him up for the season. He thought how he'd spend it. He had half a mind to go to Melton. There were no heiresses there, or else he would. Leamington would do, only it was rather expensive. Then he thought he might as well have done Waffles a little more.

"Confound it!" exclaimed Soapey, "I don't do myself justice! *I'm too much of a gentleman!* I should have had five 'under'd—such an ass as Waffles deserves to be done!"

DENMARK: ITS PEOPLE AND ITS FAITH.

THE ancient kingdom of Denmark, which at one time played a prominent part in the history of Europe, but afterwards sank into the obscurity of a third or fourth-rate power, has within a very recent period again occupied the attention of the world in general, and of the British public in particular. The European renown of the Danish sculptor Thorwaldsen, first reminded foreign nations of the little kingdom of the North, from which in ancient times a race of heroes had issued to make conquests in more happy climes; translations of the modern productions of Danish literature next created an interest in the country which gave them birth; and within the last twelvemonth, the manly and unanimous exertions of the Danish people to maintain the rights of their king and of their country have gained for them the esteem of all impartial minds. A cursory glance at the historical development and present condition of this people, with a view to ascertaining how far the national character has influenced the government with regard to the honourable position it has assumed on recent occasions, will therefore not be without interest, particularly as Denmark is at this moment, in all internal matters, undergoing a transformation, the bearings of which are of great general importance; for, to be of any use to us, our judgments of the effect of institutions on the development of national excellence and prosperity must be based on the experience of all nations.

To the Christian reader no facts recorded in history are perhaps more interesting than the earliest manifestations of the new bond of union which had been introduced among the nations and individuals of the earth, as evinced in the brotherly welcome tendered by the early Christians of Rome to every co-religionist, whatever his country or his calling, and which so strongly excited the astonishment of the Pagan Romans. The outward union which was subsequently manifested in the identical forms of worship observed in Westminster Abbey, in the Cathedral of Palermo, and under the dome of Thronthiem; in the universal sway of the church of Rome, extending from the sun-lit shores of the Mediterranean to the ice-bound coasts of Iceland and Greenland—this unity, it is true, again disappeared. But the unity of the Church, such as St. Paul describes it, "one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism," nevertheless continues, and similar feelings to those manifested by the Christian Romans to their stranger co-religionists are now often evinced in inquiries addressed by members of one national church to those of another, in questions such as these: "What is the position of the church in your country?" "In what relation does it stand to the state?" "What are its peculiar tenets and forms?" "How fares it with regard to sects and parties?" Does not the fact, that questions such as these are often the first which are interchanged between intelligent persons of different countries, prove that they feel that they possess in common one essential good, and that with regard to these matters the advantages and disadvantages of each are those of all? At the present moment members of the Protestant Church have indeed additional reasons for making these inquiries of each other; not only because the Roman Catholic Church, strengthened from within, has been making conquests in the dominions of her adversary, but still

more because the German Protestant Church, the Mother Church of Protestantism, is in a state of dissolution and internal decay. This fact renders the position of the Scandinavian Church, which will probably soon be the sole representative of the Lutheran Church, doubly interesting ; for in the three northern kingdoms the tenets, symbols, and forms of worship of the Lutheran Church, universally adopted at the period of the Reformation, have suffered no modification since then. The history of the Scandinavian, but more particularly of the Danish Church, cannot indeed boast of any period of peculiar brilliancy ; it has exercised no influence abroad ; it has been receptive and assimilating, rather than active and conquering ; and has therefore remained without any influence on the character of the Protestant Church in general. But in this quiet, self-contemplating, outwardly cold and moderate character, there is much that is interesting ; particularly so as the same character is revealed in all the most important points of the history of the northern nations. In Scandinavia Christianity was not, as among the Saxons, established by compulsory baptism, nor either by royal example as in Lithuania, whose Grand-duke Jaghello, on becoming King of Poland, allowed himself and his whole people to be baptized. The Frankish monk Ansgarius, the father and founder of the Scandinavian Church, who was sent by Louis the Pious to Denmark to preach the Christian doctrines, and who afterwards proceeded to Sweden, opened the hearts of the people for the reception of the new faith, by the holiness of his life and the Christian meekness and gentleness of his character. Not until the Christian religion had for a whole century been quietly working its way forward, and noiselessly gaining many adherents, did King Harold of Denmark, though he had for some time in his heart adopted the new faith, submit to receive baptism, which he had until then refused, for fear of exasperating his Pagan subjects. Many of the most powerful of these, headed by Harold's son, Svend—who afterwards became so renowned as the conqueror of England—did indeed make armed resistance to the progress of Christianity, but Svend was ultimately obliged to yield to the spiritual power of the new faith, and even submitted to acknowledge its supremacy by receiving its baptism. However, not until the reign of Canute, the son of Svend, can Christianity be said to have become the established religion in Denmark. To this consummation no doubt the connexion with England contributed considerably, as previously intercourse with England had contributed to the introduction of Christianity into Denmark.

The acceptance of the Christian faith in the Scandinavian countries was thus a matter of conviction—a purely spiritual event ; oppression and persecution were but transient phenomena in the history of its progress, for liberty of thought and faith were sacred in the eyes of the Northmen. The Pagan religion had indeed been, in the full force of the word, the religion of the state and of the people, and the kings were the religious as well as the civil chiefs ; but the power which was thus vested in them was used by them for the protection of mental liberty. A remarkable proof in support of this assertion is afforded by a letter in which a king of Jutland* recommended Ansgarius to the Swedish king, and in which he says, that fully convinced of Ansgarius's piety and disinterestedness,

* This was before all the Danish lands were gathered under one crown.

he had allowed the latter to adopt whatever means he pleased for the spreading of Christianity in his dominions, and he requests the Swedish king to do the same, as Ansgarius would never propose anything which was not good and right. Still more remarkable is the reception given to Ansgarius by the Swedish king, who expressed the best wishes for his success, and promised to speak in his favour to the people, and that whatever he desired should be done, provided the gods and the people would give their consent.

The gods, having been consulted by the means of the drawing of lots, decided that the new doctrines might be preached, and the people assembled in the Thing likewise gave their assent. Yet it must not, therefore, be supposed that Christianity gained easy access into the Scandinavian countries, or that the mental character of the people pre-disposed them for its reception. On the contrary, the religion of peace and love was contemptible in the eyes of the warlike Northmen; its meekness and forbearance were looked upon as cowardice and weakness, or it was treated as a kind of poetic fancy of the South. Not until after a struggle of two hundred years did the iron spirit of the north bend to the gentle spirit of Christianity. But the struggle was essentially a spiritual struggle; no law forbade the promulgation of the new creed; to do this was considered unworthy, and, perhaps, even superfluous; the new doctrines were allowed to be preached with a view to their being considered and weighed, but there was no thought of accepting them until they had conquered by the strength of conviction.

The same characteristics prevailed at the period of the Reformation. Young Danes, who had imbibed the opinions of Luther in Wittenberg, returned to their homes and preached the purified faith. To all appearances Catholicism in Denmark, at that period, was in possession of potent means of coercion and repression, for the whole power of the state was in the hands of the clergy and their allies, the nobles. The kings were favourably inclined towards the Reformation, it is true, but they were powerless, and it was the decided bearing of the burgher class alone which rendered the adoption of severe measures of repression impossible; it was indeed soon proclaimed as a principle of government, that the state ought not to interfere with the liberty of instruction; that all opinions were equally to enjoy this liberty, and that all parties were under the protection of the king. Not until the Reformation, assisted by the free municipal institutions of the middle ages, had conquered in each town; not until each congregation had, from conviction, adopted the evangelical doctrines and form of worship, and Catholicism had been deserted by all except the bishops and the diocesan chapters; not until then was the change in the religion of the state publicly proclaimed. At this juncture the king ordered the Roman Catholic bishops to be arrested, and convoked a diet in Copenhagen (1536), in which delegates from the nobles, the burghers, and the peasants, gave in their adherence to the king's proposal, that the Evangelical Protestant Church should, in future, be the church of the state, but on condition that no violation of conscience should be imposed on any. The Roman Catholic bishops were then liberated, and Protestant bishops, invested with authority in church matters only, installed in their places.

As Ansgarius had been the apostle of Sweden as well as of Denmark, so the internal and external development of the church in both these countries continued to be very much the same. Gustavus Vasa, who

liberated Sweden from the dominion of Denmark, and who is the founder and regenerator of modern Sweden, did, indeed, exercise much greater influence on the spread of the Reformation in that country than the Danish kings exercised in Denmark; but, from the circumstances of his election and his reign, Gustavus Vasa must be considered rather as the representative of popular opinion than as a monarch acting merely from individual impulse. It cannot, however, be denied, that another distinguishing trait of the northern character, namely, the firm and determined action which follows mental conviction and development, has been more beautifully manifested in the Swedish than in the Danish church. We see evidences of this in the rising of the Swedish people "as one man" to resist the violent as well as secret endeavours of the Polish-Swedish king, John III., to re-establish the Roman Catholic church in their country; and there are still more brilliant evidences of it in the heroic campaign of Gustavus Adolphus in Germany, in defence of the whole Protestant world. What immense power was there not concentrated in the little army of 15,000 men, with which in 1630 he landed on the coast of Pomerania, and who with him lifted up their voice in prayer and song! What energy of love and faith must not have filled the hearts of his followers, when, on seeing tears of emotion in their eyes, he addressed to them words such as these—

"Weep not, my friends, but pray. The more prayer, the more victory. Diligent prayer is a half-fought battle."

What a heroic faith breathes from his well-known war hymn—" *För-färas ei du lilla hop!*"—(Fear not, oh, little band!)—which he sang for the last time just before the battle of Lützen, and which still maintains its place in the Swedish hymn book as the hymn of the army.

In order to enable the reader to form a true appreciation of the national character of the Danes, we shall now make a digression to mention a few instances borrowed from their political history, reserving to ourselves to return in the sequel to the present position and relations of the Danish church.

In the modern political history of Denmark, the years 1660 and 1848 mark the two most important epochs; the first marks the transition from an oligarchical to an absolute form of government; the latter, that from absolutism to a constitutional monarchy. Previous to the year 1660 Denmark was an electoral monarchy. In consequence of the gradual development of circumstances, which may be traced back through centuries to the very origin of the state, the power, which had originally been vested in the Things or provincial diets, had come to be centered in the hands of a comparatively small number of nobles, who had arrogated to themselves alone the right of electing the kings, on whom they imposed at every new election capitulations still further restricting the power of the monarch and the rights of the lower classes of the community. Even the executive power was entirely in the hands of the nobles, for the Council of State, without whose concurrence the king could not act, was composed exclusively of members of their order. This oligarchy used to speak of *Respublica Danica*, in language expressive of the greatest presumption and of the greatest selfishness, and seemed to be preparing for Denmark the fate of Poland. In vain did the people's favourite, King Christian IV., endeavour to promote the welfare of the humbler classes of his subjects. Every measure he proposed was counteracted by the selfish nobles. An assembly of merchants,

convoked by him to deliberate on the commercial interests of the country, was countermanded by the Council of State ; the nobles, who constituted the military force of the kingdom, deserted him in the war with Sweden and in the thirty years' war, and even evinced satisfaction on seeing the royal power still further curtailed by the unfavourable conditions of peace imposed by Sweden. Strong feelings of discontent spread through the other classes of the realm, and particularly among the clergy and the burghers, who had drawn nearer to each other since the introduction of the Reformation, when the former were shorn of that power which they had previously shared with the nobles, and had, in their turn, become oppressed by their former allies. But during the reign of Christian IV. all attempts at breaking the power of the nobles remained fruitless ; no change took place until the reign of his successor, Frederick III., after the state had been unnecessarily involved (1658) in a most imprudent war with Sweden, which, having brought the realm to the brink of ruin, ended in a peace which dissevered for ever from Denmark her ancient and important provinces in the south of Sweden. The state of ruin to which the country was reduced by this war forced the government, in 1660, to convoke, for the first time since the Reformation, a diet composed of delegates from the nobles, the clergy, and the burghers, to meet in Copenhagen to deliberate on the necessary measures for retrieving the disastrous state of the finances. The nobles had sunk lower than ever in public estimation, on account of their unworthy and unpatriotic conduct in the last war, while the burghers felt strengthened by the noble consciousness of having by their exertions saved the state from foreign subjugation ; yet the former had the audacity to insist in the diet on their right of immunity from taxation, and to refuse to bear their share of the additional burdens to be imposed on all. The burghers and the clergy, exasperated beyond further endurance, and being joined by some conscientious members of the first estate, then resolved to carry out a premeditated plan of conferring on the king absolute and hereditary power, on condition of his promising at a future period to establish a form of government which should secure the rights of all. A radical change in the constitution of the state was thus introduced without previous demonstrations, without the least violence, without one drop of blood being shed. The change was the result of public conviction, and simply took form as soon as this conviction was sufficiently matured. The king's promise of a constitution was not kept, but the step which had been taken nevertheless bore good fruits, inasmuch as the state, which was on the point of dissolution, was saved.

The evil genius of Denmark was at the moment satisfied by the cession of the Swedish provinces, but again opened its greedy jaws in 1807, and in 1814, when Norway, the faithful twin-sister of Denmark, who had followed her through evil times and good, was wrested from her, and left her sunk in the deepest dejection. The Holsteiners and the South Schleswigers then forgot the many advantages they had formerly enjoyed under the Danish flag ; too impatient to wait until a brighter day should again dawn over Denmark, they began those efforts for independence which have at length entailed upon them all the horrors of a civil war ; for civil war it must be called, as the Schleswig sailors and peasants were, during the late hostilities, always the foremost in the ranks of the Danes, on land as well as at sea.

Previous to 1848 absolutism reigned in Denmark ; but it was abso-

lutism tempered by the existence of independent and highly respected tribunals, of a moderately free press, and of provincial estates, and by the mild and popular character of the kings. But those very circumstances were undermining absolutism, and were developing in the public mind constitutional ideas and principles; and while the *Lex Regia* of Denmark and the despotism of her government were the never-failing themes of the sarcasms and satires of the separatist party in the duchies, Denmark, by a strange irony, by a difference between her outward and her inward being, was much nearer the attainment of constitutional freedom than this party and its German allies. There was thus in Denmark, previous to 1848, a conviction of the necessity of free constitutional forms of government; but the people desired to obtain these by legal means, and waited patiently till time should develop them. The late king, Christian VIII., had fixed upon 1848 for the promulgation of a new constitution, but death surprised him before he could put his determination into execution, and the circumstances of the times prepared a very different state of things to that which he had calculated upon. During the eight years of this monarch's reign, the Danish people expressed openly, and without reserve, its displeasure at the new concessions which were repeatedly made to the separatist party in the duchies; it viewed with grief and indignation the endeavours of the disaffected nobles and officials in Holstein and Schleswig to win over to their side the peasantry of Schleswig and the citizens of the towns of North Schleswig, and particularly of the important seaport town, Flensburg, who were strongly attached to Denmark; and its worst fears were awakened by seeing the king surrounded by ministers, who either were not aware of the danger, or who misunderstood its character. But the conviction of the Danes, that their government was acting an unwise, and even a suicidal part, led to no feelings of disloyalty, to no illegal or threatening demonstrations; they waited patiently until the time should be ripe.

Thus stood matters in Denmark when the revolution in Paris broke out. A spark from the general conflagration of the Continent kindled the inflammable matter stored up in Holstein. Denmark could only be saved by a change of system, which should surround the king with advisers who possessed the full confidence of the people. The unanimous wishes of the people were expressed in an address to the king, Frederick VII., who, fully concurring in the views of his subjects, at once established, *de facto*, a constitutional government. Harmony and self-sacrificing patriotism reigned throughout the land; the change of system was accepted with unfeigned joy, but also with quiet dignity, and with a full consciousness of the new and arduous duties it imposed on every citizen. Europe has borne witness to the moderation and manly perseverance with which this feeling has inspired them, and with which they have met the rebellion in the duchies and the intervention of Germany.

In the month of October, 1848, a diet (*Rigsdag*) was convened at Copenhagen, to deliberate on the proposals of the government relative to the new constitution, and to several other matters rendered necessary by the circumstances of the times. This diet is still sitting, and is distinguished by its moderate character. Notwithstanding the strong feelings that pervade all its members with regard to the Schleswig question, every proposition in the assembly which could embarrass the position of

the government relative to this question, has, with the concurrence of all, been set aside. This assembly has, indeed, laid itself more open to blame for the extreme prudence and slowness with which it proceeds, even in matters of minor importance, than for any tendency to precipitate innovation and disregard of existing rights.

Denmark is thus again undergoing a most momentous change, without any sign of revolution, but with calm, sober consciousness. That in the present instance this is, next to the merciful interposition of Providence, in a great measure owing to the honest, open, self-sacrificing character of the king, no one will attempt to deny, but it must also be admitted, that the national character bears a great share of the merit. This last assertion is borne out by the testimony of history. Denmark has had her revolutions and her civil wars, it is true; but these have passed by like the thunderstorm that purifies the air. The Danish people has never attempted to found new institutions by means of, or during a revolution; it has always felt that such foundations must be the work of peace and order. No minority has ever ventured to avail itself of its short period of power to force its opinions upon the nation in a permanent form. The dreadful political (not religious) intestine war that raged in Denmark at the period of the Reformation, ended in the establishment of a kind of *status quo ante*, during which the future social and religious relations of the state were peaceably established.

That the reforms of 1660 and 1848 were not attained until the ill-judged measures of the ancient systems had endangered the existence or the integrity of the state from without, might indeed at first sight seem to indicate a want of intelligence and energy in the nation; but the impartial judge will see in this circumstance the natural result of the important geographical position which this little kingdom occupies, and which exposes it to the hostile attacks of its neighbours as soon as it is at all weakened by internal agitation and dissensions. When the Danish provinces in the south of Sweden had been ceded to that power, the maritime powers of Europe, rejoiced at a step which neutralised Denmark's power in the Baltic and in the Sound, took care that it should never be redeemed; and in like manner, the new-born German empire has availed itself of a partial rebellion in Denmark's southern provinces to endeavour to bring under its sway the seaports and the maritime population of these provinces. It was for a very long period considered sound policy to weaken Denmark on account of her important geographical position; may not the time now have arrived when it would be equally sound policy to support her for the same reason.

From the æsthetic point of view the Scandinavian character cannot be more faithfully depicted than it is in the hero of the North, such as he appears in the old Icelandic Sagas: warm-hearted but reserved, with resolute look, silent tongue, and strong arm. Is not such also the character of Thorwaldsen, that modern hero of Scandinavia, who is best known beyond the limits of his own country. Must it not be looked upon as more than chance that Thorwaldsen was a child of the north, and more particularly of that ice-bound island of the north, where the most ancient families of Scandinavia took up their abode? * *Ne quid nimis* is the device of Denmark; in this is her strength, but also her weakness; but is not this fear of overstepping the proper limit the necessary condition of all art, and more particularly so of the sculptor's art?

* Thorwaldsen's father was a native of Iceland.

Since the above was written, hostilities have broken out again between Denmark and Germany, to the great detriment of the commerce and industry of Europe. Denmark has, it is true, been the first to draw the sword anew, but Germany must, nevertheless, bear the blame. Six months of the seven, during which hostilities were suspended for the purpose of negotiating peace, the latter power allowed to elapse without taking any serious steps to open such negotiations; and when at last, in the seventh month, she determined to act in this direction, she negotiated not for peace, but for the renewal of an armistice, which, as regards Danish interests, was more pernicious even than open warfare, while it afforded Germany time and opportunity to increase her means of conquest. Can we then wonder that Denmark should have seized upon the legal opportunity afforded her of proving to the Germans that she is in full earnest in the struggle into which they have forced her, and into which they have themselves been blindly led by idealogues and demagogues, and that she should have refused to renew an armistice which has only served to feed the revolutionary tendencies of her faithless subjects, to weaken her, and to strengthen the hands of her opponents?

The war has recommenced with a disaster which will by the Danes be felt as a national disgrace and as a national calamity; but the Germans will be much mistaken if they think that Denmark's will and power of resistance have exploded in Eckernförde Bay. Germany may not, however, be unwilling to seize on this, or any other unforeseen event, to make an honourable retreat from a position, the folly of which she has learned to recognise, and to put an end to a war which, instead of proving a mere sham fight, as she had fondly imagined, has turned out a tragic reality. The Danish people is too well aware of what it has at stake in the contest against a mighty nation like the Germans, to allow itself to be dispirited by a single reverse, or to be shaken in its firm resolution to abide by its national device, "With God, for king and fatherland!"

The present war is, in the eyes of the Danes, a national war; but this must not be understood to imply that they entertain a strong national hatred against the Germans. On the contrary, though they rejoice at having shaken off the leading strings in which Danish literature has long been held by Germany, and have, in consequence, lost all fear of the mental superiority of Germany, they are at the same time willing to recognise the spiritual debt they owe to that country, and to acknowledge the bonds of kindred which unite all the Gothic races from the North Cape to the Alps; so that it has been said that the same harp resounds throughout those countries, though the tones emitted by its strings are somewhat different on the north and on the south of the Eider. The Danes are even willing to acknowledge that, upon the whole, the Germans have been misled by ignorance and passion, and that they are acting under the impression that they are fighting for a noble cause. But the war against Germany is, nevertheless, a national war, because the Danes feel that on its issue depends their existence as a free and independent nation; and they firmly cling to the hope that the Almighty will provide them with the means of defending their just cause by word and deed, until Germany, ceding either to the force of truth or to the irresistible power of the world-events, shall at length desist from her unrighteous endeavour to destroy or to subjugate her peaceful neighbour.

MR. JOLLY GREEN'S ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT PARIS EXCURSION.

[OUR persevering friend, Mr. Green who, like another great personage, looks upon France as his *cheval de bataille*, has sent us the annexed description of the return visit of the English to Paris. We insert it, in order that the self-love which, he will pardon us for saying, forms so prominent a feature in his character, may not be wounded by our omission; but at the same time, in giving a place to his account, we must, for own parts, take the opportunity of saying how highly we estimate the kind reception given to our countrymen by our generous and hospitable neighbours. There are no people who understand these matters so well as the French, nor any who carry them out so effectually. —ED. N. M. M.]

It is well known to the public that, in consequence of the friendly reception experienced by the French National Guards in London a few months back, an earnest invitation was given by those gallant fellows to their entertainers on this side of the water, to pay a return visit to Paris as soon as circumstances would permit. This invitation was as warmly accepted as it was frankly offered; and when the time drew near for putting the hospitality of France to the test, arrangements on a very extensive scale were entered into.

The British nation will be of opinion with myself, that the relation in which I stand towards that power—occupying, as it were, a hybrid position—like the Colossus of Rhodes, with one foot on each coast,—naturally pointed me out as the fittest individual to superintend the requisite negotiations, and conduct the enterprise to a happy termination. Accordingly, when the deputation, with Mr. Crispin at its head, waited upon me at Peckham, to offer me the appointment of President of the Committee for regulating the Great Paris Excursion, it may readily be imagined that I required their confidence by at once consenting to undertake the arduous duties of the office. The deputation were of course highly delighted at the prompt urbanity of my reply, for they felt how invaluable must be the services of one who had actually been in France, no other member of the committee being able to say as much. As a proof that I am not stating more than the truth, I need only refer to the account of the interview which was given in the *Times*, on the same day with that of the Irish members who waited on Lord John Russell to ask for a loan of ten millions to enable them to pay their private debts, when, as the reporter said, speaking of both interviews in the same terms, “the affable nature of their reception afforded them the highest gratification.”

On receiving my distinguished appointment, I at once wrote an autograph letter announcing the fact to my contemporary, the President of the French Republic, that being the proper diplomatic mode of proceeding on such occasions. Owing to some slight inadvertence, which, perhaps, is scarcely worth mentioning, my letter remained unanswered; but, —as events afterwards showed—this made no difference in our proceed-

ings, neither did it in the slightest degree affect the conduct of my excellent friend (if he will allow me to call him so) the Minister of the Interior, who, I am fully persuaded, acted as he did in consequence of private instructions, sealed orders having been sent to him from the Elysée Bourbon to be opened only on our arrival in Paris. In the affairs of "la haute politique," it is necessary at times to use a blind to conceal your intentions. This is as well known to Baron Brunnov, Count Colorado, and others whom I need not name, as to myself, therefore it need not be further dwelt on.

My next step was to examine the list of the proposed visitors to the French capital, but greatly to my surprise I found it to consist only of the committee itself, although the advertisement, offering to do the whole thing at the rate of "five pounds five a-head," had been issued several days. Knowing the intense fondness which Britons feel for Frenchmen, I saw at once that there must be a screw loose somewhere, and my infallible *coup d'œil*, or, as the Germans call it, *Augenblick*, at once detected it. I read over the advertisement, and it immediately flashed upon my mind that there must be some lurking disinclination on the part of my countrymen to pay for their entertainment. I consulted Mr. Crispin, who had undertaken the contract, and having ascertained from him that the journey, with first-rate accommodation in Paris and on the road, could not be done for less than he had named—*with anything like profit to the contractor*—(a most material consideration in a matter of international importance)—I took the subject into my serious consideration. I thought, in the first instance, of applying to Lord John Russell for a handsome loan, as the Irish members had done; but when I remembered that those gentlemen had been beforehand with me, and had probably drained the Treasury, I was satisfied my application would be of no use. I therefore hit upon another expedient.

"Crispin," said I, as we were sitting at luncheon in the committee-room in the Strand, diverting his attention for a moment from a slice of tongue which he was balancing on his fork—"Crispin," I observed, "how many visitors do you expect to muster?"

"Why," replied he, looking blank at the interruption, "I had reckoned upon three hundred at least; but I don't know how it is, they are remarkably shy of coming forward."

"I think I can tell you," returned I, smiling; "they don't like to fork out."

"How the devil, then," exclaimed Crispin, impatiently—"I beg your pardon, Mr. Green—but how do you think people can go to Parry and back" (he pronounced the word after that fashion) "without its costing something?"

"That's not the question," said I.

"What is, then?" asked Mr. Crispin.

"Why, the question is," returned I, emphatically, "who will supply the funds if there are no subscribers?"

"Nobody, I should think," said Mr. Crispin; bluntly, at the same time resuming his attack upon the cold tongue.

"There," I observed, "you are wrong: The money may be found without making a public appeal."

Mr. Crispin stared, but said nothing, and went on eating.

"Five guineas a head, you say, is the lowest figure?"

"The lowest," answered Mr. Crispin; "that is, if there's only 300 of 'em."

"Five times three are fifteen. Well, Mr. Crispin, if I were to give you a cheque for 1500*l.*, do you think you could collect as many?"

"What do you mean?" said he, fairly laying down his knife and fork in astonishment.

"If I paid you 1500*l.* down and took the risk of the subscriptions, would you guarantee 300 visitors?"

"I should think so," was his ready answer; "twice as many, three times as many—any amount on the same terms."

"No," said I; "I couldn't venture on more than 300."

"But will you do it?" he eagerly asked.

"I will," returned I, with Athenian laconism.

"Then, by George!" exclaimed Mr. Crispin, "you *are* a trump, and no mistake! This I will say, there's no one comes up to you, Mr. Green; you're the jolliest, gr—"

Flattered as I was by Crispin's hearty commendations, I cut short the eulogy he would no doubt have pronounced, as I wished to keep him up to the mark; and we then proceeded to discuss the details of my plan.

It was agreed that the advertisements, for the expense of which I made myself responsible, should be continued in the papers without alteration, in the hope of adding to our gratuitously embodied corps, for, as I wisely remarked to Crispin, and he perfectly coincided with me, "the greater our number, the more imposing will be the effect."

On the subject of costume I was rather anxious, knowing by my own experience how it tells in France.

"I have made up my mind," said I, "what I shall wear myself; but I do not insist upon every one dressing exactly like me, though an approach to uniformity may be desirable. In point of fact, there ought to be a distinction between a leader and his army, and it was to mark the difference, no doubt, that both the Duke of Wellington and Napoleon always appeared in the field in complete armour. Of course I take my yeomanry cavalry uniform, but until I reach Paris I shall simply dress like an English country gentleman."

"It won't be very difficult," replied Crispin, "to manage that part of the business; every man is sure to have a paletôt, and as carpet-bags are to be the order of the day, we shall make a very regimental appearance."

"I hope the carpet-bags will be good sized ones," I observed, "for, besides the things our party will require for their own use, I am desirous that each person should take as many bouquets with him as he can conveniently carry; they will be of the greatest utility in France, especially to those who don't speak French."

"But don't you think," suggested Mr. Crispin, "that we could get them fresher on the other side of the Channel?"

I could not help eyeing him with a contemptuous glance.

"To be sure," I replied, "as far as mere flowers go; but what would be the value of French bouquets to French people? The real charm to them consists in their being English; therefore I beg you will be particular on this point. There can be no difficulty; Hungerford Market is close at hand."

"I'm blessed if I know what we can get at this season of the year; everything's so backward. There's nothing but wallflowers."

"So much the better," said I; "they will be typical of ourselves. The flower of England and her wooden walls! Ha! ha! ha!"

Crispin didn't seem to feel the full force of this joke, but as he is a man of business I am not surprised at it. I think though, that Podder, my former secretary and fellow-prisoner at Vincennes, would have laughed at it; but he is far enough off by this time, having gone out to California. Poor fellow, I gave him his outfit and paid his passage.

"There is another thing, Crispin," added I; "we must have plenty of rosettes—of true blue; one for the hat, and another on the breast. Perhaps, some streamers—such as recruiting sergeants wear—with mottoes on them, might not be amiss. I'll think of it; and if I can hit upon anything appropriate, we'll have some printed in gold letters. The rest I leave to you; only remember, if any little difficulties occur, apply to me in time, and I will remove them."

With these words I shook hands with the contractor, who accompanied me to the door of his office, over which hung a mirror placed at such an angle as to reflect the whole of Charing Cross. As I went out I glanced in it, just to see how I looked, but the most prominent object I saw was Crispin's vulgar countenance, with one side of his face distorted to an enormous size, as if he was suffering from the tooth-ache, and had thrust his tongue into his cheek to allay the pain. People who indulge in excessive vanity always pay for it, sooner or later; I think he would have been disgusted at his own appearance if he had seen his features at that moment. However, I have no wish to press hardly on a man because he is less favourably endowed by nature than another; and this I will say of Crispin, that he set to work to complete all his arrangements like a man,—his great difficulty, want of money, being completely at an end through my instrumentality.

At length he made his final report to me that all was ready for the start. As he had anticipated, he soon mustered the 300 recruits, whose expenses I had agreed to defray; but there was no great addition made to the list of subscribers. Indeed, I may as well state the fact, the advertisement had only caught one solitary individual—a gentleman named Boxer, residing in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, who, I have since been given to understand, had contrived to evade the watchfulness of the persons whose business it was to control his actions, and had surreptitiously joined the excursion.

The eventful day came at last, and as we were to start at five o'clock in the morning, in order to perform the whole distance between London and Paris in one day, it may be supposed that I had not much sleep the night before. If I did not repose in an arm-chair, like Napoleon on the Bridge of Lodi, it arose simply from the circumstance that I had an excellent sofa, a good fire, and an Albert night-light in my dressing-room; but in other respects my conduct was precisely the same as that of the French hero, whose country I was about to visit in a capacity different from any I had hitherto appeared in.

Sternly and resolutely, therefore, I rose as the clock struck three, performed my toilette with care, and made a substantial breakfast. I then stepped lightly into my brougham and drove to the railway station at London Bridge, where the general rendezvous was to take place. The reader may, perhaps, feel curious to know what I had on, so I will briefly satisfy him.

Though less generally worn now than was formerly the case, top-boots and cords are too decidedly English for the wearer of them to be mistaken for anything but an Englishman; these and a white cachmere waistcoat, coming well over the hips, the scarlet coat of the Peckham hunt, a blue bird's-eye scarf, fastened with a fox-head pin, dog-skin gloves, a white hat, and in my hand a long-handled hunting-whip without the thong, and the representative of one who had had a good deal to do with British sport stands before the public.

Of course I was greeted with three cheers as soon as I alighted—a compliment which I gracefully acknowledged by waving my hat. I then hastily reviewed my battalion, not a man of them being absent, and delivered a neat speech, at the close of which I quoted Lord Palmerston's memorable words in the House of Commons on the 3rd of February last (which Crispin had judiciously inserted in his handbill), when his lordship impressively declared that England expected that every man *this* day would do his duty. Much applause followed my oration; the party was then told off into sections for first-class carriages, and accompanied by my staff, Crispin and the other members of the committee, the word was given, and we bade adieu to our native city.

I need not dwell upon the incidents of travel which occurred between London and Folkestone—the journey being accomplished in a couple of hours—nor enter into any detail respecting the passage across the Channel, which, as the weather was rather rough, sufficiently impressed itself, I have no doubt, on the memories of the three hundred, few of whose maritime excursions had extended beyond Gravesend; they one and all, however, gave me credit for my seamanship, and I could even observe the man at the wheel eyeing me with an envious look, as much as to say, "I shouldn't be surprised if he were to come and take the helm," as George the Fourth did in the storm when he went to Ireland.

At length, observing some sea-weed floating past the vessel, I came to the same conclusion as Columbus when on his first voyage to New York, that we could not be very far from land; and steadying myself on the arm of Crispin, who, being unaccustomed to the sea, staggered about dreadfully, I walked boldly forward into the prow, where I found some of the sailors endeavouring to point out to the sea-sick passengers various objects in the distance. I at once excited their gratitude and admiration, by informing them that what they saw was the coast of France! Having sighted the land, as naval men rather ungrammatically say, we soon ran it down, and, in about an hour and forty-five minutes from the time we left the pier at Folkestone, we entered the port of Boulogne, where a noble spectacle awaited us.

The *Princess Clementine* had no sooner—to use a nautical phrase—rounded the embouchure of the jetty, than I could plainly see, by the aid of my double opera-glass, the nature of the preparations that had been made. In the centre of the long pile of building, familiarly known to travellers as the Custom House, was erected a splendid Jack-in-the-Green, or kind of triumphal arch, above which waved the tri-coloured oriflamme of France, supported on either side by the hereditary banners of England. In the centre of the rustic entablature was an inscription, "To the Union of England and France," an event which our statesmen have for centuries been labouring to achieve, and which the gallant Nelson laid down his life on this very coast to accomplish. On each pillar of the arch were inscribed the words "France" and "England," between the

The Great Paris Excursion.

national flags counterchanged, as much as to say, in the language of Macbeth, "How happy could I be with either." From the base of the arch an immense semi-circle of troops of the line and national guards, *en grande tenue* (that is to say, each man provided with sixty rounds of ball-cartridge), extended to the brink of the quay; the commanding officers, on superb Arabians, were a little in advance of their men, as was the enthusiastic drum-major, whose imposing black beard seemed to be a happy continuation of his bear-skin cap, and was only rivalled in intensity by those of some fierce-looking men—the executioners of the Republic, I believe—who were ranged a little on one side, leaning on tremendous hatchets, and wearing long white leathern pinafores, for the purpose, I imagine, of preventing their small-clothes from being stained by the blood of their political victims. As a contrast to this warlike and—to some people—fearful array, there was ranged, in the centre of the semi-circle, a triple rank on each side of the approach to the arch of the lovely and accomplished *Matelottes*, or feminine sailors of Boulogne. They were attired in fancy dresses of the brightest colours, with their petticoats remarkably short (for convenience in dancing), and exhibiting very neat *tournures*; the family jewels, their marriage portions, blazed in their ears and glittered on their *corsages*, and every one held in her hand a glowing bouquet of *immortelles*. The solid mass behind the inner ring was formed of the *bonne bourgeoisie*, the gallant blousards, and the British aristocracy, nine thousand of whom reside at Boulogne all the year round. A privileged few of the dignitaries of the place, with their charming wives and daughters, were assembled near the ladder by which the English visitors were to disembark from the steamer.

I was the first to mount it, and when my well-known face appeared above the horizon, shouts of acclamation burst forth. The troops presented arms, the officers lowered their swords, the ladies curtsied, the civilians took off their hats, the tambour-major brandished his field-marshal's bâton, and both bands struck up the inspiring air of "See the conquering hero comes!"—all of which demonstrations I graciously acknowledged. I was quickly followed by the committee and my staunch "Three Hundred," who, with their umbrellas in one hand and carpet-bags in the other, presented a striking appearance—one which will not readily be forgotten. They found them, perhaps, a little embarrassing, on account of the vehement desire expressed by the natives to shake hands with the new-comers, and many of them were at a loss to know what to do with the bouquets which the *Matelottes* presented to us as we passed through their ranks.

Again I led the way, and as we moved along, the bands performed the solemn national anthem of "Malbrouk," after which they gave the lighter and no less agreeable music of "God save the Queen" and "Rule Britannia," in the chorus of which we all heartily joined. So many smiling faces were, perhaps, never seen as when I enfiladed the fair avenue of *Matelottes*, who will have reason for the rest of their lives to remember the transit of Jolly Green.

From the quay we were conducted to the hall of the Custom House, where we were welcomed by the lord mayor, the *sous-préfet*, the colonel of the national guards, and other authorities of the town, who were drawn up on one side of a table, to which we had free access on the other, and which was decorated with flowers, and spread with *gâteaux*; to refresh us after our voyage. Some dozens of champagne, too, stood on this

hospitable board, in which we drank the "Vin d'honneur," a rather pleasanter thing than being searched by a rude *douanier*, as was the custom in the reign of Louis XIV. The Lord Mayor of Boulogne, who is, in his way, the first of men, as he pledged me in a bumper, pledged his word also that no man's carpet-bag should be examined; he meant it kindly, and I feel thankful for his forbearance, for, had the search taken place, my little surprise of the bouquets intended for the Parisians would, of course, have been anticipated by the revelation of our intentions to the Minister of the Interior by means of the electric telegraph. The ceremony of drinking the "Vin d'honneur," as well as that of our landing, has been already made familiar to the British public through the pages of the *Illustrated London News*; but while I admit the general accuracy of the sketches, particularly the portrait of the bald-headed old gentleman in spectacles (an eminent greengrocer in the Haymarket), I am bound to say there is one capital omission. I nowhere recognise my own likeness, unless the manly figure, with his back towards the spectators in the foreground on the left hand be intended for me; but even in that case some attention ought to have been paid to the costume, about which I had myself been so particular.

Gratified with our reception, and slightly elated by the champagne, we then moved off in a body to the *embarcadère*, on the Capécure side of the harbour, cheered as we went by the anxious thousands who thronged the streets. The railway authorities, with whom I conversed in a condescending but dignified way, were not behind hand, on their parts, in affording us every facility for getting into the trains, and Crispin also (under my directions) exerted himself in a very praiseworthy manner, collecting our scattered and somewhat bewildered party as a drover's dog collects a flock of sheep to drive them into a pen. I could forgive the poor fellows for feeling a little confused at being thus suddenly transferred to a foreign land, and thrown amongst a people, of whose language, literature, religion, arts, sciences, and domestic habits, they were profoundly ignorant. I had experienced the same sort of thing myself, though not, of course, to the same extent. Our last compliments paid, and the last of our party safely stowed away in the train, I took my seat in the spacious and gaily-decorated carriage prepared for the committee, and, the signal being given, we started for Paris.

I must here mention one or two slight incidents, which, in the hurry of my animated narrative, I have hitherto been unable to notice. It will naturally be asked how Mr. Boxer, the gentleman from the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, conducted himself on the journey. I can assure that gentleman's friends that they need not feel any anxiety on his account. His manner was, perhaps, a little wild on board the steamer, where he was with difficulty prevented from jumping overboard to see, as he said, whether he could not outswim the *Princess Clementine*, whose figure-head he mistook for the princess herself; but the extravagance of his gesticulations, and the flighty style of his conversation, told greatly in his favour as soon as he got on shore, where, but for the difference of accent, it would have been no easy matter to distinguish him from the people whom he came to visit. The French were quite charmed with him, and vowed that he exactly resembled themselves; and when they learnt his name, the cry of "Vive Box—errre," resounded almost as loudly as that of "Joligrinne." Another circumstance I may fairly advert to in this place. The *convoy* to Paris being special, no casual

passengers were allowed to proceed by it. This arrangement seemed to be the source of great annoyance to an elderly gentleman with a very irritable expression of countenance, and a nose the reverse of Roman, who wore a light-coloured paletôt, a high neckcloth, and a pair of tweed trousers, and who talked very fast, and with a decided Scotch accent. He said he was a landed proprietor in the south of France, where he had a château—that he was particularly intimate with the President of the Republic, as he had been with the ex-king—that the friendly relations between the two countries were as dust in the balance compared with the gratification of his wishes—that the ignorance of the *chef du convoi* in not knowing who he was without his telling him must be of the most *crass* description—he, a Member of the Académie Royale de Musique, of the Institute, of the London University, of the Beefsteak Club, of the Société Universelle pour la Conglomération de toutes Sortes de Choses,—it was, he said—and out came the burr—“très extraordinaire,” and the director should hear of it from his friend M. Dupin, as well as from “another place.”

To all this the official, who had not the slightest idea what he was trying to say, merely answered by a shrug, and, turning to me, inquired if he belonged to my party. As I replied in the negative, he gave another shrug, and laconically observing to the stranger, “Alors, monsieur, c’est impossible; vous ne pouvez pas monter,—c’est expressement défendu,” jumped up to his place, and the train whisked away, leaving “the French landed proprietor,” &c. &c., *planté là*.

Crispin, who had evidently been enjoying the scene quietly, now laughed outright, and said it wasn’t the first time in his life his lordship had got into the wrong box.

“His lordship?” I exclaimed; “why, who is he?”

“What, don’t you know him, Mr. Green?” returned Crispin; then I’ll tell you.”

He leant forward, and whispered confidentially in my ear:

“*That’s Lord Br—gh—m!*”

As soon as I had recovered from the surprise caused by the announcement, I was, in my turn, communicative, and entertained my companions with topographical anecdotes descriptive of the country through which we were passing, having refreshed my memory the night before by means of one of Crispin’s guide-books, which were got up for the excursion at the small charge of sixpence. As this work is accessible to the public, a copy having been forwarded, according to law, to the British Museum, I shall not at present quote from the volume, merely observing that my remarks were very gratefully received, though the effect of them was sometimes slightly marred by explanations volunteered by Mr. Crispin, who seemed to think, as he had written the book, that he must know all about the contents—a clear *non sequitur*, as many an author can prove. Our progress was a series of triumphs; at every station we were greeted in the most cordial manner, and the only regret I felt was, that the railroad did not run right through the middle of the large towns near which we passed, in order to have afforded the inhabitants a better opportunity of seeing us. As it was, we did our best to show ourselves to an admiring nation; and never, perhaps, on any line have so many heads been thrust out of the windows as on this journey to Paris. As I observed to Crispin, “It was a proud display of *British capital*,” to which he only replied by a dry cough—the cold air having, I

suppose, suddenly affected him. At Amiens we were very heartily greeted, though I must confess I was disappointed in one thing. I fully expected that the freedom of the city would have been presented to me, but when the municipal deputation came up to the train, amidst the waving of flags, the beating of drums, and the shouting of the multitude, we perceived that they only carried small baskets of *bon-bons*, made up tastefully enough in tri-coloured paper, and stamped in gold with the portraits of Queen Victoria and the President of the Republic—a somewhat meagre style of illustration, and the thing itself no very substantial refreshment for hungry Britons. I returned thanks, however, in my usual radiant manner, and in the course of my speech was about to give the deputation a sketch of the history and institutions of their noble city, commencing with the treaty of Amiens, which was negotiated by the celebrated William of Malmesbury, and which gave peace to Europe on terms as satisfactory as the treaty was durable, when I was cut short by the train moving on, Crispin pulling me back at the same time into my seat by my coat-tails. No further incident of note occurred, as it became dark soon after we left Amiens, and for the rest of the journey I gave myself up to meditation on the course of policy which I should adopt in the interview which I projected for the next morning with the President of the Republic. There are few things more rude than not replying to a gentleman's letter, and at one moment I had serious thoughts of sending a message to Louis Napoleon on account of his omission, but when I broached the subject in confidence to Crispin, he so strongly dissuaded me from doing so, urging, at the same time, that our visit was essentially a peaceful one, that I consented to pass the matter over in dignified silence. Perhaps the previous view which I took of the question would not have arisen in my mind, had I not been irritated at the time by the stupidity of the people of Amiens.

It was nearly ten o'clock at night when we reached Paris, and having guided the expedition so far, I thought it was but fair to myself to leave the gathering of my followers to Crispin, especially as he had made all the arrangements about lodging, &c., so I just saw my own things out, and jumping into a cab drove off to the Hotel des Princes, in the Rue Richelieu, where I had fixed my head-quarters. Being rather fatigued, and having several weighty matters on my mind, I briefly returned the salutations of M. Privat and the host of *garçons*, and ordering supper in my own private apartment I at once adjourned to it, and was fast asleep in bed before Crispin had collected all the stragglers, about one hundred and fifty being billeted on the Hotel des Princes, and the remainder on Meurice and Lawson.

The Parisians have witnessed a good many extraordinary events, from the "Downfall of Paris" (which has been set to music) to the day when I was led a captive to Vincennes, but, with the exception of the last-mentioned occurrence, I question if they ever saw anything more surprising than the appearance of the English party on Good Friday last. About nine o'clock in the morning of that day we assembled in imposing numbers at breakfast in the Arabian saloon, when ample justice was done to the ponderous masses of roast and boiled beef served up smoking hot, to the innumerable dishes of *bifteks*, to the enormous "plum-poudings," and to the quantities of bottled stout which the attentive consideration of M. Privat had provided for the gratification of our national tastes, knowing well, as he did, how utterly impossible it is for an Englishman to

breakfast without them. Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Wigley, two members of the committee, expressed an anxious wish for hot-cross buns, but, strange to say, though we were in a Roman Catholic country, no such things were to be had, and those gentlemen were obliged to content themselves with some *gâteaux de Nanterre*, which a waiter fetched from the *Passage des Panoramas*. Tomkins and Wigley were a little sulky at first at not getting genuine Chelsea buns, which they had fully expected, but a few glasses of brandy soon set them right, and neither of them proved behind-hand in paying attention to the more solid materials of the breakfast. Mr. Boxer also convincingly demonstrated, that however the upper story might be out of order, there was nothing amiss with respect to the lower.

Breakfast over, though it lasted a long while, we sallied forth. I had previously arranged with Crispin for a meeting of the whole body at eleven o'clock in the *Place Vendôme*, and we bent our steps along the *Boulevards* in that direction. It was highly amusing to an old traveller like myself to notice the unsophisticated wonder of our fellows, as they stared with gaping mouths at everything they saw. I could hardly get them away from the *cafés* at the corner of the *Rue Richelieu*, so highly taken were they with the magnificent frescoes by the old masters with which the walls are adorned, with the richness of the decorations, and the striking appearance of the young ladies who preside over the lump sugar and money boxes. It was vastly entertaining to witness the way in which these unadulterated Englishmen responded to the earnest greetings of the lively Parisians, who came rushing into their arms at every step they took—how our countrymen struggled to get free from the close embraces of their bearded friends—how they gripped their hands in return till they made them dance with pain—how the Frenchman cried out “God dam, how you do—vary well, sare,—oh yes!”—and how our brave Britons replied, “Parly-voo, Johnny Crappo, d—d glad to see you, old fellows,” and then the jibbering on one side and the shouts of “*Vivent les Anglais!*” and the sturdy laugh on the other, intermingled with such expressions as “Blest if ever I see such a lot of rum-looking, good-natered monkeys in all my born days!” The scene was not a courtly one, perhaps, but it was decidedly picturesque.

Tomkins and Wigley, men of rather retiring habits, were at one moment rather put to it. Just as we were passing the *Café Anglais* up rushed two black-eyed flower-girls, exclaiming, according to their custom, “*Fléurissez-vous, messieurs,*” when, observing the astonished countenances of the committee-men just alluded to, they at once guessed who they were, and began pelting them with bunches of wet violets, and then demanded payment, not in sous, but in quite a different coin.

“What’s a ‘jolly bazey,’ Mr. Green?” shouted Tomkins.

“What does she mean by ‘brassy?’” cried Wigley.

But before I could offer any explanation the thing had explained itself, much to the discomfiture of the committee-men, whose red cheeks seemed fit to burst with shame at being kissed in the street by women in the open day.

At length, in spite of all these kind-hearted interruptions, we succeeded in reaching the *Place Vendôme*, where Mr. Crispin had already assembled the remainder of the party; he informed me—though there was no necessity for his doing so, for I fully expected it—that we had received communications from the *Préfet de Police* and other official personages, to the effect that the various establishments under their control were en-

tirely placed at our disposition—a fact which, as far as the first-named personage was concerned, proved highly gratifying. Crispin here tried a joke on his own account, observing, with a smirk, that the less we saw of the police-offices the better—a coarse remark, as it struck me.

I now made the arrangement for the day's amusement from a paper prepared by Crispin, who, I suspect, must have been considerably indebted to the "Stranger's Guide" or *Galignani's* newspaper. I thought it as well to begin with something characteristic, and before we moved off from the Place Vendôme we sang "The British Grenadiers," at the foot, as Shakspeare says, of Pompey's statue. We then proceeded by the Rue de la Paix to the Boulevard de la Madeleine, pausing to admire the exterior of the fine Gothic church of that name, but not entering it, as some of our number, Tomkins and Wigley amongst others, expressed their apprehensions lest they should be turned into Roman Catholics in consequence. I laughed at these idle fears; but the feeling being general, I did not press the question; so we turned down the Rue Royale and found plenty to look at in the Place de la Concorde, so called, as I explained to my companions, on account of the friendly meetings which have taken place there during the last sixty years, from the day when Louis XVI. took leave of the Parisians, to that of the kind visit which the people paid to the National Assembly in May last. Cleopatra's Needle, in the middle of the square, was generally admired, though very few of us could make out the marks upon it. Crispin insisted upon its being some sort of writing; but this idea was universally scouted—for what kind of writing could that be in which men with bird's heads and other similar absurdities are introduced? Even the *Fanatic Nuz* has not got quite so far as that. The fountains, too, came in for their share of praise; the only dissentient being Tomkins, who said he liked "a quieter sort of thing," meaning the cruet-stands in Trafalgar Square; but this is at once accounted for when I state—in confidence—that he had something to do with the contract for laying down the pipes. But that which pleased our countrymen most in this quarter, was what they called "the fine women" standing on pedestals in the corners of the *Place*; I heard the word "strapper" occasionally mentioned, and though a strong term, it is by no means inapplicable to those colossal representatives of Lille, Strasbourg, &c. We then entered the Twillery Gardens, which the majority of the party would call "Toolery," in spite of my frequent attempts to correct them, and proceeded towards the Louvre, or, as they said, "Loover," much to the annoyance of my sensitive ear. It would detain me too long to describe in detail the effect produced upon the three hundred by the various objects they saw on their way there. Whoever sees an Englishman in Paris for the first time, cannot long doubt of our countrymen being abroad—in the widest sense of the term. Neither shall I say anything more of the Louvre than that, to the best of my belief, the whole three hundred wrote their names in pencil on one of the statues in the sculpture gallery—an ingenious and agreeable way of recording their visit, the delicacy of which the French nation will, no doubt, fully appreciate. Other sights afforded occupation throughout the day; the Morgue and the Gobelins being generally considered the most amusing. At the former, everybody—except Wigley, who is nervous—had a peep at the remains of a red republican—a rare thing to see now-a-days; though, as Mr. Toby, a Smithfield salesman, remarked, "The corpus was more bluer nor what he looked for; hew-

somever, he couldn't say it warn't reg'lar, having never afore set eyes on a dead Frenchman nowheres."

At the "Goblins" (so Tomkins said, and the rest obstinately joined in), Wigley, objecting to the name, again remained outside, while the party examined the tapestry, which they were surprised to hear (from me) was made backwards; that is to say, the workman makes it with his hands behind his back—a piece of unnecessary trouble and "slow work," as it was universally declared. By the time we got back to dinner we were pretty well tired; but if the division under Mr. Crispin played as good a knife and fork as those who followed me to the Hôtel des Princes, I can only say that there is no better place in the world for the encouragement of the appetite than Paris; nor did the champagne corks fly about in bad style, "topped," as Mr. Toby said, with "ever so little brandy," that gentleman consuming at least three parts of a bottle of Cognac to his own share.

After dinner I proposed that we should all go to the French Opera, and reminded the company that they must take their English bouquets with them, to throw on the stage when the principal actress appeared; but, to my great annoyance, I found that they had been left behind. On further inquiry, I discovered that Mr. Crispin had actually disobeyed my orders; and when I afterwards taxed him with it, he said that, in the first place, the wallflowers would all have been dead, and, in the next, that to throw such a heap of them would have smothered the young lady, besides making the stage look like Covent Garden Market on a Saturday evening. I swallowed my disappointment as well as I could, for I had expected to have made a hit in this matter, and we adjourned to the theatre, all but a select few, who sat with me in a grilled box, preferring the pit. When the piece was over, however, I came forward, and giving the word, they stood up, and we paid ourselves the compliment of singing "God save the Queen," thus, by my presence of mind, getting the start of the French part of the audience, who intended, I heard, to have done the same thing. It stands to reason that it was, consequently, much better sung. We then left the theatre, amidst the applause of the whole house, and had a quiet supper, with a cigar and a glass of brandy-and-water; Mr. Toby taking the chair after I retired, and keeping it up with a few choice spirits, including Mr. Boxer, till about three in the morning. This closed the first day in Paris.

On Saturday I devoted myself to diplomatic affairs. Mr. Crispin had an interview with me at an early hour, when we settled the programme of the day. Dividing the main body into detachments of thirty or forty, and placing them under the charge of the *commissionnaires* of the hotels, with strict orders to take care of them, we sent them in various directions, to entertain themselves in the best manner they could.

I THEN PUT ON MY UNIFORM.

It was a handsome yeomanry-cavalry dress, which, as I had never been gazetted (a formality I knew how to dispense with), I hired from the splendid assortment of Mr. Nathan, in Tichborne Street, Piccadilly. It fitted me admirably; and when I turned out in my gold-laced crimson tights, my yellow-morocco boots, my close-fitting sky-blue jacket, my steel helmet with black horsehair-plume, my gauntlets, my sword, my brass spurs, and my velvet sabre-tache and pouch, the image of a British warrior was, perhaps, as undeniably represented in the streets of Paris as

it had ever been on the plains of Waterloo, even in the person of the D—ke himself. I must not omit to observe, that to make the thing complete, I wore a fancy medal and a pair of black moustaches. I thought Crispin would never have left off staring at me, and, indeed, everybody I met during the whole time I staid in Paris invariably paid me the same compliment.

The first visit I paid was, of course, to our own ambassador. I was accompanied only by Mr. Crispin, who acted as secretary to the committee. Lord N—rm—nby received me in that pleasant way which no one can assume more readily than himself. He smiled as he observed that I was very fine, and that he thought I should astonish the Parisians; on which I promptly replied, that I always had astonished everybody, which made him smile still more. He then turned to Mr. Crispin, and addressed a few formal words to him, expressing the satisfaction he felt at our friendly visit to the French capital, and concluded by observing to me that nothing would have given him greater pleasure than to have been a witness of our triumphal progress through France.

On our way back the whole of the committee met us, and we went in a body to the hotel of the Minister of the Interior. After a brief delay we were shown in, and (contrary to my wish, for I had intended to have spoken in his native tongue) Mr. Crispin read in English an address of thanks for his kindness in allowing us to visit Paris, stating at the same time that the deputation, of which he was the secretary, was composed of some of the most respectable persons in England (here Tomkins, Wigley, Toby, Boxer, and I, all bowed), and that our object in coming was to draw still closer the bonds of amity which had united the two countries for so many hundred years. M. Léon Faucher replied also in English (and his pronunciation didn't make me laugh more than once or twice, and then I pretended to blow my nose), that it was not necessary for us to be clothed in an official costume (evidently alluding to my gorgeous uniform) to obtain a welcome from him. He said that he well remembered having visited the principal establishments in England (meaning, no doubt, Barclay and Perkins's brewery, the Thames Tunnel, and Madame Tussaud's), and that he was consequently able to appreciate our importance. I was secretly very much amused at the minister's civility, knowing very well that it was entirely to be ascribed to the letter which I wrote to the President of the Republic, and which is now preserved among the national archives, for future historians to consult.

From the Ministry of the Interior we proceeded to the Hôtel de Ville, the Prefect of the Seine having previously written to me to say how happy he should be to receive us. We were shown into the Grande Salle; and as no one in the building knew a word of English but ourselves, this time I had it all to myself, and was, luckily, prepared. I had on the previous night, while Toby and the rest were drinking brandy-and-water, robbed myself of my natural rest, in order to write out a speech for the occasion. I did it in English, and got one of the *gargons* of the hotel, who had a smattering of our language, to translate it for me as nearly as he could. I interlined the translation, and by this innocent *ruse* it had all the appearance of being read off at sight. The subject, as well as my mode of delivery, seemed to produce a remarkable effect, and it was some minutes before he could trust himself to reply. When he did so, however, it was to the purpose; for though he said a good deal which I could not exactly catch, I made out enough to know at he expected to have the pleasure of seeing the whole party then in

Paris at a *soirée* on the following Wednesday evening, when he should have the happiness of joining us in drinking all our healths—an intimation which made a lively impression on the committee, and particularly on Mr. Toby. As the correspondent of the *Times* justly observed, in sending a report of the interview, "This fine, spirited declaration, greatly excited the enthusiasm of the deputation."

With the exception of the most prominent entertainments, I shall not enumerate all the invitations we received, neither shall I minutely describe the various places of amusement which we visited. A short extract from a journal kept by Mr. Toby may suffice to give an idea of the latter. It was written in an extremely greasy pocket-book, nearly filled with market transactions, and was not very easy to decypher, but I have preferred retaining the original orthography to making fastidious alterations. Under the entry of "Monday," Mr. Toby says :

"No Cole Ole in Parry nor never a Sider Seller were a cove can Take his ginnanworter Arter the play and pass a cumftble Our but mister green took Me into a place cauld the stamminy lee rick were a Chap in mow-stayshers named darshy not Sam All sang All maner of songs in His lingo and We smoakt and drunk bernin Punsh till all was Bloo. too fine Gals sot at a Sideberd kiverd with shoogger basuns and Bowpots one on em in as fine Condishn as ever A neffer in Smiffle. thay it Was as took care of the Tin. french waters is contented with nuffin for thay-selves witch thay ought to be A moddle for sum as i Nose on. n.b. roming punsh rayther eddy If too much On it."

Again, on "Tuesday :—"

"Sor the frensh ouser komuns litle fellers' mostly Short komuns i Callsem. made a preshus nois beats Our drovers Oller alleys a wantin the gode them coves to makem Set still. werry soon had enuff. the batters as thay cauls thare slorterouses much More planter sor every one on em never see sitch a site."

Wigley also kept a diary, of which I got a glance. He is a hair-dresser in the Opera Arcade, and rather sensitive. Here are a few general observations :

"The French a frivolous nation—fond of crulety—lets their beards grow too long—doesn't use much sope—leastways aperiently—jabbers too much in speaking and wears high heels—at dinner never leaves off eating oysters and asking for toothpicks—drinks *oh soocry* chiefly which saller complexions is a consequence—is fond of shouting and dancing and revelations."

Although Mr. Toby preferred the Abattoirs to the National Assembly, it will readily be imagined that my tastes led me into the hall where I at one time hoped to have had a seat myself. I cannot however, avoid saying, that there, as well as in another place which I could name, the amount of talk far exceeded its intrinsic value. In one thing Mr. Toby was right; they spoke so fast and so altogether, that I should have derived little advantage from it but for the kindness of a gentleman, who I found was connected with one of the London daily papers (the *M—n—g Chr—n—cle*), and he gave himself the trouble to explain the object of a speech made by M. Victor Considérant, who (like the Irish members) asked the government to give him a sum of money to raise a phalanx, or something of the sort, and promised, if he did not succeed at the end of two years, like Mr. Grimwood, to "eat his head," which, to judge by all appearances, would scarcely have relieved the emptiness of his belly.

On Tuesday evening we all attended a *raout*, which was given us in our own hotel by a number of my own brothers in arms, the national guard. To gratify the company, I sang the "Marseillaise" in a way that drew tears from every Frenchman's eye, and seriously affected my own countrymen. M. Combiere made me a speech in return, which was a gem of its kind, and I—in my splendid uniform of the (Nathan) yeomanry cavalry—made him another, no less sparkling. We then began shouting "Vive l'Angleterre," while they shouted "Vive la France," till all parties became so hoarse that it was necessary we should go to supper and moisten our throats with sandwiches, pastry, and champagne.

On the following evening (Wednesday) the same scene was repeated at the Hôtel de Ville, with this difference only, that there was no end to the champagne, port, sherry, and brandy that were drunk on the occasion. It was impossible to resist so much hospitality, and whether any of the three hundred went to bed sober or not is more than I can say. The last thing I recollect myself, after an animated conversation with all the principal statesmen of the day who crowded round me, and to whose better acquaintance I drank in Roman punch, was a strong feeling of fraternisation which seized me, and which induced me to invite everybody I met to come over and see me at Peckham. In this respect, however, I was not singular, almost all the party extending the same hospitable invitation, even to the préfet's servants, while they were putting on their great coats in the hall.

The merry-making at the Hôtel de Ville, and the desire I had to reserve myself for our parting banquet, made me a little late next day, and it was not long after breakfast, when, as I was leisurely pacing along the *Boulevard Italien*, leaning on the arm of Tomkins, I saw approaching me a gentleman, whom I at once recognised as the disappointed traveller on the day we left Boulogne, and whom Crispin had given me reason to believe was Lord Br—gh—m. I am not at all like Lord C—mpb—ll, or, as far as I know, any other noble peer, whom his lordship is in the habit of worrying, but there was a twitch of the nose and a screw up of the mouth, with an acceleration of pace as he approached, which evidently meant mischief to somebody. I looked at Tomkins to see whether, by chance, he had made a face at his lordship, but his countenance was as inflexible as a turnip, and I began to consider what offence I could have given, since there could be no mistake about his hostility being directed to one of us. I glanced at my crimson tights and well-turned leg, and then saw at once what was the matter. His lordship was jealous; that was the reason why he alone of all the notabilities in Paris had been absent from the préfet's party. Almost before I had time to arrive at this conclusion, the noble and learned lord came close up to us, and made a dead stop.

"So," said he, "Mr. Green—so you have placed yourself at the head of a number of impostors? Do you know, Mr. Green, that if I were the commander-in-chief at this moment, I would strike your name off the list of officers in the—the—the—he seemed at a loss to name the corps, but, lawyer-like, made a bold guess)—the Tenth Hussars!"

"My lord," replied I, mildly, "this is very harsh language—totally unexpected; certainly uncalled for, and perfectly unjustifiable. Impostors, my lord, if I understand the term rightly, are persons who pretend to be what they are not, which I defy your lordship to say is the

case with any of those who have joined the present excursion. They came over here in the character of Englishmen, pleading no rights of French citizenship, nor having a tongue for each side of the water. They have been hospitably entertained in their capacity as Englishmen, and, like Englishmen, they will endeavour to requite the kindness that has been shown them whenever they have the opportunity."

Lord Br—gh—m stared at me, as if he hardly understood what I said; and I confess I was myself surprised to find I had spoken so plainly; but this is not the first time, I trust, that the British public have discovered that the heart of Jolly Green is in its right place. At last he said:

"Your explanation, Mr. Green, pleases me—it is, *in some measure*, satisfactory to me, Mr. Green; pray give me your hand sir."

We shook hands accordingly; and his lordship, with a most indescribable smirk, then said:

"But, Mr. Green, when do you mean to leave Paris?"

"To-morrow, my lord."

"Ah!" replied he, brightening up still more; "that's right—that's well—to-morrow—good day, Mr. Green."

If ever there was one man glad to get rid of another, that man was Lord Br—gh—m.

Of the grand dinner that day in the Salle Valentino, and of the ball at Boulogne on the following evening, I have not time now to speak; but of this I feel certain, that if ever the French and English people are urged to collision by their rulers, they will call to mind their mutual friendly relations established by themselves, and drown all tendency to animosity in an amicable discharge of grape.

Let me, however, mention one gratifying fact. In commemoration of the British excursion, a very handsome medal has been struck by the French government from a design by a Welsh artist named J—nes. On the obverse appeared my portrait between a cap of liberty and two hands clasped—emblematic of the union of the two nations. On the reverse is the following simple inscription:

A .

JOLLY GREEN,

LA FRANCE RECONNAISSANTE.

1^{er} Avril, 1849.

I cannot exactly understand why the period of our visit has been antedated, but I am fully sensible of the kind feeling that dictated the compliment.

MONASTERIES IN THE LEVANT.*

UNDER whatever aspect viewed, the East still presents something new to contemplate. The cradle, as well as the prolonged home of religion and learning, of literature and art, it could hardly be otherwise. To imagine that its resources are exhausted only betrays an ignorance of what those resources are. The very tomba of the East recal a history—one, too, that is pregnant with meaning. Never was a monument of past times more superficially glanced at than in the following passage:—"In Armenia the traveller is often startled by the appearance of a gi-

* Visits to Monasteries in the Levant. By the Honourable Robert Curzon, Jun.

gantic stone figure of a ram, far away from any present habitation: *this is the tomb of some ancient possessor of flocks and herds whose house and village have disappeared, and nothing but his tomb remains to mark the site which once was the abode of men.*"—(*Curzon*, p. xxviii.) Like the lion sculptured on the Tajik's grave, the obelisk on the Izedis, the ram is a tradition of the remotest antiquity among the Turkomans—not Armenians—and a talisman of high repute; while the Persian lion, however, does not probably date further back (as a popular and not a monarchical symbol) than the Arab conquest, Ali being the Lion of God among the Shiahs, the black ram gave its name to the warlike tribe of Kara Kayanlu; it was borne on the banners of the Seljukian sovereigns, and the memory of its domination is still preserved in the name of Karamania.

Christianity has undergone so many persecutions from without, and so many changes within itself in the East, and these are so often intimately connected with art, that it is a wonder that no one has hitherto devoted himself to the study of the Christian remains of the East. Christian churches of the highest antiquity are met with in the most out of the way places. Deep in the forests of Mount Casius, far removed from any habitation, and in a pathless solitude, there is a little church which closely resembles that at the Coptic monastery on the Nile, and of which we have mention made in Cory's "Ancient Fragments" (p. 11), as having been consecrated to Corus or Ham. Mr. David Roberts has lately familiarised us with the position of some of the more remarkable of the monasteries of Syria; such also are those yet undepicted of Sis, in Cilicia, of Der-i-Saffran, near Mardin, and others too numerous to mention; and not less curious in another point of view are the fresco-painted rock chapels and cells of Cappadocia. But the most extraordinary accumulation of remains of early Christianity are to be met with in northern Syria. Commencing in groups of fine marble buildings on the eastern slope of the Jibal Rayah, near Edlip, and not far north of ancient Apamea, remains of churches, chapels, monasteries, and other edifices of early Christianity may be met with, isolated, in groups of two or three, and from that to masses of hundreds, stretching by the upland of Dara, the Amguli Hills, with its central group of St. Simon's monastery, to beyond the Euphrates, where in the district of Aniana and Porsita, upwards of twelve distinct groups of Christian remains may be described, now tenantless and abandoned. On the plain of Dana alone eight distinct groups of ruins of early Christianity may be counted from one spot, and at the foot of the Jibal Rayah the appearance is that of a great deserted city, far different in its architectural pretensions, and in all the insignia of a departed civilisation, to any existing city of the day. Neither Roberts nor Mr. Curzon have visited these far-spreading fragments of a once-thriving community, and yet justly does the latter gentlemanly traveller remark, that it is much to be desired that some competent person should explain what an early Christian church was; what the ceremonies, ornaments, vestures, and liturgy were at the time when the church of our Lord was formally established by the Emperor Constantine; "for the numerous well-meaning authors who have written on the restoration of our older churches; appear to me to be completely in the dark. Gothic is not Christian architecture—it is Roman Catholic architecture: the vestures of English ecclesiastics are not restorations of early simplicity—they are modern inventions, taken from German collegiate dresses, which have nothing to do with religion."

Mr. Curzon appears in his visits to the monasteries of the Levant to have had the following anecdote in mind as a key to his researches :—

A Russian, or I do not know whether he was not a French traveller, in the pursuit, as I was, of ancient literary treasures, found himself in a great monastery in Bulgaria to the north of the town of Cavalla; he had heard that the books preserved in this remote building were remarkable for their antiquity, and for the subjects on which they treated. His dismay and disappointment may be imagined when he was assured by the agoumenos, or superior of the monastery, that it contained no library whatever; that they had nothing but the liturgies and church books, and no palæa pragmata or antiquities at all. The poor man had bumped upon a pack-saddle over villainous roads for many days for no other object, and the library of which he was in search had vanished as the visions of a dream. The agoumenos begged his guest to enter with the monks into the choir, where the almost continual church service was going on, and there he saw the double row of long-bearded holy fathers, shouting away at the chorus of *κυrie ελεison, κυριε ελεison* (pronounced *Kyrie eleison, Christe eleison*), which occurs almost every minute, in the ritual of the Greek Church. Each of the monks was standing, to save his bare legs from the damp of the marble floor, upon a great folio volume, which had been removed from the conventual library and applied to purposes of practical utility, in the way which I have described. The traveller, on examining these ponderous tomes, found them to be of the greatest value; one was in uncial letters, and others were full of illuminations of the earliest date; all these he was allowed to carry away in exchange for some footstools or hassocks, which he presented in their stead to the old monks; they were comfortably covered with ketché or felt, and were in many respects more convenient to the inhabitants of the monastery than the manuscripts had been, for many of their antique bindings were ornamented with bosses and nail-heads, which inconvenienced the toes of the unsophisticated congregation, who stood upon them without shoes for so many hours in the day.

The East is essentially to the present day the land of adventures, whether these be sought for among the crocodiles of the Nile, the Bedouins, of the desert, or the recesses of convents, and more curious literary incidents befel Mr. Curzon than even what is here related as having occurred to a predecessor in the same field. The author's first business visit, after a short stay at Cairo, was to the Coptic monasteries, near the Natron lakes. These remains of the Ascetic followers of Saint Macarius are not much visited by travellers; and Mr. Curzon was enabled, by the liberal distribution of rosoglio and the precious metals, to obtain severable valuable Coptic and Syriac manuscripts, which lay *perdu* in an oil-cellar. One heavy volume, which he was obliged to leave behind him for want of means to transport it, and which contained some lost epistles of Saint Ignatius, has since been acquired by the British Museum.

The next conventual visit was to the well known Der el Adra, on the Nile, commonly called the Convent of the Pulley. Few, if any, travellers have been induced, like Mr. Curzon, to overcome the inconveniences and hazards of a visit to a convent which so many have passed by satisfied with a sarcasm at the poor monks, who partake at once of some of the attributes of birds and fishes, and who, says Dr. Olin, in his "*Travels in the East*," "forfeit their claim to charity by a professional devotion of their lives to the work of disgracing the Gospel as well as human nature." Mr. Curzon was well rewarded, both for his courage in making the ascent and his courtesy to the poor Copts, by discovering a very curious specimen of early Christian architecture, and by visiting a little known and very singular community.

But it was not in monasteries only that Mr. Curzon sought out early Christian MS. He learned from a Coptic carpenter living among the ruins of Thebes, that the library of an extinct monastery was secreted in

one of the tombs of that great city. The carpenter would only agree to conduct our traveller to the buried treasures at night.

After lighting three candles, they descended into a great sepulchral hall, and thence into another, divided into aisles by four square columns. The walls were covered with hieroglyphs, and on the columns were tall figures of the gods of the infernal regions, in brilliant colours. Having found the books lying upon the steps of a Coptic altar, which was met with in the Egyptian tomb, they stuck the candles in the ground, and proceeded to examine their contents.

The first which came to hand was a dusty quarto, smelling of incense, and well spotted with yellow wax, with all its leaves dogs-eared or worn round with constant use: this was a MS. of the lesser festivals. Another appeared to be of the same kind; a third was also a book for the church service. We puzzled over the next two or three, which seemed to be martyrologies, or lives of the saints; but while we were poring over them, we thought we heard a noise. "Oh! father of hammers," said I to the carpenter, "I think I heard a noise: what could it be?—I thought I heard something move." "Did you, hawaja?" (O merchant), said the carpenter; "it must have been my son moving the books, for what else could there be here?—No one knows of this tomb or of the holy manuscripts which it contains. Surely there can be nothing here to make a noise, for are we not here alone, a hundred feet under the earth, in a place where no one comes?—It is nothing: certainly it is nothing;" and so saying, he lifted up one of the candles and peered about in the darkness; but as there was nothing to be seen, and all was silent as the grave, he sat down again, and at our our leisure we completed our examination of all the books which lay upon the steps.

They proved to be all church books, liturgies for different seasons, or homilies; and not historical, nor of any particular interest, either from their age or subject. There now remained only the great book upon the altar, a ponderous quarto, bound either in brown leather or wooden boards; and this the carpenter's son, with difficulty, lifted from its place, and laid it down before us on the ground; but, as he did so, we heard the noise again. The carpenter and I looked at each other: he turned pale—perhaps I did so too; and we looked over our shoulders in a sort of anxious, nervous kind of way, expecting to see something—we did not know what. However, we saw nothing; and, feeling a little ashamed, I again settled myself before the three candle-ends, and opened the book, which was written in large black characters of unusual size. As I bent over the huge volume, to see what it was about, suddenly there arose a sound somewhere in the cavern, but from whence it came I could not comprehend; it seemed all round us at the same moment. There was no room for doubt now: it was a fearful howling, like the roar of a hundred wild beasts. The carpenter looked aghast: the tall and grisly figures of the Egyptian gods seemed to stare at us from the walls. I thought of Cornelius Agrippa, and felt a gentle perspiration coming on which would have betokened a favourable crisis in a fever. Suddenly the dreadful roar ceased, and as its echoes died away in the tomb, we felt considerably relieved, and were beginning to try and put a good face upon the matter, when, to our unutterable horror, it began again, and waxed louder and louder, as if legions of infernal spirits were let loose upon us. We could stand this no longer: the carpenter and I jumped up from the ground, and his son in his terror stumbled over the great Coptic manuscript, and fell upon the candles, which were all put out in a moment; his screams were now added to the uproar which resounded in the cave: seeing the twinkling of a star through the vista of the two outer chambers, we all set off as hard as we could run, our feelings of alarm being increased to desperation when we perceived that something was chasing us in the darkness, while the roar seemed to increase every moment. How we did tear along! The devil take the hindmost seemed about to be literally fulfilled; and we raised stifling clouds of dust, as we scrambled up the deep slope which led to the outer door. "So then," thought I, "the stories of gins, and ghouls, and goblins, that I have read of and never believed, must be true after all, and in this city of the dead it has been our evil lot to fall upon a haunted tomb!"

Breathless and bewildered, the carpenter and I bolted out of this infernal place into the open air, mightily relieved at our escape from the darkness and the terrors of the subterranean vaults. We had not been out a moment, and had by no means collected our ideas, before our alarm was again excited to its utmost pitch.

The evil one came forth in bodily shape, and stood revealed to our eyes distinctly in the pale light of the moon.

While we were gazing upon the appearance, the carpenter's son, whom we had quite forgotten in our hurry, came creeping out of the doorway of the tomb upon his hands and knees.

"Why, father!" said he, after a moment's silence, "if that is not old Fatima's donkey, which has been lost these two days! It is lucky that we have found it, for it must have wandered into this tomb, and it might have been starved if we had not met with it to-night."

The carpenter looked rather ashamed of the adventure; and as for myself, though I was glad that nothing worse had come of it, I took comfort in the reflection that I was not the first person who had been alarmed by the proceedings of an ass.

Next came the Der Abu Shenud, or the "White Monastery," the interior of which was once a magnificent basilica, while the exterior was built by the Empress Helena, in the ancient Egyptian style. A turtle-dove having nestled itself in the sleeve of the author's benish, he made a vow not to make pies of those poor birds any more—a very proper resolution, for nothing can be more cruel than the wholesale slaughter made by European travellers of the harmless and confiding doves on the Nile. In some parts of the East such cruelty could not be committed with impunity.

The author carries us with a dash of his pen from the Nile to the Gihon. The reception given by the Latin monks of St. Salvador contrasted very unfavorably with what he had met with in Egypt. Of the Greek hermits of St. Sabba he speaks, however, in terms of high respect, as forming their rule of life from the Ascetic writings of the early fathers of the Church. Mr. Curzon remained at Jerusalem till the celebration of Easter, upon which occasion Ibrahim Pacha was also present, and there occurred one of those frightful catastrophes which too frequently attend upon large assemblages when exposed to sudden fright. Mr. Curzon thus describes this extraordinary scene:—

After a while, when he had seen all that was to be seen, Ibrahim Pacha got up and went away, his numerous guards making a line for him by main force through the dense mass of people which filled the body of the church. As the crowd was so immense, we waited for a little while, and then set out altogether to return to our convent. I went first and my friends followed me, the soldiers making way for us across the church. I got as far as the place where the Virgin is said to have stood during the crucifixion, when I saw a number of people lying one on another all about this part of the church, and as far as I could see towards the door. I made my way, between them as well as I could, till they were so thick that there was actually a great heap of bodies on which I trod. It then suddenly struck me they were all dead; I had not perceived this at first, for I thought they were only very much fatigued with the ceremonies, and had lain down to rest themselves there; but when I came to so great a heap of bodies I looked down at them, and saw that sharp, hard appearance of the face which is never to be mistaken. Many of them were quite black with suffocation, and further on were others all bloody and covered with the brains and entrails of those who had been trodden to pieces by the crowd.

At this time there was no crowd in this part of the church; but a little further on, round the corner towards the great door, the people, who were quite panic-struck, continued to press forward, and every one was doing his utmost to escape. The guards outside, frightened at the rush from within, thought that the Christians wished to attack them, and the confusion soon grew into a battle. The soldiers with their bayonets killed numbers of fainting wretches, and the walls were spattered with blood and brains of men who had been felled, like oxen, by the butt-ends of the soldiers' muskets. Every one struggled to defend himself or to get away, and in the mêlée all who fell were immediately trampled to death by the rest. So desperate and savage did the fight become, that even the panic-struck and frightened pilgrims appear at last to have been more intent upon the destruction of each other than desirous to save themselves.

For my part, as soon as I perceived the danger, I had cried out to my companions to turn back, which they had done; but I myself was carried on by the press till I came near the door, where all were fighting for their lives. Here, seeing certain destruction before me, I made every endeavour to get back. An officer of the pacha's, who, by his star was a colonel or bin bashee, equally alarmed with myself, was also trying to return: he caught hold of my cloak, or bournouse, and pulled me down on the body of an old man who was breathing out his last sigh. As the officer was pressing me to the ground we wrestled together among the dying and the dead with the energy of despair. I struggled with this man till I pulled him down, and happily got again upon my legs—(I afterwards found that he never rose again)—and scrambling over a pile of corpses, I made my way back into the body of the church, where I found my friends, and we succeeded in reaching the sacristy of the Catholics, and thence the room which had been assigned to us by the monks. The dead were lying in heaps, even upon the stone of unction; and I saw full 400 wretched people, dead and living, heaped promiscuously one upon another, in some places above five feet high. Ibrahim Pacha had left the church only a few minutes before me, and very narrowly escaped with his life; he was so pressed upon by the crowd on all sides, and it was said attacked by several of them, that it was only by the greatest exertions of his suite, several of whom were killed, that he gained the outer court. He fainted more than once in the struggle, and I was told that some of his attendants at last had to cut a way for him with their swords through the dense ranks of the frantic pilgrims. He remained outside, giving orders for the removal of the corpses, and making his men drag out the bodies of those who appeared to be still alive from the heaps of the dead. He sent word to us to remain in the convent till all the dead bodies had been removed, and that when we could come out in safety he would again send to us.

We stayed in our room two hours before we ventured to make another attempt to escape from this scene of horror; and then walking close together, with all our servants round us, we made a bold push and got out of the door of the church. By this time most of the bodies were removed; but twenty or thirty were still lying in distorted attitudes at the foot of Mount Calvary; and fragments of clothes, turbans, shoes, and handkerchiefs, clotted with blood and dirt, were strewn all over the pavement.

In the court in the front of the church, the sight was pitiable: mothers weeping over their children—the sons bending over the dead bodies of their fathers—and one poor woman was clinging to the hand of her husband, whose body was fearfully mangled. Most of the sufferers were pilgrims and strangers. The pacha was greatly moved by this scene of woe; and he again and again commanded his officers to give the poor people every assistance in their power, and very many by his humane efforts were rescued from death.

I was much struck by the sight of two old men with white beards, who had been seeking for each other among the dead; they met as I was passing by, and it was affecting to see them kiss and shake hands and congratulate each other on having escaped from death.

When the bodies were removed many were discovered standing upright, quite dead; and near the church-door one of the soldiers was found thus standing, with his musket shouldered, among the bodies which reached nearly as high as his head; this was in a corner near the great door on the right side as you come in. It seems that this door had been shut, so that many who stood near it were suffocated in the crowd; and when it was opened the rush was so great that numbers were thrown down and never rose again, being trampled to death by the press behind them. The whole court before the entrance of the church was covered with bodies laid in rows, by the pacha's orders, so that their friends might find them and carry them away. As we walked home we saw numbers of people carried out, some dead, some horribly wounded and in a dying state, for they had fought with their heavy silver inkstands and daggers.

With the exception of this disastrous event, Mr. Curzon's travels in the Holy Land were not attended with so many difficulties as he met with on his visit to the monasteries of Meteora, in Albania. The description of the latter monasteries, the ascent by a windlass and net, and the account of the curiosities within, form an interesting portion of the volume, which concludes with equally curious and interesting notices of the monasteries of Mount Athos.

THE IONIAN ISLANDS IN 1849.

ON my return from my tour in the East, I went to Zante, with the view of meeting the English steamer, which touches there on its way to Malta. I was much struck by the beauty of this enchanting island, and, as the weather was fine, I eagerly availed myself of so favourable an opportunity of seeing it.

A rich and undulating plain of considerable extent, thickly planted with the currant vine, and diversified by occasional olive-groves, and encircled by a bold amphitheatre of rugged mountains, forms a landscape rarely to be met with, and never to be forgotten. It is studded with numerous hamlets and country houses, and it is intersected in all directions by carriage-roads. Many of these, however, have been left unfinished; thus, after driving a few miles out of town, and just when I was approaching the village to which the road led, it suddenly vanished in the most unaccountable manner from under the horse's feet, exactly at the place where it should have gone on, and I was obliged to proceed on foot. As this happened to me several times, it appeared to me to be rather odd that one road should not have been completed before another was commenced, and the more so, as I was told that there is a direct tax of one-and-a-half per cent. on all exported produce for the express purpose of making roads on which it may be transported in carts. The consequence of this unbusiness-like application of the revenue was visible, for herds of laden mules and donkeys are still to be seen, and I also remarked that the roads are exceedingly badly kept.

I often whiled away my time by walking about the town of Zante, in which there are two good squares, and one handsome street with a double row of arcades. On one occasion I passed a dirty-looking building, at the door of which I saw a great many children playing in the street, and in a vein of idle curiosity I asked an apothecary, whose shop occupied a part of it, if all the inhabitants of Zante had such large families. He informed me, in Italian, that this was the Civil Hospital, and that it contained also an asylum for the poor, and the Foundling Hospital.

"You must have but few sick, few paupers, and few foundlings in Zante," I said, "if they are all accommodated in that small house?"

"On the contrary," he replied, "we have a great many, and if you will take the trouble to walk in you may judge for yourself."

I did so; and there I saw, to be sure, about fifty old men, and was told that there were upwards of a hundred children. Most of the latter were turned out during the day for want of room, and on inquiring further I found that no education was given to them, and that the whole affair was a disgrace to humanity.

When I returned to the principal square I met one of my fellow-passengers, a native of Zante, who had come over from Greece with me. He asked me what I thought of his island. I answered that the island was beautiful, but that some things which I had seen rather astonished me, and I mentioned the roads and the Foundling Hospital.

"There is the person to whom you should speak about these matters," said he, pointing to an individual who was walking up and down in close conversation with a stout middle-aged man.

I inquired who he was, and was informed that he was the regent, or native head of the local government.

"And the other?" I rejoined; "I suppose he is the senator, or some other of the first functionaries of the island, as I have seen them together every afternoon since I have been in Zante?"

"Not in the least," said my quondam travelling companion; "he is one of the managers of the Monte di Pietà, which is a government pawn-broking institution for the assistance of the poor. Do you see those two gentlemen passing along there?" continued the Zantiote; "the elder, who is the father of the other, is one of the most distinguished members of the Ionian aristocracy. He contributed towards the independence of the Greek kingdom, both by the assistance of his great talents, and by the most generous sacrifice of a considerable portion of his large fortune. He is respected by all classes for his uprightness and high sense of honour, as well as for his kindness of heart, which is proverbial in Zante. He possesses property in almost every part of the island, and his influence with the people is all-powerful, although his good sense and right feelings prevent his making an improper use of it. Does it not appear to you that such a man would be the most valuable friend the English could have in these islands? Well, he is not only regarded as an enemy, and he has been constantly excluded from any participation in the government of his country, but his house was searched and his papers were seized, not many years ago, with the idea that treasonable documents would be discovered in his possession. I need not add that, on the contrary, nothing was found but ample proofs of his friendly feeling towards the British nation. He is now, however, too far advanced in age to admit of his accepting office; but his son, whom you see with him, has every right to expect that the highest position in the state should be offered to him, for he adds great literary acquirements to all the brilliant personal advantages possessed by his father, with which he is equally endowed."

"Well, but if this be true," I replied, "surely the English will never be so blind to their own interests as to deprive themselves of his assistance and support."

"They are, indeed, blind," he said; "when the last government was formed, about four years ago, the British minister at the court of Athens wrote to the lord high commissioner, assuring him that this gentleman was well known to him as a staunch and tried friend of the English; but (would you believe it?) your countrymen here think they do better to listen to the Ionian intriguers than to so high an authority as an English plenipotentiary; and they still consider him to be a person whom it would be dangerous to place in an eminent position."

"But what do they find to say against him?" I inquired.

"Oh! a great deal that is not true, and a little that is founded on fact, but which is only the necessary result of their own mistaken policy. They infer, for instance, from his having sent his sons to study at Athens, and to follow the military or other professions there, that he is secretly inclined in favour of the union of these islands with Greece; but is he not right to provide for them thus, when he sees that his family is persecuted in the Ionian States? The English should rather show impartiality by treating such men as these in the same manner as they do their less worthy favourites, and the chief benefit would then accrue to them, for their administration would become popular, by the appointment of persons

whom the natives esteem, and their government would gain strength, by the powerful aid of the first gentlemen in the islands. This, however, would be fatal to the Cabals, and they, therefore, make war against these two, who are walking there, and against others, who are also dangerous to them, though in a less degree, because they are more deserving of being entrusted with power than they are themselves. Mr. Stewart Mackenzie was not taken in by them in this respect when he was lord high commissioner, for he was on the best possible terms with that family, of which we are justly proud in Zante; but he did not live to place them in the position which they are entitled to, and in which his letters to the younger of these two counts sufficiently prove that he intended to do them the justice of reinstating them."

"And who are the others to whom you allude?" I asked.

"Several of our most respectable citizens," he replied; "one of them suffered a lawsuit, by which the government attacked his estate because he had displayed an independent character as a member of parliament, and had proved that he would not rank himself with the despicable flatterers of the English. They attempted to retaliate by raising a claim on a part of the plain of Zante, which he inherits from his ancestors, and which was asserted to be public property, on most unjust grounds, but the courts of law secured it to him, and the English had to thank their false friends for leading them into this disreputable affair. Our former regent is also considered to be an enemy, and the only cause which can be assigned is, that his conduct has always been dictated by a spirit of conciliation between the English and the Ionians, and that he has constantly endeavoured to promote a reciprocal good feeling, which is what the others do all they can to destroy. His brother-in-law, who is a young man of talent and elevated sentiments, and four or five of our best lawyers, three of whom act as supplementary judges, are included in the same class, besides many others, whom it would be tedious to enumerate. Ah! there is one of them, who has stopped to speak to the two counts; and the reason for the persecution which he experiences at the hands of the reigning faction is, that he was sent some years ago by his countrymen to lay before the home government their respectful request that their political condition might be taken into consideration. He is therefore regarded as one of the national party which desires the improvement of our representative system, and this would be a death-blow to those who are now patronised by the English, for they could never obtain a majority at a real election, and they know it well. That young man is clever, and he possesses a resolute character, undoubted integrity, and an ardent love of his country, which excite their alarm, because they are conscious that their own claims are not supported by these rare endowments. He is the responsible editor of our newspaper, for we have at length obtained the advantage of having a free press, and several of those whom I have mentioned to you are his colleagues in its management, which reflects the greatest credit on our island. The few numbers which have appeared as yet pass an independent and impartial judgment on the state of this country, and reason with eloquence and perspicacity on our local politics."

"And who is that elderly gentleman," I asked, "who takes off his hat so respectfully, and smiles with such an engaging manner, when he passes the three whom you have described? He must be one of their warmest friends and most sincere admirers."

"That gentleman," replied my communicative acquaintance, "is their most bitter enemy and their most active persecutor."

"He must, therefore, be a friend of the English," I suggested.

"A friend of the English!" answered the Ionian, "he is their worst foe; he is their professional deceiver; in fact, he has grown old in the art and in the habit of hoodwinking them, and his skill is indeed unparalleled; he insinuates himself into their confidence and makes them follow his instructions, while they suppose that he is obeying theirs. Never had the English a friend who was more injurious to them than this individual, for he is the heart and soul, the very focus and centre of all the designing subtlety and perfidious machinations, of which they are the mere instruments in this island, and he may well be styled the Mephistopheles of Zante."

"There appears to me, however," said I, "to be some little contradiction in what you say, and I should like to know how it is that he remains at his time of life in a subordinate situation if he possesses so much influence?"

"He has induced his patrons to make him a legislator, in order that he might enjoy a double salary; but his personal qualifications do not suffice to justify his being raised to high office," replied my friend; "and, besides this, he may have private reasons for preferring his present position, which I must leave unexplained, as I do not wish to discuss anything but the public conduct of those who are prominent in political life. I have only mentioned facts, which are perfectly well known to every one excepting the English, and all that I have told you is repeated, and would be confirmed universally. Some of your countrymen, however, have found out the real state of the islands, and have acted, as civil servants, in a manner which promoted the true interests both of England and of the natives, but they have always been represented as enemies by the means which I have exposed to you, and either their credulous and misguided superiors have been induced to remove them, or they have themselves resigned their appointments in disgust. By the same process all the Ionians who would shine in public life, and would be of real advantage to their country and to its protectors, are kept at a distance, and the power is left exclusively in the hands of the worst class; or, if any one of the more respectable of our gentlemen is raised to high employment by an unusual combination of circumstances, he is hunted down by the force of numbers, for he stands alone against their united attacks. This is the case with our worthy senator at Corfu, who frequently points out the deplorable consequences which arise in his native island from the intrigues of a faction, but his single voice is not heard in opposition to their unanimous misrepresentations, which tend in every possible manner to throw discredit on him, as they do on most of my countrymen who are distinguished for their integrity and their patriotism. There is also the archon, or head of the department of public instruction, who belongs to this island, and has occupied the eminent posts of senator and regent; he has proved himself to be a clever man and an able administrator, yet his talents are not turned to account by the government, which might find its advantage in raising him to a high political sphere. If you could hear the discussions which take place in that large house opposite us, you would understand that the inhabitants of Zante are not so easily deceived as some of the English functionaries are."

"Whose house is it?" I asked.

"That is the Zante Club," he replied, "which consists of a hundred and fifty natives, most of whom are men of talent and good education, and you may well believe that they do not spare the intriguers. We have another club, which takes its name from our distinguished countryman, Ugo Foscolo; among its hundred and twenty members, also, there are many who do honour to the Ionian Islands; and there, too, commendation and censure are abundantly and impartially awarded. But now I must wish you good morning."

I walked on with a feeling of apprehension lest I should be recognised as an Englishman, for I expected in that case to be stoned by the Ionians, and I longed for the arrival of the steamer which was to relieve me from the embarrassing position in which I was placed, because I had not the courage to look any one in the face, so much did I feel the injustice that was done by a few deluded individuals to the fair name of my great and glorious country. I had not gone far when I encountered an Ionian gentleman, whose acquaintance I had happened to make, and with whom I had formerly conversed on the state of these islands. I was glad to see him, as I hoped to hear something consolatory from him, for I knew that he was one of those who pay court to the English, and I expected that he would pour balm on the wounds which my national pride had suffered, by refuting what I had heard. I asked him how the islands were getting on now, in order to bring him on the wished-for topic without loss of time.

"Oh! a great misfortune has befallen us," he answered, with a deep sigh.

"I am sorry to hear that," I said; "but what has happened? Has the British nation lost its taste for plum-puddings, and has the price of Zante currants fallen in consequence?"

"Oh! something much worse than that."

"Indeed! You alarm me; pray tell me what is the matter?"

"They have given us the freedom of the press!" said he, and he groaned. "Our first newspaper appeared a few weeks ago!"

"Well, and what of that?"

"Why, simply this, that the Ionian Islands are now utterly ruined."

"How do you make that out?" I inquired.

"Yes, we are totally undone; the lord high commissioner has not adopted, in this instance, the salutary system of acting on the advice of those who know the country well, and are fully aware of the inevitable obstacles to quiet administration which a free press must necessarily raise. His excellency has unfortunately followed his own erroneous judgment, and the ministry has realised his imprudent idea of abolishing the admirable restrictions which existed on the publication of political opinions."

"But tell me," said I, interrupting him, "where lies the evil in all this, for I confess that I cannot comprehend it?"

"Do you not perceive," he replied, "that besides the dangerous excitement which political journals must produce amongst the people, this inconsiderate innovation will probably lead to other changes in our excellent form of government?"

"Pray explain yourself."

"I almost fear," he continued, with undisguised horror depicted on his countenance, "that our mode of electing the legislators will be attacked, and the home government may possibly be weak enough to accede to so unreasonable a proposition."

"That is, if I understand you rightly, you are afraid that your members of parliament may become really the representatives of the population; and, if so, where is the harm?"

"Why, the English, instead of having us, who are always ready to give them the best advice and the most correct information, would see the legislative assembly filled by persons elected without their consent, and entertaining opinions which might differ from theirs."

"Now, your alarm becomes intelligible to me," I said; "you fear that you may no longer enjoy your salaries and your influence, and that the English may learn from the newspapers and from independent legislators the other side of the question, which you so carefully cloak under your *ex parte* statements."

He did not seem to like this home truth, and he shifted his ground immediately by saying—

"You see what a dangerous people we have to deal with; only a few months ago the Cephalonians made a descent on their chief town; two English soldiers and six of the natives were killed, besides several others who were wounded; they must, therefore, be governed with a rod of iron to keep them quiet; and would you have more reforms, in order to deprive them of the little good sense they have left?"

"My good sir, study history," I replied, "and you will find that, the more gentle the mode of government is, the easier becomes the task of governing. The general opinion is, that the disorders at Cephalonia were solely owing to the tyrannical and intriguing disposition of the resident, who displayed neither impartiality nor good feeling towards the inhabitants; and consequently the lord high commissioner has at length seen the necessity of removing him to another island; but had he followed a milder system, it is not probable that the peace of Cephalonia would ever have been disturbed, and that of Santa Maura, where he is now, will, in all likelihood, be endangered by the same cause. In these islands the people are treated in a manner which does not exist in any other part of Europe, not even under the most absolute monarchies, and it cannot be expected that they should not occasionally show their resentment; indeed, if the present state of matters is allowed to continue, much more serious disturbances than the late riots at Cephalonia will become inevitable."

"Not as long as we enjoy the powerful protection of England," he said; "but what I most apprehend is, that these innovations will weaken the moral strength of the English name." And he tried to engage my feelings of nationality in favour of his argument, by saying that the English influence in the Ionian Islands was in danger of being annihilated.

"The English influence!" I exclaimed; "and can you suppose for a single moment that the possession of influence in these small states could ever be an object of the slightest importance to Great Britain, on whose empire the sun never sets? In taking them under her protection, England could only wish to exercise that degree of influence which is most conducive to their own welfare, and in the manner which is best adapted to their condition. If the freedom of the press should enlighten the English on these two points, it will be an advantage to both parties; for the mission of the protecting power will become more easy, and the benefits derived from it by the islands will be more in accordance with their desires and their real wants; but supposing, merely for the sake of

argument, that England actually had self-interested motives for granting her protection to the Ionian States, are not these fully met by the occupation of your fortresses and ports, and does not that flag, which we see flying on the castle, sufficiently secure to her the enjoyment of any privileges which she might covet from the possession of a stronghold at the mouth of the Adriatic ?”

“I am quite astounded,” said the narrow-minded placeman, “for I certainly never expected to hear an Englishman give utterance to such opinions, and I thought that no one could ever desire to see the power of his native country diminished.”

“You are altogether mistaken,” I replied ; “if you went to England, I am confident that you would not hear any other opinions but these with regard to the policy, which is becoming and dignified, on the part of so great a nation. Believe me, I never would wish that my country should be deprived of any power or influence which it would seek to possess, and from which it would derive honour or legitimate advantage ; but I would desire, for the credit of Great Britain and for the welfare of the Ionian Islands, that a few of my countrymen employed here should be prohibited from arrogating a species of influence which is injurious to the true interests of both countries, and which, I am sure, would not be approved of, were it fully understood in England, either by the government or by the nation ; and I would wish that some of the Ionians should be prevented from betraying their country by pandering to the lust of power which the former indulge in.”

“And you would do all this by the freedom of the press and by a more liberal elective system ?” he inquired.

“These prerogatives are now enjoyed by all civilised nations,” I answered ; “and I see no reason why the Ionian States should form an exception to the general practice of Europe ; on the contrary, from what I have seen and heard, I am inclined to think that they were highly deserving of a better fate, and that, in proportion as education was extended amongst the inhabitants, they were in every respect capable of gradually receiving, without the least danger either to themselves or to England, all the privileges and enfranchisements with which other nations are endowed. I therefore warmly applaud the measure adopted by the government in granting the freedom of the press, although it be at the eleventh hour, and I would encourage them to proceed in this career by informing my countrymen of the truth, and by exciting them to promote the diffusion of knowledge among yours, for that is an essential requisite towards the moral and political improvement of every people.”

“The diffusion of knowledge !” he exclaimed ; “oh ! we have a great deal too much of that already. Public instruction is one of the evils which are tending to ruin the islands ; our peasants are all desirous of learning to read and write instead of thinking only of the cultivation of their master’s curragh-grounds ; our artisans leave their work to hear what is published in these odious newspapers ; and we can hardly even find a servant now, as the lower orders attempt to educate their children for trades and professions which are above their station in life. What advantage have I, for instance, in return for the 20,000 dollars which my sons cost me when they were studying in Italy, if every carpenter or shoemaker sends his to school ?”

“If this is the case,” I said, “I may well congratulate you on the

bright prospects which are opening for your interesting islands ; but I have heard enough, and I perceive that what has been told me is perfectly true. I am now fully convinced that the Ionians, who profess to support the English influence, as they call it, act merely for their own personal interests, to the evident detriment of those both of England and of their native country, and I now see through the narrow and blinded policy which is followed here by some of the English civil servants ; and you may depend upon it that I shall do all that lies within my power to make the real state of these islands better known in England."

I turned from this specimen of the Ionian intriguers with unmitigated disgust, and I went to commit to paper the information which I had collected at Zante while it was still fresh in my memory. On reflecting over it, I concluded that if this be the mode in which the Ionians are governed, they must indeed be a quiet people to support it with so much patience and submission; and I could not help wondering that the English in these islands should not consult public feelings and sympathies more than they appear to do, whilst they show so ungenerous a hostility to all the natives excepting their few favourites. They seem to sacrifice every consideration for the sole object of administering without opposition, and when they do meet with any resistance, however respectful, they put it down with a strong hand. This mode of governing is certainly more easy on the part of a great nation like the English than that of studying and conciliating the wishes of the population; but it is unworthy of Great Britain, and it ought to be put a stop to at once. I found that the English had got a bad name all over the Levant in consequence of their conduct here, which has become a by-word among the neighbouring nations; and this evil has been produced solely by continuing to follow a system which is obsolete everywhere else, and which belonged to the times of Sir Thomas Maitland and the holy alliance of 1815. They religiously preserve the traditions of other days, they systematically oppose every attempt to render the mode of government more consonant with the feelings of the natives, and they invariably consider any English civil servant to be a traitor in the camp who may dare to act differently from them by treating the Ionians as they deserve, more especially if he should become popular with them. The lowering of the credit of England in this part of the Mediterranean is thus owing to so trifling a cause that it appears not to be rightly appreciated; but the time may come when it will prove to be most important, for future changes in the Turkish empire may then be turned to our disadvantage on account of the foretaste which we have given here of the value of our friendship; and this effect has already become manifest in Greece, where arguments in favour of the benefits to be derived from attachment to England, in preference to the other great powers, are always met by the unanswerable objection, "Look at the Ionian Islands;" and even in France the same opinion exists, for M. Baune stated in the national assembly, on the 8th of January last, that "the Ionian Islands are oppressed by England."

I left Zante with a painful feeling of shame for the species of protection which we afford to the Ionians, and of commiseration for the latter; but I found consolation and relief, by indulging in the hope that these few pages might possibly be read, and that, in due course of time, full justice must be done both to England and to these beautiful islands.

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

Perlet's Essay—Mr. Mitchell's New Recruits—Tétard—The English in Paris—
 "Adrienne Lecouvreur:" Mademoiselle Rachel—"Le Prophète"—Why do the
 French like the name of Marie?

IN England, as well as in France, it is no uncommon thing to find actors of good repute holding an equally creditable position as authors, although in this respect the numerical superiority is unquestionably on the side of the French. With us, not including Douglas Jerrold and Lewes, the first of whom merely strutted a brief hour on the stage, while the second is yet but a *débutant*—the list of actor-authors or author-actors comprises Messrs. Buckstone, Webster, Charles Mathews, poor Power, Edward Stirling, Tom Parry, and Hughes; with perhaps others whose names have for the moment escaped me. Most, indeed, I believe all of these have written, if not exclusively, at least chiefly, for the stage; Charles Mathews and Webster having mostly tried their hand at vaudevilles; Power, Parry, and Hughes at dramas and farces; Stirling at every dramatic combination possible; while the *répertoire* of the Adelphi—ancient and modern—in a great measure owes its existence to the fertile imagination and admirable tact of John Baldwin Buckstone.

Across the water, many of the most eminent members of the theatrical profession own to the soft impeachment of authorship; Bouffé has written melo-dramas; Arnal fables and poetic tales; while Samson's "Famille Poison," "Un Veuve," and "La Belle Mère cole Gendre," have long been stock-pieces at the Théâtre Français. *Les dames même s'en mêlent*; Mademoiselle Augustine Brohan, stimulated by the success of Alfred de Musset, lately wrote a *proverbe*, aye, and played it herself before a select audience of fashionables in the Faubourg of St. Germain, the fair actress enacting Madame la Duchesse, and a real live marquis "doing" M. le Comte. Regnier has employed some of his leisure hours in the composition of an excellent condensed history of the stage in France, published in a very useful compendium, treating "de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis," and called "Patria;" the ever-to-be-regretted Lepointre *jeune* was unrivalled as a punster and *chansonnier*; Jemma has written one very readable comedy, and Pierron several very act-able vaudevilles. Among others, Perlet, that prince of humourists, that most profound and versatile of comedians, whose name is so inseparably associated with *les beaux jours du gymnase*—not the gymnase of the present day, where anti-republican distiches too often usurp the place of Scribe's terse and witty *couplets*, but the ancient Théâtre de Madame, the favourite resort of the Duchesse de Berri, and her gay and brilliant train—Perlet "le Comédien d'Etampes," "Le Gastronomes sans argent," has found his way—not with that inconsiderate slap-dash hurry in which young authors delight, but after sober and mature reflection—into print, and a very clear, eye-respecting print too.

Yes, a pretty blue *brochure*, aye, and a presentation copy, moreover, with the author's "sign manual" on the title-page, now lies before me, entitled "De l'Influence des Mœurs sur la Comédie, par Adrien Perlet."

Let us examine it; I am a dull hand at book-dissecting, but in the present case *reconnaissance oblige*.

This very clever essay professes to be, and is a review of the principal French comic writers and their works—the latter considered with reference to their influence on the manners of their respective periods—from the time of Molière to the present day. A fervent worshipper of the illustrious Poquelin, our author is by no means disposed to underrate the merits of his immediate successors, Dancourt and Regnard, although he observes, in allusion to the former, that whereas “Molière avait épuré le langage, Dancourt lui rendit presque son ancienne license.” After quoting Voltaire’s remark, “Qui ne se plaît point à Regnard est peu digne d’admirer Molière,” M. Perlet launches forth in warm commendation of the wit and elegant versification of that most faithful picture of the age, whose most salient follies it so admirably describes, “*Le Joueur*,” a comedy worthy of its author, and only inferior to the *chef-d’œuvre* of Molière.

After Regnard we come to Destouches, at whose door our essayist lays the charge of inconsistency, and cites in his own justification the incomplete and unsatisfactory lesson taught by “*Le Glorieux*” and “*Le Dissipateur*,” in each of which comedies the hero, whose faults and foibles form the main subject of the piece, comes off at the close with flying colours, so as to render it apparently a matter of doubt whether these impersonations of pride and prodigality were intended by the author as examples worthy of imitation or of censure. It is but fair to add, that as far as regards “*Le Glorieux*,” Destouches was not wholly to blame; Dufrenoy, the actor entrusted with the principal character, having declined playing it, “*Si son personnage était humilié!*”

One of the most exact portraiture of manners ever produced on any stage is unquestionably “*Turcaret*,” by Le Sage, whom M. Perlet styles the true historian of his time. In this excellent comedy are ably and graphically described the corruption and abuses engendered by the then universally prevalent thirst after riches—a necessary result of the system introduced by Law.

We must not look for many “signs of the times” in the works of Marivaux and Lachaussee, the respective creators of *romanesque* and sentimental comedy. It is to be regretted that the former, especially, should have frittered away his naturally keen and observing mind on subjects which nothing short of his wit and brilliancy could render palatable. Had he adopted a less forced and more natural style of writing, instead of the affected jargon in which he—not exceptionally, but almost uniformly—indulges, he would now be ranked as something more than a mere daguerreotyper of a *fade* and *précieuse* coterie, and *marivaudage* would have been a term unknown. As it is—to quote M. Perlet—“C’est un fort habile bijoutier, mais qui ne travaille que dans le faux.”

Piron’s “*Métromanie*,” with all its exquisite humour, originality of situations, and incomparable brilliancy of style, is no picture of manners. Gresset’s “*Méchant*,” on the contrary, abounds in life-like touches and admirably delineated characters.

Passing by Dorat, Lanoue, and Demoustiers, at best but indifferent imitators of Marivaux and Lachaussee, we come to Beaumarchais, the dramatist whose works indubitably exercised a far greater influence on

the public mind than those of any writer since the days of Molière. Two hundred consecutive representations could not satisfy the admirers of "Le Mariage de Figaro" on its first production, nor is the popularity of that glorious comedy yet on the decline. As long as there remains in France a national theatre, where sterling good sense, consummate knowledge of mankind, ready wit, and keen satire, are welcome, this *chef-d'œuvre*, and its no less excellent *pendant*, "Le Barbier de Séville," will maintain a conspicuous place in its *répertoire*.

The dramatic historian of the "Consulate and Empire" is Picard, "more profound and more varied than Dancourt, but in many points resembling him." The chief defect of his works is their monotony, the characters being invariably selected from one class of society, *les petits bourgeois*. His writings, moreover, display occasional marks of haste and negligence; as M. Perlet justly remarks, "On a reproché à M. Picard son style trop travaillé, celui de Picard ne l'est peut-être pas assez." These trifling defects, however, are more than atoned for by the buoyant gaiety and untiring vivacity of this genial humourist, whom Lebrun so aptly calls "le philosophe enjoué." Among his most distinguished contemporaries, Etienne, author of "Les Deux Gendres," and several other clever productions, must not be forgotten.

Subsequently to the Restoration, we find the stage reflecting at not unfrequent intervals the manners of the time; Merville's "Famille Gâtée," Delaville's "Folliculaire," Samson's "Belle-Mère et le Gendre," and more particularly Casimir Delavigne's "Ecole des Vieillards" and "Comédiens" are cited by M. Perlet as examples; "L'Ecole des Vieillards" being considered by him the best comedy produced since "Turcaret" and "La Métromanie."

But by far the most accurate pictures of the every-day life of that period are to be found, not in the elaborate five-act comedies of the Théâtre Français, but in the light and sketchy vaudevilles of Scribe, then at the outset of his long and unprecedentedly successful career. Types, indeed, of every class abound in "Le Solliciteur," "Avant, pendant et après," and fifty other little master-pieces of the same writer, whom we afterwards find continuing at the Comédie Française the uninterrupted series of triumphs so happily commenced at the Gymnase.

Scribe, says M. Perlet, is indebted for his success as a dramatist rather to his defects than to his many admirable qualities; he has, in his writings, too often substituted romance for comedy, and instead of opposing, like Molière, the bad taste of his age, has too frequently countenanced and encouraged it, or in our author's words, "l'exploité à son profit." Thus when, after 1830, Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Alexandre Dumas, and other leading members of the so-called romantic school, banished from the Théâtre Français, in favour of their own extravagant conceptions, the time-honoured works of Corneille and Racine, Scribe, by the production of "Bertrand et Raton," a piece possessing every element of genuine and sterling comedy, but marred by the interpolation of a few sentimental scenes, joined the ranks of the movement party, who thus contrived to maintain their footing on the French stage, until effectually routed by the genius of Rachel.

While thus censuring, however, the most prolific and versatile dramatist of the present day, M. Perlet fully appreciates the rare qualities which place the author of "La Camaraderie" so far above the cleverest of his

contemporaries, and amply justify the extraordinary popularity he has so long and so exclusively enjoyed.

This remarkable essay, of which the above is a very slight and imperfect analysis, concludes with a warm, but judicious panegyric of Molière, the careful study of whose writings M. Perlet earnestly recommends as well to young authors as to young actors. "Il a porté," says he "l'art de la comédie à son épogée, deux siècles de succès l'attestent, et tout fait présumer qu'en dépit des novateurs, il en sera longtemps encore le modéte et la gloire."

Subjoined are three very able letters, addressed by the author to one of his own pupils: the two first analysing the character of the Misanthrope, and the third, that of "Tartufe." These letters may be read with profit by every student of dramatic literature, abounding, as they do, in curious research and critical acumen. Want of space compels me to restrict my quotations to one single anecdote, which I never remember to have met with elsewhere.

Fleury, whom M. Perlet considers to have been, on the whole, the best representative of "Alceste," being rather under than above the middle height, was somewhat puzzled how to give himself the imposing air which the personage of the Misanthrope, according to his idea of the rôle, demanded. To effect this, he adopted the ingenious plan of placing himself, on every feasible occasion, as far as possible from the other performers, thus practically anticipating the principle laid down by Campbell, that

Distance lends enchantment to the view.

My worthy friend (if he will allow me to call him so, as they say at public dinners), Mr. Mitchell, is not one of those managers who are in the habit of doing things by halves—not he. In proof of this, we have but to look at his supplementary programme just issued, wherein we find abundance of pleasant arrangements for the remainder of the season—not dimly shadowed forth, not couched in ambiguous and deceptive terms, but honestly set down in plain, straightforward English, without a single loophole left for any possible directorial embarrassment or emergency. A most politic move has been the re-engagement of Mdlle. Charton, and that scarcely less agreeable syren, Mdlle. Guichard, while the list of the tenors is opportunely strengthened by the addition of M. Octave, husband of the fascinating Madame Octave, the *Eve* of "La Propriété c'est le Vol."

But while thus ensuring the approval of his musical patrons, Mr. Mitchell in no wise neglects their more *exigeants* and hungrier brethren, whose appetites, like those of the diners at a Baden *table d'hôte*, have invariably a keener relish for the *pièce de resistance* after a little previous dallying with less substantial fare. Nothing, say the followers of Galen, is more conducive to a good digestion than a hearty laugh, and it is with this view (*voyez un peu le grand politique!*) that the manager of the St. James's has engaged one of the liveliest, drollest, and most mercurial young actors on the French stage—I allude to Tétard—to provoke thrice a-week, between the hours of eight and nine, every pos-

sible variety of cachinnation, and other approbatory symptoms, from the aristocratic simper to the plebeian roar—from the quiet “not bad” of the stalls to the “doosed good” of the pit and gallery.

Having been originally attached to a *banlieue* theatre—and what sharp practice such a position necessarily entails on a young actor none but the initiated can have any idea—Tétard has had ample opportunity of successively trying his hand at comedy, vaudeville, farce, and burlesque; now soaring up the ladder of fame to Scribe and Picard, now slipping down again to Clairville and Labiche; and has thus appropriated to himself a snug little *répertoire*, composed (*pietra dura* fashion) of every variety of comic gem. *Demandez, faites-vous servir!* Like Houdin's magic bottle, he is never taken aback; he can give you a sample of every *comique* you choose to name—from Samson to Charles Pérey, from Ravel to Francisque juene. But it is in those drolleries of Messrs. Duvert and Lauzanne, technically called *pièces d'Arnal*, that Tétard is most at home; and in one of them—“Heur et Malheur”—he will probably, ere this article emerges from the embryo of a printing-office, have made his bow at the St. James's. I think I may venture to predict that his reception there will remind him rather of the first than of the last substantive in the title of his *pièce de début*—rather of *heur* than *malheur*.

Nor are the dramatic merits of this young *artiste* his sole claims to consideration. Few of my Paris-haunting countrymen are aware that those queer little *statuettes*—grotesque, but surprisingly faithful resemblances of celebrated originals—which they have so often stopped to recognise and laugh at in the Passage Choiseul, at Susse's, and in almost every *magasin de papeterie* between the Château d'Eau and the Madeleine, are the fruits of Tétard's leisure hours; and that scarcely a successful piece is produced at any of the Parisian playhouses without one or more of the personages being forthwith immortalised in plaster, and disposed of at the small cost of twenty *sous* each. Hardly a single living illustration, political, musical, literary, or theatrical, can be instanced, who has not at some period or other been included in this clever collection, from *le petit père* Marrast and his presidential bell to Véticien David; from Victor Hugo, *coiffé* with the towers of Nôtre Dame, to Alcide Tousez.

I only wonder that no enterprising individual has already started a similar portrait-gallery of our own notables. What an invaluable boon might thus be conferred on our *flâneurs* and mooners! Fancy a little corner in the window of every print-shop stocked with celebrities of high and low degree, adapted equally to the slenderest purse and the smallest waistcoat-pocket! Fancy Lord Brougham and Mr. Muntz side by side with Wright and Boz's *Juba*! Why, the speculation would be Californian, and worthy the attention of the “Man Made of Money” himself. *Qui vivra verra.*

The only drawback which occurred during the late “English invasion” of Paris, arose from the circumstance that very few, either of the invaders or invaded, were more than imperfectly versed in each other's language. The following fragment of a conversation, accidentally overheard at a *table d'hôte*, between an enthusiastic National Guard and one of the delighted visitors, both diligent students of Spiers's Dictionary—a con-

versation carried on more amicably than intelligibly—will sufficiently illustrate my meaning. I am compelled to abandon all idea of doing justice to the pronunciation indulged in on this occasion:—

N. G.—“I kiss you with great heart.”

Vis.—“Secouez mains.”

N. G.—(Filling his glass.) “To our friends beyond the sleeve!”

Vis.—(Id.) “Remplir dessus avec trois fois trois!”

N. G.—“England alive!”

Vis.—“La France pour jamais!”

After many preparatory hesitations and dilly-dallings, Mdle. Rachel has at length suffered herself to be fairly caught out of bounds—bounds hitherto far more impassable than the classic limits (*Etoniensis loquitur*) of Barnspool and Lower Shooting Fields, and guarded by the mystic names of Corneille and Racine. Twice or thrice before has she dared the same freak, but then her fancy led her along the smiling paths of comedy; now it is through a wilder and stormier region that she wends her way, aye, and as surely and trippingly as if she were “to the manner born.” Now for the first time does she stand before us, not as a *Phèdre*, a *Camille*, or a *Cléopâtre*, but as a queen unknown in the remote annals of Greece and Rome—a queen of the same illustrious lineage as herself, that of Melpomene, the mistress of the gallant Maréchal de Saxe, the adored of Voltaire, the brilliant, the incomparable Adrienne Lecouvreur! Now for the first time does she impart the fire of her wondrous genius to a creation, which has the twofold power of exciting admiration and sympathy! Yes, that very sympathy which the woes of a *Virginie* have but feebly and imperfectly extorted, is fully and spontaneously accorded to the sufferings of the Rachel of her day, whose chequered career of glory and mortification, of luxury and want, presents a strange and startling series of contrasts: now showing her surrounded by the most illustrious of her contemporaries, the object of every flattering homage; and now, at the early age of thirty-seven, left to die alone, unwept, uncared for!

Such a subject, treated by Scribe with that rare intelligence which, even in his least happy efforts, has never deserted him, could not fail to awaken the liveliest interest among those privileged to embody his vigorous conceptions; and, as might be expected, no exertion has been spared by the *élite* of the Comédie Française to render the production of “Adrienne Lecouvreur” a “great fact” in the history of their theatre. Every performer concerned in its representation seems, while preserving his or her wonted qualities, to have forgotten their accompanying defects; even Maillart is more animated, Leroux less conceited, and Madame Allan less flippant than usual. Regnier is himself, nay, if possible, more than himself; in his hands the character of *Michonnet*, whose touching and devoted attachment nine hundred and ninety-nine actors out of a thousand would have failed in expressing, becomes a *chef-d'œuvre* of sentiment and unpretending pathos, with here and there one of those exquisitely delicate touches of true comedy, of which Regnier alone knows the secret. Samson also bestirs himself nobly in his author's cause, nor is there one blemish in the *ensemble*; even down to the scenery and dresses, all is as it should be.

“Et par-dessus tout” (to quote Jules Janin), “et par-dessus tout, Mademoiselle Rachel.”

And yet (this, courteous reader, is between you, me, and the *Post*) there are to be found people, doubtless thinking and calling themselves rational creatures, who can mention in one breath, aye, and to the implied disparagement of the former, the names of Rachel and Miss Laura Addison!

Il est des choses dans la vie
Qu'on ne peut excuser, quoiqu'on en ait envie.

And this is of them.

Well, the mystery is no longer a mystery, the bird has burst its shell at last, the *Prophète* has actually trod the stage of the Académie Nationale de Musique, and every one is satisfied. Every one except the newspaper editors. What *will* they do to replace their little ambiguous paragraphs, now horrifying the musical public with a report that Meyerbeer and his treasure (which, according to them, he must always have carried in his pocket) were flying from Paris as fast as a post-chaise could hurry them, now announcing that the composer (and of course his partition) had been seen at the Opera. It is true, they may fall back on the *Africaine*, but as another ten years may very possibly elapse before *that* is played, their readers' patience can hardly be expected to stand the ordeal.

Meanwhile, Messrs. Duponchel and Roqueplan are indulging in golden dreams, in lieu of the nightmare, which has been their constant haunter since February, 1848. Old engagements are being renewed, and new ones hinted at; Roger and Madame Viardot are treated Alexander Selkirk-fashion, as monarchs of all they survey; and the *honoraria* of the *figurantes* engaged for the skating *divertissement*—*honoraria* fixed at five francs each (bodily fear being generously taken into account) per rehearsal, and I know not how much per representation—are paid without a murmur. There's an Arcadia, an El Dorado, an Utopia for you—a state of things worth waiting ten years, for! What must M. Léon Pillet think of his having once refused, as being *infra. dig.*, to engage the then tenor of the Opéra Comique at his own terms? Would he *now* say, “Je ne veux pas déroger (des Roger)?”

The approach of May—*le mois de Marie*—whose opening day suggests recollections of Louis Philippe and Mrs. Montague, of concerts in the Tuileries, and Jack Ragg's “Only once a year, my lady,” reminds me that almost every French friend I have in the world, male or female, bears the name of Marie; nay, if you inspect the different baptismal entries at any of the *maries* throughout France, you will find that at least nineteen out of twenty children's names, no matter how many other *pronomina* they may have, begin with a Marie. Now the first and most obvious reason for this selection, is the laudable desire on the part of the godfathers and godmothers to place their infant “responsibilities” under the protection of the Madonna; but another motive lurks behind, a motive highly characteristic of French gallantry.

“Explain yourself, *Monsieur l'Habitué.*”

Willingly, gentle reader. Is not *Marie* the anagram of *aimer*?

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

WE are now writing with the sound of Mdle. Jenny Lind's triumphant reception ringing in our ears so loudly that our faculties are almost demolished for every other object. Such innumerable carriages—such shouts of welcome—such billows of waving handkerchiefs—never was such a sight, and, let us add, such a noise. Jenny Lind still has her command over the hearts of her audience, and they still hold, with undiminished love, to those sweet notes which die away to be sweeter still in their evanescence. But let us collect our scattered senses, and reserving the success of Calzolari, an admirable tenor, for another occasion, consider affairs as they stood before Thursday last.

Just at the moment when there was no immediate prospect of Jenny Lind, save at a concert—and the *habitués* of the Opera set small store by concerts—just as people were beginning to make up their minds to content themselves with anticipations of Alboni, and with the actual presence of Coletti and Giuliani—that is to say, until our prophecy respecting the return of the Lind was fulfilled,—

For mind, good reader, who art now aware, as a matter of fact, that Jenny Lind, having overcome all scruples, or whims, or caprices (take the choicest expression), has returned to Her Majesty's Theatre, not surrounded with the prosaic appurtenances of the concert-orchestra, but befittingly rusticised into *Amina*—mind, we say, good reader, who art aware of all this—that we, by our own special inspiration, predicted the return of Jenny Lind to the stage, at a time when the world in general had quite abandoned the notion of seeing her again in theatrical costume, and had been forced to seek dismal solace in the announcement of the six dull concerts to which we have alluded—we do not want to boast of our light, good reader, but allow that we can look into that vast millstone, called the future, an inch or two further than most people. Give the—we mean, give *us* our due, gentle reader.

But this will not do. While we are sunning ourselves in the contemplation of our own prophetic powers, we are compromising our character as grave historians. Like everybody else who tries to be entertaining—Mr. Macaulay *y compris*—we shall be accused of violating the dignity of history. We have left our first paragraph an unfinished thing of antecedents, which are all looking after their consequents, as wistfully as the lustreless Pleiad looks at the light of her six sisters, conceiving that a kindred light ought to be her portion.

And well does Mr. Lumley, in his new ballet of “*Electra, ou la Pleiade Perdue*,” compensate the frail star for her temporary dimness. Probably he knew that the audience of the grand Opera at Paris was about to be astonished with a rising sun beaming with electric light (*vide* any account you like of Meyerbeer's “*Prophète*”), and, therefore, he determined that his Pleiad should be as brilliant as the Phœbus across the “*Manche*.” A “star” has ever been the sun of Her Majesty's Theatre, and so the restored Pleiad is well entitled to those electric beams with which Mr. Lumley has provided her, and which not only dazzle, but almost put out the eyes of all beholders. Never was there a more glorious scenic spectacle than that last scene of “*Electra*.”

But, after all, is the Pleiad so very *perdue*, when the love which produces her downfall is illustrated by such exquisite dancing as that of Car-

lotta Grisi? In her impersonation of the living star, there is much of that nature which charms us in the *Undine* of La Motte Fouqué. The supernatural trenches closely upon the terrestrial, and the playfulness of the Pleiad has much in common with the playfulness of the child. But still her most hilarious movements are pervaded with that sweet melancholy which is completely her own, and which ever endows her with a mournful grace. He who knows what it is to fix his whole soul upon some earthly object, and at the same time has the transient character of all earthly existence forced upon his mind, feeling that the attachment grows more strong as the perishing nature of the object becomes more visible—he alone can appreciate the dancing of Carlotta Grisi. She is the ethereal being, whose home is not properly in this world; and you tremble lest she should vanish into empty air just as she becomes most charming.

Still does our first paragraph remain unfinished; but when our readers reflect that we are led astray by the rays of the electric light and the charms of Carlotta Grisi, they will, at least, be lenient in their censure, if they do not wholly pardon. We were going to say, that just as there was a want of operatic stars, a most fortunate phenomenon, called Mademoiselle Parodi, rose into the horizon, and took the *habitués* by surprise.

We have never seen success more legitimate than that of Mademoiselle Parodi in the character of *Norma*. She did not start with a dazzle, and then begin to flicker, like many honest folks whose names we could record, but the impression she made on her audience became stronger and stronger with every performance.

Mademoiselle Parodi has great qualifications. In the first place there is her person, which is eminently fitted for the highest walk of tragedy. The face is not fascinating from its beauty, but it is stamped with the power of expressing strong, large, southern passions; she has a countenance not to coax but to command; and the same commanding character belongs to her figure.

In the second place, Mademoiselle Parodi has an immense substance of natural energy to work upon. She really feels all that she acts; and the varied expressions are all the result of so many moments of inspiration. When she dreams that *Pollio* will once more bring to her the plenitude of his love, and her face is radiant with joy—when she punishes his contemptible infidelity, with a glance in which there is very essence of scorn—when she eyes him with calm triumph, after she knows that his life is in her power—when she is cast down at the feet of *Oroteso*—it is strong, hearty feeling that expresses itself through all these phases of character. There are few actresses who can do so much with a look as Mademoiselle Parodi. By a movement of countenance alone, she can produce effects for which others require the most violent gesticulations.

A third qualification is the power of imposing limits on the expression of that very energy which is so strongly implanted in her nature. Madame Pasta's training has not been thrown away on her pupil. Without a severe discipline, so much passion might easily have given birth to vulgar violence; nay, here and there is a rapid gesticulation, which tells us of the danger that has been avoided. But the greatest attention has been paid to her fixed attitudes—her *poses*—which are marvellously finished and sculpture-like. To have a native energy that is disposed to break all barriers, and utter itself with a force disdainful of restraint—and to have, besides, an artistical talent, that can subdue all those expressions into forms of elegance—these are rare qualifications.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA-HOUSE.

WHILE Mademoiselle Parodi has been fixing the attention of the *habitués* at Her Majesty's Theatre, there has been no lack of variety at the Opera-House in Covent Garden. Grisi, the Queen of Assyrian queens, has returned to the stage, and delighted everybody with her *Semiramide*; a new contralto, Mademoiselle Angri, has made a decided sensation, and raised disputes whether she is or is not worthy to be compared with Alboni; and Miss Catharine Hayes (a "native talent"); though she has not reached the top of the lyrical tree, has accomplished a success in the "Persiani" line. It is said that Meyerbeer's "Prophète" will be produced at this House, done in a style to challenge comparison with the Parisians; and certainly the "Royal Italian" Theatre has always kept up its character, as much for its *mise en scène* as for its superb band.

THE THEATRES.

A CRUSH of Easter pieces marks the second great festival of the theatrical season. Mr. Planché betakes himself to the *Seven Champions*,—puts their armour, plumes and all, on seven of the prettiest women that eyes ever beheld—and contrives situations for scenery, such as Beverley alone can paint. Other painters use a compound which bears the vile name of "distemper," but Beverley dips his pencil in the rainbow itself, and hence all his pictures come forth with such aerial softness. The backgrounds in Mr. Beverley's scenes are ever wrapped up in the softest mistiness, which marks him out from the vulgar herd of semi-decorators. And his talent for setting a scene equals his skill in painting one; the refined landscape-painter is united to the profound adept in stage-effect. Nor are Mr. Charles Mathews's rattling songs the least amusing part of the Lyceum spectacle.

Those Lancashire wits, the "Brothers Brough," aim, as usual, more at the comic than the picturesque, and display abundance of drollery in their Haymarket piece, which is founded on the story of the "Sphinx," with deviations as monstrous as the animal itself. The appearance of Keeley, transformed into a work of Egyptian sculpture, with stone-coloured body and physiognomy, and with claws instead of hands, is, in itself, a laugh. We would also call especial attention to the graceful acting of Miss Reynolds. That young lady, who first appeared three or four years ago, has made a steady and unmistakeable progress. In burlesques she is arch and vivacious, without, once over-stepping the bounds of feminine elegance; and her singing is just what is required to give effect to the musical portion of the piece. The Adelphi scorns Easter, and reposes on the attractions of "Hop-picking," and Mr. Oxenford's highly successful farce of "Who Lives in No. 9?"

It might be supposed that the burning down of the Olympic would cause Westminster to have one theatre less. Not a whit of it! Wigs were consumed, but not the heads that wore them; and the whole company—"auspice Farren"—are in an active state of vitality at the tiny theatre in the Strand.

The beautiful Mrs. Mowatt still holds unlimited sway over the hearts of those sylvan beings who inhabit St. John's Wood, and the districts thereto adjacent.

L I T E R A T U R E.

NEW SOUTH WALES.*

"SIR," said a London physician, eminent for his knowledge of climate, "New South Wales, where people live out of doors and are always on horseback, is just the place for you. I have sent many patients there, and none of them, so far as I know, ever repented that they took my advice. But then," added he, smiling, "the truth is, I have never seen one of them again; nor do I think it likely that I ever shall."

Such was the prescription which led Mr. Townsend to find himself, early in the spring of 1842, at the "city of Sydney," as it is called since it has been dignified by a municipal corporation. Except that the complexion of the keen and money-making people of the capital in New South Wales wanted the healthy English red and white, that which struck our traveller most on landing was the abundance of mosquitoes, who dearly love fresh English blood, and speedily reduced his face to so deplorable a condition as to excite the hilarity of the governor—the late Sir George Gipps. Soon after his arrival, Mr. Townsend sailed to Ulladulla, commonly called "Holy Dollar," about 150 miles to the southward of Sydney. He had before him, on landing, a pleasant walk of four miles to "the settlement," as a farm in the woods is usually called.

To me (says Mr. Townsend) all was fairy land. The uncouth natives clamoured around; and as I trudged along, with my guide, through a country thickly wooded with large forest trees, I could hardly credit that I should have, as every-day acquaintances, the king-parrot, with its red breast and green wings merging into a brilliant ultramarine blue, and his many bright companions, who "made gay the sunshine as they glanced along." Crossing a rude bridge, thrown over a running stream, we entered the farm; and I had the pleasure of greeting a relative, who, being as tall as myself, from that day forward, in some degree, kept me in countenance.

Mr. Townsend is marked in his devotion to the bard of Mantua. The rural scenery, objects, and pursuits, depicted in the "Georgics" and the "Æneid," are, according to him, to be met with in the present day at every step in New South Wales. The method of establishing oneself in the woods, or, to use the colonial term, of "sitting down" there, to the thrashing of the floor with tempered clay, and goading the yoked steer to his laborious toil, has been long ago described by the prince of Latin poets. Virgil, however, has not mentioned that the clay of New South Wales is tempered by ants, being mostly obtained from the huge hills of these insects. The average cost, Mr. Townsend tells us, of clearing heavily-timbered land on the coast, and of putting in a first crop, is, even with the assistance of convict labour, about ten pounds per acre. The first crop is generally wheat; and next to it in importance is maize. Between the rows of maize, pumpkins are planted.

We will now suppose the settler to be fairly established; and we shall find that he has a pretty cottage, a good garden, and numerous wooden outbuildings, erected at little expense; that he has forty or fifty acres of white clover, and the like quantity of land in wheat, maize, and potatoes. In the bush run his breed-

* Rambles and Observations in New South Wales; with Sketches of Men and Manners, Notices of the Aborigines, Glimpses of Scenery, and some Hints to Emigrants. By Joseph Phipps Townsend. Chapman and Hall.

ing mares and his cattle. He has homebred plenty, and consumes his own beef, pork, and poultry; and taxes there are none. The only absolute necessities that he has to purchase are wearing apparel, and tea, sugar, and other groceries. His "dumb deserving train" of horses and dogs costs him nothing; and, if he be not in debt, he is perfectly independent, and may set the world at defiance. "A long family," which makes good English people groan aloud, is not a matter of anxiety; and if, in addition to his farm, he has a small income arising from other sources, he is a rich man. To him, indeed, belongs the panegyric in the second Georgic; and here I may remark, that the Georgics may be said to form the Settler's Handbook.

At "Holy Dollar," the course of life was varied by boating and shooting excursions. With the exception of the cleared land, the green forest reigned around undisturbed. A fresh-water creek, winding through the woods, emptied itself into a large salt-water lake, distant a mile seaward. The latter part of its course was over a rocky bed, and under high banks clothed with mimosa and thick creepers, commonly called "vines." On this lake were black swans, shags, pelicans, cranes, herons, many kinds of duck and teal, curlews, waders, and divers, and within it were an immense variety and abundance of fish. Beyond was a belt of heath, affording a delightful open ride. The woods, on the other hand, were peopled with opossums, kangaroos, wallaby, kangaroo-rats, flying squirrels, porcupines, wild dogs, and native cats, and with an infinite variety of birds.

The forest is never silent. At night is heard the cry of the opossum, the squeal and chirp of the flying-squirrel, the wail of the curlew, the hooting of the night-jar, the chorus of the loquacious green frogs, and the occasional cry of the tree-frog. During the winter nights the woods resound with the deplorable and doleful howling of the native dogs, as of fiends in torment; and once, when my window blew open, I awoke in a fright, thinking that a whole legion of them had burst into the room; so much had I been unconsciously affected by their outcry.

There is one drawback to all this happiness and comfort, and that is the occasional visit of bush-rangers. Mr. Townsend relates the following laughable instance of a visit of this description:—

Mr. Boreas narrated to me, during our ride, the following anecdote. Up the country was a store which had been frequently robbed by bush-rangers. At length the owner hired an old sergeant to take charge of it, who declared, with many ferocious asseverations, that no bush-rangers should rob it whilst he was in possession. That he might be enabled to keep his word, he provided himself with a fearful array of fire-arms, which he arranged in convenient positions about the store; so that, in whatever part of it he might chance to be when the enemy appeared, he might be able to lay his hand on a weapon, and be thus always ready for action. But he placed his chief dependence on a large blunderbuss, which he loaded so heavily, that, like a gun charged with grape and canister, it was calculated to scatter destruction amongst a whole army of assailants. Day after day elapsed, and no enemy appeared. The sergeant began to hug himself on the terror his name and mighty preparations had inspired, and to venture on a few modest wishes that they *would* come, in order that they *might* see what they *should* see. It chanced, one fine day, that a young fellow came to the store, and requested permission to light his pipe at the fire. This the sergeant, who was tolerably amiable when his bristles were stroked the right way, immediately granted, and the young man proceeded towards the fire, but suddenly turned round, and, seizing the sergeant by the throat, put a pistol to his head, saying, "Now, my old man-of-war, speak a word or move a finger, and your hour is come. Deliver up the keys; right about face, double quick, march!" This was a dreadful situation for the old boaster, and he heartily wished that an earthquake, or something very dreadful, would happen, to save him from being the jest of the neighbourhood. Now it chanced that the keys were in an inner room, the door of which would only partly open, in consequence of a heavy box being behind it, and only one man at a time could enter. The bush-ranger foolishly went in first,

instead of driving the old man before him, and thus the latter had an opportunity of whipping to the place where his beloved blunderbuss hung. He quickly seized it, and, trembling with anxiety and impatience, waited the re-appearance of his foe. His destined victim soon presented himself, and the sergeant presented, took aim, and fired; and what an explosion took place! Pots, pans, pannikins, saucepans, utensils, matters and things (as a word-stringing lawyer would say) came rattling down. The sergeant was stunned for a time. When he came to himself, he saw no signs of the bush-ranger, and addressed himself to look for the divers particles into which he doubted not that he was certainly blown. But no signs could he find of human remains; and, after cudgelling his brains in some perplexity, he found that his pet blunderbuss had played him false. It was so heavily loaded that it had kicked him violently, and the whole charge went off through the roof, while the bush-ranger went off through the door, very much frightened, but not at all hurt.

Another drawback is the monotony of life. Mr. Townsend was evidently not cut out for a backwoodsman. As soon as he became acquainted with most of the birds and animals, he began to quote Shakspeare.

Banished ?

Old friar ! the damned use that word in hell ;
Howlings attend it.

And he hastened away further to the southward, returning by Shoalhaven, a magnificent specimen of a New South Wales farm, where upwards of 3000 head of cattle and several herds of horses are maintained. But we prefer, as more homely, the description of a sailor's settlement at Illawarra, a spot which Sir Thomas Mitchell designates as an earthly Paradise.

This garden is situate in a warm hollow ; and the approach to it is by means of a rustic bridge, thrown over a clear and rapid stream, into which droop the branches of a fine weeping willow. Passing the bridge, we enter an arbour covered with fuchsias, the double white moss rose, and the bignonia. The garden hedge is of lemon ; laid, and trimmed like a holly hedge. On each side the middle walk, and fronting the visitor as he enters, is a mass of plantain stems (here called the banana) full thirty feet in circumference, and, in the season, laden with fruit. The stems are about twelve feet in height ; and from them depend the beautiful purple sheaths of the younger fruit. There are many plots of them about the garden ; and a bunch of the fruit sells in Sydney for half-a-crown. On the sides of some of the walks are orange, lemon, and shaddock trees, the citron, and the flowering almond ; and, on the sides of others, standard peaches and apricots, and weeping nectarines, with occasionally mulberries, and the finest varieties of pears. The squares are filled with plum, apple, cherry, and medlar trees. There are two very fine walnut-trees, being amongst the first that have borne in the colony. Other squares, between the walks, to the extent of three acres, are filled with vines in full bearing. Some of the orange, lemon, and citron trees are from eighteen to twenty feet in height, and have always two crops hanging on them, and often three. At eight or ten years of age, each of these trees produces in the course of the year from one hundred to three hundred dozen. The pomegranates are in high perfection ; and the hops are said to vie with the finest from Farnham. The ground is covered with melons in every variety ; whilst the asparagus-beds would bear a comparison with those of Battersea, Fulham, or Putney. I must not forget to mention the loquat, raspberries, cape-gooseberries, and filberts. In one corner of the garden, in a damp spot, grow the osiers, of which they make baskets for packing the fruit. Every fruit is superior of its kind ; and it appears that in this district can be grown in the open air all the fruits of England, with all those of a tropical climate, the pine-apple excepted ; but this succeeds in the open air at Moreton Bay.

These, however, are one-sided views of New South Wales settlements. We could also quote, from Mr. Townsend's interesting volume, descriptions of a surgeon's settlement, whom farming had ruined, and who was surrounded by a tribe of barefooted children, "clamorous as nestling birds," and of many a lady who had left her own kith and kin, and changed her

natural sphere for one of arduous manual labour. But still there is relief even to these sketches in the contrast of the cheerful endurance generally witnessed, to the querulous repinings of many at home who possess every needful comfort, and yet are neither grateful nor content.

A gentleman whom I knew in England has built himself, in a lone part of the bush, a stick and pole hut, and there he is with his wife, who is very sickly. "Fine air! fine air out here!" he says. "What is the use of a doctor? Great expense; do no good, perhaps; fine air for her; capital!"

And then happy, cheerful Mr. Townsend, favours us with the old Corycian swain, who

Wisely deem'd the wealth of monarchs less.
The little of his own, because his own did please.

And whose prototype he did not fail to find in the bush of New South Wales. We can only conclude our brief notice of a work as replete with information as it is with amusement, and characterised by much good sense and good feeling, by an extract in reference to the fate of some notorious culprits, whom he thus briefly alludes to:

Bolam was employed in Sydney as a clerk; and, I believe, took an account of the linen that was sent to the factory to be washed. In 1842, Frost, the Chartist, was at Cascade, near Port Arthur, and laboured in a gang, but was permitted to sleep alone. He was sent to Cascade for insolence. When first landed, he was sent to Port Arthur, and employed as a copying clerk. When I last heard of him, he had obtained his ticket of leave, and was a shopman in a chemist's shop. Jones, the Chartist watchmaker, was overseer of the mess of some dozen refractory lads at Port Arthur. He was circumspect and orderly, and worked at his own trade, or in the nailer's shop. Williams was then also (1842) at Port Arthur. He built a boat, and effected a temporary escape, and was retaken, and was worked in a chain gang. Some of his associates in his flight, when at large through his means, committed a murder, and were hung. He was represented to be a bad, designing man. Henry Savary, formerly of Bristol, sugar baker, convicted of forgery in 1826, was employed first as a writer in one of the public departments in Van Diemen's Land. His wife followed him, but turned out badly; and he, in consequence, cut his throat, but the wound was not mortal. Shortly after this, his wife and child returned to England, and he subsequently obtained a ticket of leave; engaged in farming; became bankrupt; again had recourse to forgery; was again convicted, and sent to Port Arthur. There he had paralysis, and died on the 6th of February, 1842.

THE COURSE OF A REVOLUTION.*

THOSE ephemeral Italian republics—Cisalpine, Ligurian, Etrurian, Venetian, Roman, and Parthenopæan—which sprang up after the first victories of Bonaparte, in imitation of the model republic of France, closely resembled in many of the details of their origin, and in their ultimate fate, some of the Italian republics, or would-be republics, of the present day. There were the same number of restless youths busied with schemes, one would have thought too ridiculous to have been really dangerous; there was the same enthusiasm in the cause of what was called Italian regeneration, but which then, as now, when clothed in the garb of revolution instead of that of moral and intellectual improvement, meant nothing more than anarchy and license; and there were the same bitter fruits to be reaped upon the downfall of delusion. The author has done some service to the cause of conservatism by the special pictures given of the woes and sufferings, and the details of the massacres and ruin

* The Course of a Revolution; or, The Parthenopæan Republic. A Historical Tale of 1798, illustrative of the Tendencies of the Fraternity and Equality of 1848. Saunders and Otley.

which marked the rapid rise and downfall of the Parthenopean folly. The authorities mainly depended upon have been Alison, Thiers, and Botta; but what little is known of the part which the Queen, Acton, Nelson, and Lady Hamilton took in the events of the time, is very far from substantiating the view taken of it by the author. We are, however, quite ready to express our coincidence in sentiment as to the miserable and unfortunate part played by our fleet in the domestic affairs of Naples and Sicily in the present day;—first of all supporting the rebels and exciting their hopes, and then leaving them, even without the support of friendly or diplomatic interference, to be massacred by their masters! The conclusion of the interference, as recorded in “The Course of a Revolution,” was undoubtedly to render the very name of Britain detested for many a year at Naples. It will now be equally despised and detested in Sicily.

ASTORIA.*

THE “Astoria” of Washington Irving, and the name of the leading hotel in New York, have done as much to familiarise the name of Jacob Astor—the great fur trader of the United States—to the English public, as was ever done by the history of the first settlement on the Columbia River. The best proof of this fact is, that when the North-West Company of Canadian traders accomplished that which the Americans failed in, and Fort George and Fort Vancouver succeeded to Astoria, the British public and the government were ready to give them over, with the whole territory bathed by the Oregon, to the first outburst of jealousy and menace on the part of the previous occupants.

It was a significant fact connected with Mr. Astor's foundation of a “Pacific Fur Company,” that the chief men connected with it were members of the North-West Company, who had retired from vexatious treatment. When operations for the accomplishment of Mr. Astor's views were first put in force, the land party was essentially Canadian, and it started from La Chine, near Montreal, in July, 1810; and on the 20th of the same month a ship party left the same port, bound, in the first place, for New York. The Scotch partners and Canadian voyageurs, who made up the strength of the latter party, did not agree well with their American captain, and he, on his part, did everything, short of putting them in irons or to death, to render the voyage painful and unpleasant. This sea-fiend intentionally left the party behind on the Falkland Islands; he threw one seaman overboard, and sacrificed his two mates and the crew of two boats, in crossing the bar of the Columbia River, to his obstinacy and wilfulness.

On the 12th of April the whole party, consisting of thirty-three persons, all *British subjects* excepting three, left the ship, to found an emporium for the West, the site of which had been selected on a small rising ground, situate between Point George, on the west, and Tonquin Point, on the east, and distant about twelve miles from the mouth or bar of the river. The command of the party was assumed by the deputy-agent, Duncan M'Dougall, Esq., an old north-western, who, in the absence of Mr. Hunt, held the first place in Mr. Astor's confidence. He

* *Adventures of the First Settlers on the Oregon, or Columbia River: being a Narrative of the Expedition fitted out by John Jacob Astor to establish the “Pacific Fur Company.”* By Alexander Ross, one of the adventurers. Smith, Elder, and Co.

is described by Mr. Ross as a man of ordinary capacity, with an irritable, peevish temper; the most unfit man in the world to head an expedition or command men. Everything was, at first, untoward;—the climate in spring being damp and sickly: the land covered with trees, many of which were fifty feet in girth; and the natives hostile.

In two months' time scarcely an acre of ground had been cleared; three of the party had been killed by the natives, two more wounded in felling trees, and one had his hand blown off by gunpowder. There was no medical man attached to the expedition, and the food consisted solely of boiled fish and wild roots. Discontent broke out, and parties began to desert, but they were brought back by the Indians for sake of the ransom. More of the numbers were killed in excursions made to conciliate the Indians. In the meantime, some potatoes had been planted, a few garden seeds sown; the foundation of the first building had been laid, and, on the 18th of May, the establishment was ominously named Astoria!

On the 18th of July, Mr. Thompson, a north-west proprietor, whose name will be immortalised by that of a river and settlement in Upper Oregon, came dashing down the Columbia in a light canoe, manned with eight Iroquois and an interpreter—for it is to be remarked, as far as priority of settlement is concerned, that the British had penetrated to the west side of the mountains as early as 1804, and had in 1811, that is to say, at the time of the foundation of Astoria, two or three posts on the waters of the Columbia, exclusive of the New Caledonia quarter. We shall not detain the reader with an account of the trading journeys made at the foundation of the settlement. Suffice it to give an example of the resources of the country, that on one occasion Mr. Ross relates that during a trade of 188 days he procured 1550 beavers, besides other peltries, worth in the Canton market 2250*l.* sterling, and which, on an average, stood the concern in but 5½*d.* a-piece, or in round numbers 35*l.* sterling.

In August, the news reached Astoria of the loss of the *Tonquin*. She had been seized by the Indians, and the captain and all the crew slain, with the exception of the armourer, who, as a last act of desperation, had blown up the ship with 175 Indians on board. Justly does Mr. Ross remark of Captain Thorn's fate, that it verifies the sacred decree that "he shall have judgment without mercy that hath showed no mercy."

Shortly after this terrible event, which occurred off Vancouver's Island, the first division of the overland party arrived; a seasonable addition, which relieved the settlers for a time from the constant dread they were in of being overwhelmed by the Indians. The overland journey of this gallant band had not been without its adventures, privations, and sufferings; and the emaciated, downcast looks, and tattered garments of the newly-arrived, spoke more than words of what those sufferings had been.

In the spring of 1812, three parties were sent out in furtherance of the trading objects of the settlement. The same summer more extensive journeys were made, one or two minor settlements were founded, and a small party started from Walla-Walla, near the junction of the River Lewis, for St. Louis. Early in 1813, news arrived of war having broken out between Great Britain and the United States, and as the North-West Company was strong in numbers, it was resolved to abandon the infant settlement, and remove the furs and goods into the interior. During

the summer of 1812, the *Beaver*, Captain Sowle, had arrived from New York with the annual supplies; but she had sailed in August, on a cruise towards the Russian settlements, and on her way back, failing to touch at Astoria, had left the settlers without means of shipping their goods. On the 1st of July, the partners agreed to proceed to various posts in the interior, but with the understanding that they were all to meet again at Astoria next May, to take their final departure from that settlement on the 1st of June, unless a new supply should arrive, and peace be concluded before that time. Mr. Hunt, who had been carried off by the *Beaver*, returned, however, to Astoria in the *Albatross*, in August, and it was arranged that Mr. M'Dougall should transfer the goods and furs to the North-West Company. The negotiations to this effect were carried on with a Mr. M'Tavish on the part of the North-West Company; but as the latter, a "canny Scot," expected an armed ship at every moment, in which case Astoria would have been captured as a prize, without any expense whatsoever, a great deal of delay occurred in the negotiations, which were not brought to a close until the 12th of November, on which day the first settlement of the United States on the Columbia River was formally given up to the North-West Company.

On the 30th of November, the *Raccoon* British sloop of war, of twenty-six guns, Captain Black, came dashing over the bar in fine style, and anchored in Baker's Bay, within the Cape. Mr. M'Donald, one of the senior partners of the North-West Company, assumed forthwith the direction of affairs at Astoria, the name of which was now changed to that of Fort George. Thus, at least for a time, perished the "Pacific Fur Company;" a company which, to use its projector's own words, "was to have annihilated the South Company; rivalled the North-West Company; extinguished the Hudson's Bay Company; driven the Russians into the Frozen Ocean; and to have enriched America with the resources of China." But the day for American supremacy on the Oregon had not then been sealed by the fiat of diplomacy. The number of casualties and disasters which had befel the company during its short existence had been remarkable. Eight men were lost on the bar; five in the land expedition; twenty-seven in the *Tonquin*; three in the *Astoria*; eight in the *Lark*; nine killed in the Snake country; and one at the final departure; making a total of sixty-one.

The resources of the country are, however, great. The soil is rich and fertile in the valleys of some of the tributaries to the Columbia, more especially the Willamette, which is remarkably so. Game is abundant; fish among the finest in the world. Salmon and sturgeon innumerable; a kind of smelt, or herring, in immense shoals. Edible roots and berries also abound. Strawberries are ripe in January. The potato is represented by the papatoe; in size, shape, and taste, like a potato. It is the root of a species of *Sagittaria*. Nothing, indeed, can prevent the tide of American population rolling down from the Rocky Mountains into these favoured lands, and planting the banks of the many waters with villages and cities. Frazer's and Thompson's rivers, Clarke's and Lewis's rivers, the Okonagen and the Willamette, have all a great future in store; and everything portends, notwithstanding the unfortunate history of Astoria, that it, as well as Vancouver, Okonagen, and Walla-Walla, will be the sites of the great cities or emporiums of the basins of the Columbia.

FAMILY FAILINGS.*

Of all "family failings," the most disagreeable and the most insufferable is bad temper. And so in the novel now before us, purposing to depict family failings in general, it is the one particular and prominent vice. Failing is a term by far too considerate. If we had not read Mrs. Gore's "Modern Chivalry," and other novels of the same class, which depicts to us the thoroughly selfish, ill-tempered, corrupt-hearted man of wealth of the present day, we could never have accepted the portraiture here given of Luke Leigh as founded in truth. Luke, the eldest son, heir to the estate, and the pet of his too indulgent parents, has just found in the sprightly, pretty Emily Langton, a wife to his mind, and he has returned home after the preliminary arrangements have been effected, when the following scene occurs:—

It was quite an affecting scene Luke Leigh's arrival at home; his old mother threw herself into his arms and fairly sobbed aloud; whilst the squire, with his ruddy face and his eyes full of tears, stood grasping his hand in his own. They both doted upon Luke to an extraordinary degree, and this prospect of his marriage—his bringing home a wife, was full of deep and stirring emotions to them.

Luke thought it all "great humbug;" but he allowed himself passively to be kissed by his mother, and slapped on the back by his father, and then took his old seat by the fire upon a chair he had carefully chosen for his own especial comfort, placed his feet fairly on the fender, and then began with the full tide of a lover's self-congratulation to describe his Emily. The old people listened, and their faces lighted up with pleasure as he went on.

"She must be worthy of you, I do think!" exclaimed the squire.

"How I shall love her!" said the gentle Mrs. Leigh.

"And you'll live here, my boy?" said the old man, in a delighted tone.

"Why, I'm afraid we must," said Luke, in a voice which seemed to say, that is the worst of it—"I don't see how it can be otherwise."

He quite forgot the unkindness of the speech, and never saw the sudden chill upon his father's beaming face.

"I am afraid you must," said the poor squire, instantly adopting, as he always did, the views of his darling son, let them be what they might; yet he felt hurt that this necessity should be a painful one to Luke.

"You can't, sir, I suppose, come down with quite enough, to give us such a home as Emily must have?" inquired the son.

"And you would rather be independent of us, Luke—leave the old house to be a solitude, when we had hoped to have it bright with you and her; and your good mother there and I had thought to see our grandchildren running here and there through the old rooms. And you don't wish to live with us?" said the poor, disappointed father.

"You can't, sir, give us enough?" inquired Luke again, in his hard voice.

"I did think," said the weak-minded squire, "you would have liked it, Luke."

"Liked what?" said he; both were so full of their separate, indeed opposite, views that they could hardly understand one another now.

"Liked to have lived with us," said the old man, who really could not forget the bitter disappointment his son's words and manner were to him.

"Oh, I should like it very well, indeed," said Luke, "of course—if we can't have a separate establishment; but for young people it doesn't do so well to live with old ones. You would be deucedly—I mean, I beg your pardon, mother—we should be often in your way; it's very kind of you, and all that sort of thing, but perhaps Emily might not like it—she and my mother might not get on so well as could be wished."

Parental disrespect is not, however, the only revolting feature of Luke's character. He has a younger brother, who upon the occasion of his marriage has to sacrifice his allowance to the imaginary necessities of his all-absorbing brother. This Horace is the hero of the novel, and is portrayed as a clever man, whose talent is thwarted by the

* *Family Failings.* A Novel in 8 volumes. T. C. Newby.

same family failing, bad temper. But he also exhibits strange weaknesses for a man of talent. His abiding so long with such a simpleton as Frederick Keane is represented, and above all, his allowing his worldly first love, Isabelle Walgrave, to wed his friend without an attempt at an explanation, are scarcely explicable by ordinary theories. There are other sketches of character which display the same power in the author of exhibiting the strong and the weak parts of human nature in contrast. The manœuvring mamma, engaging her youngest daughter to the *wrong* Mr. Green, is a most amusing episode. Sir Josiah, in his passion for mechanical inventions, harbouring a machine that will not stop; the good, steadfast old aunt, Vernon, holding by the youngest son; all these are graphic pictures of domestic life. The heroines are equally pleasing female characters; Emily Langton has all the loveliness of a winning and capricious child; Blanche Trevor, our especial favourite, is clever and good, without being sarcastic; Isabelle Walgrave is beautiful, but too passive and unintellectual; and Grace Forester is more presumptuous than womanly—witness the description on our first introduction to this second love, and ultimate wife of Horace:

Miss Forester was sitting with her bright face slightly thrown back, listening to, and answering, several gentlemen at once; to one a satirical smile, to another a haughty bow; to a third an overwhelming sarcasm, couched in the most elegant terms, pronounced in a voice of soft and womanly fascination, but cutting withal.

Well might some of "the discomfited heroes," as the author calls them, who formed part of the "magic circle" around their fair dealer in conversational tomahawks, withdraw, exclaiming she was too satirical for them! How clever, how shrewd, how full of observation and knowledge, and, above all, how unapproachably sarcastic must the painter of such follies, and weaknesses, and failings in human life be, is the feeling always uppermost in reading sketches of the kind. We hope this is not the case, however, in this particular instance, for we have reason to believe that the author of this novel of the day is a young lady, and that it is her first essay in the realms of fiction.

AMERICAN SPORTS.*

WITH the same names as with us, the birds sought by the sportsman in the United States are specifically distinct from those of Europe. The so-called woodcock is a *Scolopax minor*, and he rarely exceeds eight, never eleven ounces; he is also red-breasted. The bird called in the eastern states the partridge, and everywhere southward and westward of New Jersey the pheasant, is, in reality, a grouse—the ruffed or tipped grouse—*Tetrao umbellus*—a feather-legged, pine-haunting, mountain-loving bird. The prairie-fowl, which in the picture now exhibiting in Leicester Square, most resembles a penguin, and which, while it swarms in the western states, is already nearly extinct in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, is the pinnated grouse. The spruce grouse, a small and rarer species, is found in Maine occasionally, and in a portion of New York, between the head-waters of the Hudson and the Canada frontier. Four or five other species are found in Labrador and in the Rocky Mountains, but none of these, though well known to the ornithologist, can be in-

* Frank Forester and his Friends; or, Woodland Adventures in the Middle States of North America. By Henry William Herbert, Author of "Field Sports in the United States," "Marmaduke Wyvil," &c. 3 vols. Richard Bentley.

cluded in the sportsman's list of game. The partridge of Virginia is the quail of New York, and the most amusing thing of all is, that he is not exactly a quail nor a partridge either, but a sort of half-way link between them, and hence he is made into a separate genus by naturalists, under the name of *Ortyx*. The snipe, moreover, which is called *English* in America, to distinguish him from all the thousand varieties of sand-pipers, and other shore-birds which are called Bay-sniipe, is not the same bird as the English snipe, and according to Mr. Herbert, even perches on trees. Properly speaking, there are, also, no rabbits in America. The small grey rabbit, which is commonly so called, never burrows or lives like rabbits, in congregations—while the large rabbit, which is found only in the eastern states, turns white in winter, and is, in fact, like its smaller congener—a hare.

Although the birds are different, we cannot say that Mr. Herbert's account of the sportsman's pursuit of them presents all that freshness and novelty which might have been expected of woodland scenes and adventures in a new country. As a compensation, the eating and drinking is something wonderful. Here is an example of a breakfast :

"Come, boys, to breakfast!"—and at the first word of his welcome voice, Tom made, as he would have himself defined it, stret tracks for the table. And a mighty different table it was from that to which we had sat down on the preceding morning. Timothy, unscared by the wonder of the mountain nymphs, who deemed a being of the masculine gender as an intruder scarce to be tolerated, on the mysteries of the culinary art—had exerted his whole skill, and brought forth all the contents of his canteen! We had a superb steak of the fattest venison, graced by cranberries stewed with cayenne pepper and sliced lemons. A pot of excellent black tea, almost as strong as the cognac which flanked it; a dish of beautiful fried perch, with cream as thick as porridge; our own loaf-sugar, and Teachman's new-laid eggs: hot wheaten cakes, and hissing rashers of right tender pork, furnished a breakfast forth that might have vied successfully with those which called forth, in the Hebrides, such raptures from the lexicographer.

And here another, of the manner in which the mountain-dew is disposed of by American sportsmen :

"Oh, Archer, I feel bad; worst sort, by Judas! It's that milk-punch, I reckon; it keeps a-raising, raising, all the time, like——"

"And you want to lay it, I suppose, like a ghost, in a sea of whisky; well, I've no especial objection. Here, Tim, hand the case bottle, and the dram-cup. No, no! confound you! pass it this way first, for if Tom once gets hold of it, we may say good-bye to it altogether. There," he continued, after we had both taken a moderate sip at the superb old Ferintosh, "there, now, take your chance at it, and for heaven's sake do leave a drop for Jem and Garry! By George, now, you *shall* not drink it *all*!" as Tom poured down the third cup-full, each being as big as an ordinary beer-glass. "There was above a pint-and-a-half in it when you began, and now there's barely one cup-full between the two of them. Ain't you ashamed of yourself, now, you greedy old devil?"

"It does go right, I swon!" was the only reply that could be got out of him.

We should have liked, as a specimen of the humour prevalent in the book (and of a rude kind enough it is to our ideas of sportsmanlike jollity), to have quoted an account of M'Tavish flying before the bulls with his head between his legs, so that he could run, and yet never keep his eyes off them; but the extract would be too long. Of crack shots there are many, some so wondrous that Mr. Herbert deems it necessary to vindicate their authenticity in his notes. There are also some practical jokes, as rough as the wit of the rustics and bonifaces who figure largely in these pages. But there are peculiarities, both in sport and scenery, not to be lost sight of. We do not in this country see

eighteen or twenty snipes or woodcocks lying within a space of twelve yards square, two or three dogs pointing in the midst of them, and the birds rising one by one, the shot rattling over them, till ten or twelve are on the ground before there is time to bag one. Neither do we see in this country the long sweeping woodlands, the impervious brake, the thick-set giant timber, above all, the untamed freshness of the scenery of the New World. But here, as in the States, the sportsman's pursuits ever carry him into the loveliest scenery, lead him to the full enjoyment of healthy and inspiring exercise, and force upon him the out-of-door wisdom of the attributes and instincts of animated nature—enough, as Mr. Herbert justly remarks, with the pure and tranquil thoughts engendered by such pursuits, to plead a trumpet-tongued apology for all the uselessness and cruelty, so frequently, and we may add, so unjustly alleged against sports of the field.

LADY ALICE; OR, THE NEW UNA.*

A THOROUGH-PACED, well-written story, in advocacy of the Church of Rome, is a novelty, and attests the purpose which the author argues ought to be sought for by every work of imagination, but which he, at the same time, avers ought not to be exposed at the onset. The love-story to which "this thing, professing to be a novel," gives prominence, is connected with the fortunes of Frederick Clifford, whose baronial power dates from the Conquest, and who, more than that, "unites two qualifications not generally found in his shop—keeping and heretical country—an incontaminate faith and an immaculate pedigree;" and those of the Lady Alice Stuart, daughter of the Duke of Lennox, descendant of Robert III., King of Scotland—a Stuart in every sense, except dereliction from the faith of her ancestors. The parties are first brought together in the small episcopal city of Cava, situate on the Sorrentine peninsula, so famous in story. The acquaintanceship is renewed at Milan, at the house of a mediatised prince of the Holy Roman Empire. At a banquet given to the Duke and Duchess of Lennox by the Prince of Santisola on the eve of their departure, the Lady Alice gives a formal and decisive *congé* to the Marquis of Wessex, to whom she has been affianced since her childhood, and that for the sake of Frederick Clifford, with whom she holds a clandestine meeting in the *duomo*, where she for the first time partakes of holy-water from the tip of her lover's fingers. Already, before "love" had come to lend its aid to a wavering impulse, Alice had felt a passionate enthusiasm for the majesty of worship in the Roman Church, and "the many means of grace, the practices of piety, the devout and edifying usages which abound in the Roman Church," had taken a deep hold on a heart essentially religious and steadily practical, amid all her apparent poetical enthusiasm.

The Lady Alice crosses the Simplon in her noble father's suite, in a carriage with silken linings, an inlaid floor, the rose-coloured blinds drawn down, and richly-bound volumes ("Consuelo") reposing on a table of ivory and mother-of-pearl, which played in rods of silver. *Ex uno disce omnes*. From this alone the Sybaritic character of the work may be discerned. What was the volume of nature opened to the God-like in the Simplon, to the volume of sensual doctrine that can win a proselyte?

* Lady Alice; or, the New Una, A Novel in 3 vols. Henry Colburn. May.—VOL. LXXXVI. NO. CCXXII. 2

"Lady Alice" has been announced as a *début*; if so, it is a very remarkable one, for talent of a high order teems in every page; but the bold and openly expressed aspirations of the hero Clifford, on the grounds of his immaculate faith and immaculate pedigree, to the hand of the then virgin queen of these realms, added to the other presumptive proofs derived from the work itself, would lead to strong presumptions at least of assistance having been derived from sources not always particular as to the means employed, so long as a given end can be attained.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

No person interested in the progress of Egyptian literature should be without a copy of Mr. George R. Gliddon's *Otia Egyptiaca; or, Discourses on Egyptian Archaeology and Hieroglyphical Discoveries*. These discourses constitute in reality the text-book to a more extensive course of lectures which the author has given upon the subject of Egyptian Archaeology in the United States—lectures which were attended by thousands of hearers, and which, it is to be hoped, Mr. Gliddon will be induced to publish in *extenso*. The present sketch of subject-matter has been published by Mr. Madden from Mr. Burke's excellent journal of "Ethnology," and it contains more valuable information in a few pages than many volumes put together that have lately issued from the press with taking titles, or prospectuses gorgeous in their promises, but beneath the notice of the learned in their fulfilment. While upon the subject of Egyptian literature, which is making such great strides now-a-days, and to which Dr. Lepsius's discoveries are likely to give a still greater impulse, we may mention that Mr. Moxon has lately published a very cheap and useful manual for the student, being *The Chronology and Geography of Ancient Egypt, illustrated by Plates of the King's names, and Maps of the Country*, by Samuel Sharpe.—In connexion with the East, we have also before us *A Diary in the Dardanelles, written on board the schooner "Corsair," while beating through the Straits, from Tenedos to Marmora*, by William Knight, Esq., Rear-Commodore of the Royal Harwich Yacht Club; a work full of sparkling narrative, amusing anecdote, graphic description, and, at the same time, much curious and interesting information upon a pass which has never yet been made the subject of a special description. A sketch, entitled *The Pirates of the Archipelago*, is also added by the author, reprinted from this magazine, chiefly with the view to show that there is still a stern necessity to maintain an active naval force in the Levant for the protection of our commerce.—*The Annual Miscellany* for 1848, containing a *Review of the Year, an Obituary, &c., &c.*, published by Messrs. Saunders and Otley, will, it is to be hoped, be improved as it goes on. As it stands at present, too great a prominence is given to matters of no general interest; and that which is so, is treated of in a most superficial and unsatisfactory manner.—*The Rock of Rome; or, The Arch-Heresy*, by James Sheridan Knowles, published by Newby, will be extensively read, if only from the fame of its author. But the work merits perusal on other grounds. It is a bold, fearless, uncompromising attack upon a Church which is working its way insidiously, but effectively, in this land of Protestantism, and which, nevertheless, can ill afford to bear such hard blows as are here dealt to its unchristian-like claim to supremacy.—Mr. Olinthus Gregory Downes has rendered a service to general knowledge by his translation of Mr. Quetelet's celebrated letters *On the Theory of Probabilities, as applied to the Moral and Political Sciences*. These researches have been made known through various cheap publications in a superficial manner, but the more careful reader will be glad to have the whole theory now set before him in a tangible shape.—That Mr. Anderson's *Practical Mercantile Correspondence, a Collection of Modern Letters of Business, &c., &c.*, published by Effingham Wilson, should have reached a fourth edition, fully attests its value to the more youthful in the community, to which the work especially addresses itself.—Ince's *Outlines of General Knowledge, of English History, and of French History*, in little shilling volumes, have been forwarded to us by Mr. James Gilbert, and appear to be really well adapted for the purposes intended—the education of youth. The provincial press appears to be not behind the metropolitan in its sense of the humorous. We have received several numbers of a very diverting weekly publication, somewhat upon the plan of *Punch*, and bearing the felicitous title of *Jones*. We are very happy to make Mr. Jones's acquaintance, and think him an uncommonly pleasant fellow.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE AND HUMORIST.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Mr. AINSWORTH begs it to be distinctly understood that no Contributions whatever sent him, either for the NEW MONTHLY or AINSWORTH'S MAGAZINE, will be returned. All articles are sent at the risk of the writers, who should invariably keep copies.

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NOTICE.

In the article on the Falkland Islands, by Captain Sullivan, which appeared in the May number of the *New Monthly*, the name of the gentleman who purchased the land on the southern peninsula was erroneously printed Lafarce, instead of Lafone.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

GORE HOUSE.

BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER.

AMONGST the many things to fix the attention of an inhabitant of the United States of America when he travels in Europe, there is, perhaps, nothing which strikes him more than the decay or break-up of old institutions, political or social, moral or material. We are so much accustomed to progress in the New World, that almost the only change we look for is that caused by a wider expansion of views, a continual enlargement of means. Our course is so directly onward, that we never pause to think of those who fall behind in the race; or if we occasionally witness the ruin of an ample fortune, we ascribe it, in all probability, to the right cause—an incautious speculation; consoling the sufferer, if we offer consolation at all, with the assurance that in a new country there is always plenty of opportunity for a man to begin again. The displacement even of the Indian tribes, one of the few facts that speak of the history of the past in America, goes for nothing in our account; the scanty mementoes which they have left exciting our sympathy in an infinitely smaller degree than the void which they have made for new enterprise affects our desire for advancement.

But on this side of the Atlantic the case is quite different. We are spectators of the play, not actors in it. We come here to observe upon men and manners—to examine with an equal eye both the past and the present, reserving the future for ourselves in our own land, in the hope of creating that which one day may become a glorious past.

It has personally been my fortune, during previous visits to Europe, to witness some remarkable mutations. I shall say nothing of political occurrences or altered opinions, as I have no desire at this moment to enter upon a grave disquisition on such subjects. I prefer rather to speak of changes that have interested me more nearly than the general events which belong to history. I will not, therefore, like King Richard,

Make dust my paper, and with rainy eyes
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth,

but tell what I have to say in a less uncheerful spirit.

When last I was in England, the subject which chiefly engrossed conversation, as a question of society, was the great sale at Strawberry Hill; the dispersion of the countless objects of art and *virtù* which the taste and antiquarian zeal of Horace Walpole had for half a century been occupied in collecting. Like many more of my countrymen, I wandered through the pasteboard Gothic galleries of the reviver of mediæval art, criticising the man while I admired the result of his exertions; but

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not without respect for his opinions as well as his talents; for Walpole was one of the few who had the wisdom to see and the frankness to denounce the unjust policy of his government towards the colony which, happily for all parties, became so soon an independent nation. But, beyond this feeling, I sympathised little with the family of the then possessors of Strawberry Hill; and had I even been that way disposed, I heard enough from the persons I met there to give my thoughts an opposite direction. One amongst these was a very singular man, whom I had often heard of, and now accidentally encountered—the celebrated author of *Vathék*, but more celebrated still as the owner of his own creation, and the victim of his own caprice.

No man's career had been more uniformly cast in high places. Mr. Beckford's; none had possessed more, few so many, opportunities of seeing life, and there was probably no one in England who could say so much of what he had seen and known, or say it so well, as himself. I have heard that he cared less for his own countrymen than for any other people on earth, and I am inclined to think so from the *mauvaise langue* with which he spoke of so many whom I named to him as celebrities, who had been his contemporaries in youth and middle age.

He soon discovered, perhaps from the free-spoken manner with which I questioned him on various points, that I was an American; and whether he was on that account more communicative than he otherwise would have been, or was willing to entertain me because I was a stranger, I cannot say, but he certainly put no restraint on his words, nor troubled himself much about the effect which might be caused by his anecdotes.

Towards Horace Walpole he seemed to entertain a feeling of animosity, which nearly half a century of the shrouded stillness of the grave had been unable to remove.

"I wrote a book," said he, "when I was only eighteen—not to ridicule Horace Walpole, though he thought so, and cherished a spite against me as long as he lived—but to mystify an old housekeeper of mine, who believed every word that was set down in it, and learnt it all by heart to retell it to the people who came to see my house. She was firmly persuaded, because I had told her so, that Michael Angelo was a baker, whom I had set up in business in Bath, where he took to painting, and produced the work on which she used to descant to the astonished visitors. The title of the book offended Walpole, but there was nothing in it against him; it was thought amusing; a bookseller gave me a hundred and sixty guineas for it, and it had its day. But besides that," continued Mr. Beckford, "he disliked me as a younger and rival collector. If"—and the old man churned his words spitefully, a light foam settling from time to time on his lips as he rapidly went on—"if he could see me here now, fixing on the things I mean to buy, he would *even* wish himself back again. Horace Walpole's taste," he added with vehemence, "was bad. He was an *offatist*."

He told a good story of the Emperor Charles VI. of Germany, which he had had from the famous Prince de Ligne, with whom he had been intimate at Brussels some sixty years before.

"The emperor," said Mr. Beckford, "had fewer brains than kings, *quand même ils fussent Allemands*; generally have. His Lorraine-French was exquisite, and the Prince de Ligne could imitate him to the

life. He was one day out walking with the great chamberlain and some other officers of his court, when it came on to rain. The emperor turned round in a state of helpless distress, and—*gueule béante*—exclaimed to the chamberlain:—“*Il bleut tans ma poche!*” The functionary received the intimation as gravely as if it had been the profoundest state secret; the vast resources of his mind, however, suggested a remedy. Approaching the afflicted emperor with a low bow at every step as he drew nearer, he paused at length, and, looking respectfully in the vacant face, said with the utmost gravity:—“*qu’il blaise à sa machesté imbériale te pien fouloir fermer sa poche?*”

The look of imbecile gratitude which Mr. Beckford put on to express the monarch’s thanks, could not have been surpassed by the emperor himself, or by his witty reporter.

Of a great predecessor of the Lorraine prince—the Emperor Charles V.—Mr. Beckford spoke with more respect. We were examining a portfolio of rare prints together, and came to a portrait of the recluse of St. Just, engraved, however, from a picture when he still wore the diadems of Germany and Spain. After commenting on his character in terms of praise, perhaps on account of his having exhausted his ambition, or for his contempt of the nothingness of fame, he suddenly said—

“This is a very good likeness. I can say so, for I have seen him.”

“I know, sir, you have seen a great deal more than most people,” I replied, smiling; “but Charles V. has been dead nearly 300 years.”

“Very true,” returned Mr. Beckford, “but for all that I have seen him.”

He said this so positively, that I stared with astonishment, beginning to ask myself if I had got into company with the Wandering Jew.

“When I was first in Spain,” pursued he, “although my visit was ostensibly for my own amusement, I had been charged by the Queen of Portugal with certain matters of importance to the Court of Spain, and more facilities were given me for seeing whatever I pleased than any foreigner had enjoyed before. I had only to express a wish, and it was immediately gratified. When I went to the Escorial, I said that I should like to see the body of Charles V. as he lay embalmed in his coffin. The tomb was consequently opened, and I saw his face as distinctly as I see yours now, as plainly as this engraving shows it. There’s only one difference—the mouth had slightly fallen in, but the rest of the features were as prominent as in his lifetime. I shall never forget them.”

Mr. Beckford’s acquaintance with the royal family of Portugal provoked his cynical, or perhaps scandal-loving propensities.

“Few of that race,” said he, “are legitimate. Dom Miguel, for instance; his father was the Marquis of Marialva, not Dom João; and the proof of it is that he is *web-footed*. The Marialvas all have that mark, like the Reine Pédaque.”

How true this assertion may be, it is impossible for me to say, but Mr. Beckford asserted it as a fact which admitted of no dispute. His tone, indeed, was so confident, that had he declared Dom Miguel to be a human *ornithoryncus*, I should scarcely have raised a doubt on the subject. After all, Nature indulges in so many freaks, that I see no reason why, amongst other blemishes, a few extra membranes may not become hereditary. I could repeat many more curious things which fell from this strange old man, who, at the age of eighty-two, spoke with all the fer-

vour and energy of youth ; but they would lead me too far from my subject—though the allusion to him is not altogether disconnected with the theme which more particularly occupies me, for in the same gallery where I saw Mr. Beckford, I renewed my acquaintance with the Countess of Blessington.

Thirteen years before—time has since lengthened the period to twenty—I had been presented to her ladyship in Paris by my countryman Fenimore Cooper. She then struck me as one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen ; and that opinion was scarcely shaken when I met her again, standing beneath Sir Joshua's portrait of the lovely Lady Waldegrave, a test of some severity. More fulness had been added to her figure, and the oval form of her face was less apparent, but the grace of the one and the sweetness of the other were still conspicuous. There are some faces in which the light of beauty is never extinguished, and Lady Blessington's was of that order. He who has only seen Lawrence's exquisite portrait of her will have carried away this impression ; we, who have known the original, many years after that picture was painted, can confirm the truth of this creed by our own experience.

There was more of change in the appearance of Count D'Orsay, on whose arm Lady Blessington was leaning. The wear and tear of a man's life, and such a life as I have heard he led, sufficiently account for this. But there was nothing altered in his manner,—nor in that of either. The faculty which all clever people possess, in common with many who are notoriously deficient in other respects—that of remembering faces—recalled me at once to their recollection.

"You must come and see me at Gore House," said her ladyship ; "my rooms are not quite so large as the *salons* in the Faubourg St. Honoré, but I manage to fill them as well, if not better. J'ai lâché la parole, mon cher Alfred," added she, turning with a smile to her companion, "j'espère que tu ne m'en veux pas?"

"Je n'ai rien à dire," was the count's reply ; "on gagne toujours quand on trouve de nouveaux amis sans en perdre de vieux."

"Surtout," continued the countess, giving me her hand, "quand ils arrivent de si loin."

I need scarcely say, that after this welcome, I did not bend unwilling feet in the direction of Gore House during the remainder of my stay in London that summer.

The first time I dined there I shall not easily forget. It was a beautiful evening in the beginning of June, and though the day had been spent in a round of sight-seeing, I experienced none of the fatigue which I might have felt at another moment, with so much pleasure had I looked forward to the party I expected to meet. In the month of June, if the season be at all propitious, the environs of London; especially to the west, are charming. An hour or two before, Hyde Park had been filled with the beauty and fashion of the town ; but now, as I drove to my appointment, only a few stray horsemen were still enjoying the freshness of the turf and the coolness of the evening. They were diners at clubs, I fancied, who had no such attraction before them as that which beckoned me on. I was fearful, indeed, of being rather behind time myself, having been delayed by a slight accident at my lodgings, but—like my countryman, N. P. Willis, who had been similarly graced a few years before—I had gained upon the clock, or perhaps I should rather say, had

been too literal an interpreter of its meaning in London society, for when I was shown into the library, where Lady Blessington generally received her guests, no one had yet arrived. I had leisure, therefore, to examine the locality; and as this hospitable mansion is now, alas! dismantled, some description of it, even though it trench upon the auctioneer's privilege, may not be out of place.

The rooms on the ground-floor consisted of a small study on the left of the vestibule, separated by a wide old-fashioned staircase from the dining-room, which looked out upon the garden. The library on the right hand occupied the whole depth of the house, and was narrow in proportion to its length, which I should judge to be about forty feet.

As N. P. Willis has said, it was filled with "sofas, couches, ottomans, and busts, arranged in rather a crowded sumptuousness throughout the room;" and this description held good of every apartment in the house. But amidst the profusion of ornament which met the eye everywhere, perplexing it in its choice of rest, when it *did* settle, the object was always commended by beauty of form, richness of decoration, or intrinsic value. China of deep oriental blue, porcelain of Sevres and Dresden, sea-green and turquoise, vases for flowers and essences of glittering gold and brightest ruby, many-hued marble pedestals crowned with classical *tazze*—antiques in bronze—middle-age relics of silver and ivory—clocks of *or-molu*, and goodly rows of books which lined the walls on either side, some thousands in number, surmounted by golden urns, were amongst the many beautiful things which attracted my notice. Here was an exquisitely chiselled bust of a lovely woman, whom instinct alone would have told me was the presiding genius of the place; opposite to it a companion piece of sculpture, evidently by the same hand, in which I at once traced the features of Count d'Orsay, perfect in their proportion and striking in their *ensemble*. These I afterwards learnt were the work of Bertolini. At that time the sculptor's art was unpractised by the accomplished French nobleman, or if practised, nothing had then issued beyond the limits of his studio; and the numberless *statuettes* which the auctioneer's hammer sent flying all abroad the other day, had not yet seen the light. Versatile in his talents as he is successful in the exercise of them, Count d'Orsay, at the period of which I speak, confined himself to those admirable *croquis*, which so soon became multiplied into one of the most agreeable galleries of contemporaneous portraiture that have been drawn by one hand.

But if the library, with its white and gold *boiserie*, its green and amber brocade, its doors lined with plate glass, its golden flambeaux and antique-shaped candlesticks, gave an idea of luxurious embellishment; how much more was that impression heightened by the splendid decoration of the drawing-room adjoining, the approach to which was by a small lobby at the northern extremity of the apartment! Gorgeous with crimson and gold, and reflecting its brightness in countless mirrors and looking-glasses, which reached mostly from the floor to the ceiling, and lit in the midst by one enormous chandelier with its shivering pendants of rainbow dye, it seemed as if it were beyond the power of art to add to the display of ornament. And this, perhaps, was true; but art which was not the upholsterer's or the jeweller's had been busy at work on the walls, banishing all else from the mind when once you gazed upon it.

Byron somewhere in his journal speaks of a picture by Titian or Giorgione, which seemed to light up the place where he beheld it, filling the

eye to the exclusion of everything beside. The same effect was produced when one looked on the exquisite portrait of Lady Blessington which hung over the lobby entrance. No painter of his time, nor scarcely of any other, could so truly as Sir Thomas Lawrence have interpreted the matchless beauty of the original. That smiling face, that dimpled cheek, that rich but fair complexion, that sweet mouth, those clear expressive eyes, that hair of darkest brown sweeping so gracefully over a brow of snow, that bending, speaking attitude, that air of joyousness and tenderness combined! It would seem as if the poet's vision were prophetic, though at the time he wrote the following lines Byron had not yet seen Lady Blessington.

Her glossy hair was cluster'd o'er a brow
Bright with intelligence, and fair and smooth;
Her eyebrows' shape was like the aerial bow,
Her cheek all purple with the beam of youth.

Her brow was white and low; her cheeks' pure dye
Like rosy twilight still with the set sun;
Short upper lips, such lips! that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such.

Rarely before have such charms met in one person, and still more rare has been the endeavour to transfer them to canvass. He who succeeds in such a task, has by that work alone secured for himself an immortality. Lawrence—the modern Vandyke in this branch of his art—has painted many beautiful women, but he never had a subject more worthy of his pencil. This enchanting portrait has now become the property of the Marquis of Hertford, who acquired it for 320 guineas—but little more than half the sum that Lawrence used to receive for an ordinary portrait.

From such a picture to the fac-simile produced by the skill of the modeller, the transition is natural. In a small boudoir, the only drawback to which was that it looked out upon the stables, lay reclined upon a velvet cushion, and carefully protected by a glass shade from the blackening air, a pair of hands modelled in silver after those of Lady Blessington. Small, and round, and dimpled, with long taper fingers and arching nails, the sculptor never met with a finer study. What was given for them I know not, though even as a work of art they were worth any price, but at the sale they went for 34*l*. “The hands of old gave hearts,” Othello says;—Lady Blessington's heart has scarcely gone with her hands. Whoever the purchaser may be, let him content himself with the fragments which fortune has thrown into his lap.

The companion portrait to the one just now described was that of the late Earl of Blessington, also by Lawrence, and valuable as a specimen of his style.

Having got on the subject of art, I may as well enumerate here a few of the principal works scattered through different parts of the house; less on account of their intrinsic merit, than from so many of them having been produced by one who was so long the leader of the English world of fashion. They served also, in a very interesting degree, to illustrate the friendships and feelings which predominated in Gore House. The name of Napoleon was there a worshipped one. Not only did his portrait appear in various places, but more than one bust and several sta-

tuettes, in marble, in bronze, and other materials, were to be seen. Josephine, of whom there was one miniature, was chiefly represented by objects in which elegance and utility were mingled—as, for instance, in the china and ornamental furniture that came from Malmaison. Of the little King of Rome there was also a miniature by Isabey, set round with false diamonds—the moral of his brief career.

No less conspicuous than the memorials of the Emperor were those of his great opponent the Duke of Wellington, who has not himself been neglectful of the respect due to the departed hero. In the drawing-room hung the three-quarter-length profile of the duke, painted by Count D'Orsay, from which the well-known engraving has been taken. The *pendant* to it, the Marquis of Wellesley, was by the same hand. A like spirit of antagonism was apparent whichever way one turned. Here was O'Connell—there Lord Lyndhurst; and the party-wall between them—now leaning one way, now the other—was the versatile, “wind-changing” Brougham. Absolute power and the right divine were figured under the semblances of the Emperor Nicholas and the King of Hanover; liberty, under that of Massaniello—the painter, in this case, being Salvator Rosa himself. This portrait, one of the most interesting in the collection at Gore House, came from the Belvidere Palace at Naples, and was sold for fifty-five guineas. In one place was a likeness of Lord Byron, and in another that of Walter Savage Landor, whom, as I think, he too savagely assailed in *Don Juan*: the first of these pictures, a very clever and interesting production, was by Count D'Orsay; the painter of the second might be recognised by the pencilled inscription alone, the words “*jour à gauche*” being the shibboleth of Chalon.

The facile hand of Count D'Orsay had, in one instance, assembled a very amusing groupe on the lawn beneath. A large cow forms the great object of attraction, and, gazing on it admiringly—never was cow luckier—are Edwin Landseer, to whom every beast of the field owes homage; the gay and good-humoured Earl of Chesterfield—(his ancestor, most likely, would have taken off his hat to the august animal)—and the clever artist himself. Slowly approaching on the other side, are the Duke of Wellington and Lady Blessington, linked arm-in-arm; and in the distance appear the beautiful girls whose faces have happily been brought nearer to our gaze in other pictures than they are presented here. It could not as a work of art be estimated very highly, but it was interesting from the associations connected with it.

The various specimens which Edwin Landseer, Wilkie, Etty, Maclise, Grant, and Chalon, had added to the collection at Gore House, attested still further the intimacy of its owner with the world of art; and the names one read off from the bookshelves confirmed the impression that the greatest living literary celebrities of England found a ready and hospitable welcome there. Of these I shall take occasion to speak presently.

The interruption to my wanderings round the room came in the most agreeable form, in the person of the fair hostess; and the pleasant *tête-à-tête* that followed, which revived many happy recollections, was not broken in upon for some minutes. A Persian visitor might, in the hyperbole of his language, have compared Lady Blessington's carpet to the

celebrated one in the "Arabian Nights," which transported all who trod on it wherever they wished to go; but Oriental exaggeration was unnecessary, the truth being that every one who pressed it with their feet found that they had realised their greatest wish in remaining where they were.

As I had been the first comer, I had the advantage—no slight one to a stranger—of hearing the various guests announced, so that I caught their names more readily when I was afterwards introduced. The earliest arrival was that of Dr. Q——, into whose lively, laughing, good-natured face it was impossible to look without feeling assured that a kind, warm, heart responded to the outward sign. There is no profession in which such true benevolence is shown as in that of the medical man: I have found it so in my own country under the most trying circumstances, and every one who knows Dr. Q—— is well aware that his practice is closely modelled on the example of the good Samaritan. He had adopted the homœopathic principle in the medical treatment of his patients, but there was no homœopathy in the distribution of his charity and kindness. I made acquaintance with him at sight, and the draft is still honoured whenever presented.

In striking contrast both of person and manner to the hearty, buoyant, and somewhat sturdy physician, was the next comer, Mr. A—— F——. Unusually tall and thin, and of colourless aspect, a grave expression on his features seemed at the first glance to denote the man who had sacrificed his own health in searching after the secret of preserving that of others; but the moment he spoke, the smile that played round his mouth, and the light that shone in his eye, fitly heralded the playful wit that fell from the lips of one of the most observant men of the world. Epigrammatic in speech, his style in writing was yet more keenly pointed; and many a political opponent would rather have been exposed to the heaviest thunder of the *Times* than to the quick summer-lightning (for after all there was no "forked malice" in it) of the E——r.

The D—— of B——t came next, a man of fashion with a great historic name, and preserving at fifty all the manners and much of the personal appearance which had "witch'd the world," when as the gay and dashing W—— he wore the brilliant uniform of the —th Hussars before he exchanged the dragoon's saddle for the driving box of the B—— coach. Good-natured and hospitable in an eminent degree, he did the honours of his princely seat in W——shire in a way to excite the regret of his numerous friends that one with so large a heart should ever be circumscribed for means.

Him followed closely three younger men, all bearing the same Christian name, but having little other resemblance between them. These, I found, were amongst the latest horsemen in the park, whom I had unwittingly consigned to the solitude of club dinners. The first was Lord A—— P—— t, tall, heavy limbed, and darked-browed, hereditarily skilful alike in horsemanship and yachting, but taking to the last perhaps the kindlier of the two. The second was Mr. A—— M——y, slightly made and with fine delicate features—a pet, I was told, amongst the women, who listened with willing ear to his pleasant discourse, pleasant, albeit accompanied by a slight impediment of speech—for where this defect exists, the set-off lies in the rapidity with which the pregnant meaning of the

sentence is shot home when the temporary barrier is overleapt. The third representative of a royal name—one held in veneration even by Republicans as a giver of liberty and diffuser of enlightenment—was *l'ami de la maison*, the accomplished artist-nobleman of whom I have already made frequent mention. There is no need to say anything more of one so well known and so deservedly admired.

But the number of guests was not yet complete. They arrived in the following order :

Slowly, with the foot of age, his head bent forward and his hands extended, came Mr. S—— R——, endowed alike with the gifts of Plutus and Apollo, and enjoying, perhaps, a higher reputation for the possession of each than he deserved. If the couplet ascribed to Lady B—— be really hers, her ladyship seems to have thought his most celebrated poem somewhat over-praised ; it ran thus :

“ Of R——’s Italy, L——tr——ll relates,
That it would have been dish’d were it not for the plates.”

In this opinion I do not, however, coincide, believing some of his Ausonian fragments—above all, those descriptive of Venice—to be the finest he ever wrote, and worthy of themselves alone to place him high amongst poets. Of the peculiarities of which I had heard so much, but one was strikingly exemplified—his “fondness for female admiration. Other men have been anxious to engross the attention of a beautiful woman, before it fell to the lot of Mr. R—— to attempt it ; but very few, I imagine, have tried to turn it in the same direction. Like a young Frenchman whom I formerly knew in Paris, his motto has been—not “*Comme je l’aime !*” but “*Comme elle m’adore !*” Goldsmith is said to have been jealous if a pretty woman attracted more notice than himself ; and it was no uncommon thing for R—— to sulk for a whole evening if the prettiest woman in the company failed to make much of him.

A tall, good-natured looking man, with a curious expression in his eye, and a countenance whose freshness of colour contrasted forcibly with the poet’s pallid hue, came close upon the heels of the latter ; he was welcomed as Lord C——y, a title earned by length of service in the capacity of first commoner of England, and chosen in honour of the distinguished prelate, his father, to perpetuate the memory of a transitory ecclesiastical dignity. Gravity of manner was the compelled attribute of his long-held official position ; but that it was not congenial to him was apparent at once to all who had the pleasure of meeting him in general society. If he did not say brilliant things, he knew how to appreciate them, and, with a great command of language, told a story admirably.

The two last who entered were Captain M—— and Lord C——d. Owing to my long intimacy with Fenimore Cooper, I was anxious to see his rival, the great English naval novelist. His appearance was characteristic of his country and profession ; his manner a little rough and outspoken, but with nothing offensive in its freedom ; his conversation was shrewd and to the purpose, and occasionally revealed those broad traits of humour for which his novels are so famous. When Philip IV. of Spain saw from his palace windows a student with a book, who was walking by the banks of the Manzanares, and who paused every now and then to burst into fits of uncontrollable laughter, he turned to his courtiers and said—

"That fellow is either mad, or reading Don Quixote." A similar story has been told of the author of Peter Simple.

The fair-haired nobleman who closes this list of guests had, to make his presence more acceptable, brought with him a gorgeous portfolio, which he presented to the countess. It was a splendid offering,—the finest thing, indeed, of the kind, that ever I saw. It was exquisitely bound in scarlet velvet, adorned with precious stones; and a coronet inlaid in gold, with various devices round it, indicated the rank of the lady for whom it was designed. In the centre of the cover, instead of ornament was a plain oval mirror set in a delicately-shaped frame of gold; "no picture that could be placed there," the earl gallantly said, "being comparable to the image that would be reflected when Lady Blessington gazed on it."

For the sake of its owner, it is to be regretted that her features had not been daguerretyped in the mirror; in that case, Lord C——'s handsome *cadeau*, for which, I was told, he gave about 200*l.*, would not have been disposed of at something less than 40*l.*

After a few minutes spent in admiration of this costly trifle, dinner was announced; and indiscriminately following our hostess, to whom the D—— of B—— gave his arm, we placed ourselves round the hospitable board. Apicius himself, with Monsieur prefixed to his name, would have been satisfied with the way in which it was spread. If it be true, as has been said by a distinguished gastronome, that "*un estomac à toute épreuve est le premier principe de tout bonheur*," the experimentalist at Lady Blessington's table, exposed to every temptation that variety could offer, need have feared no further test of his capabilities, and, passing safely through the ordeal, might have comfortably established the principle. But the sense of happiness, so far at least as I was concerned, was not limited to the taste, though the excellence of the *cuisine* might, under other circumstances, have been all-sufficient for enjoyment. Gaiety, wit, and good-humour were the sauce with which "*on mangeait son poisson*," and there was no lack of these ingredients.

I was placed between Dr. Q—— and Captain M——; and never, I think, did I meet with two more entertaining companions. Poor M——! I am told that during the last year or two of his life he had become greatly changed; having taken a peculiar turn in matters of religion—more earnest than when he mystified a great artist, his particular friend, by pretending to feel a call towards the Church of Rome. In spite of the subject, it was impossible to avoid laughing as he told the story of his confession, and described the unheard-of iniquities which he laid to his own charge, and the pious horror and simple credulity of his kind-hearted, anxious friend, who had vicariously undertaken to listen to the catalogue of his crimes. The subject led, somehow, from the Catholics to the Jews; and Dr. Q—— amused us by an anecdote of what had recently befallen an acquaintance of his, a Portuguese gentleman—a Roman Catholic, of course—who, after some years' residence in London, was about to return to his own country. This gentleman had some wealthy Hebrew friends, and having experienced a good deal of hospitality from them during his stay, wished to give them some slight token to remember him by. He was a great amateur in wood-carving, and had collected some good specimens, chiefly from Belgium. Amongst them was a fine head of David—neither the painter nor the sculptor,

but the hero-king of Israel. This was offered, and received so readily, that, forgetting he had to do with "the people," he pressed them to accept another subject—of exquisite *travail*—the "Holy Family!"

"No, thankee," said Mr. Solomons, rather drily, "*we don't take any interest in that family.*"

"Perhaps," added Dr. Q——, "it would have been better for them if they did."

The current topics of the day furnished endless subjects for discussion—such, for instance, as the absurd recent attempt of Francis on the life of the Queen—the news from India, of Sale's heroic defence of Jellalabad—the suicide of Lord Congleton—the Chartist camp-meeting in the north, and the marriage of the Marquis of W——d; the last, an event which seemed to have excited more interest in the fashionable world than all the rest put together. This nobleman's eccentricities had long been of so striking a character, that the idea of his being tamed down to matrimony was looked upon as the wildest experiment ever made.

"I was present," said Lord C——d, "at the marriage, in the chapel at Whitehall. A few moments after the bride entered the vestry, very handsome but as pale as marble, W——d came in, with his brother, Lord W. B——. W——d too looked pale, but with that air of determination which a courageous man wears when he is about to venture on an enterprise of danger. He reminded me," added Lord C——, "of nothing so much as of a fellow stepping into the ring, followed by his backer; and I could hardly help offering the odds to my next neighbour."

"For or against him?" asked A—— M——y, with a slight effort.

"In his favour, certainly," replied Lord C——; "and I should win, I'm sure, if I had. People say he will very soon neglect her, and get back to his old kind of life; but after keeping his promise so strictly for a whole year, of never once getting into a row of any kind, I don't think you'll hear any more of W——d's escapades. He has good sense and a good heart, and she is a woman who will bring them both into play, take my word for it."

Every one knows that the result of this singular marriage has justified Lord C——'s prediction, and that no better husband, no kinder landlord, no more useful member of society, is to be met with in the three kingdoms. It is a great triumph for one so dangerously situated as Lady W——d; but she owes it to the high qualities of her own mind.

"Your comparison of a prize-fighter," said Lord C——y, "puts me in mind of what was once said to me by a very beautiful girl on the morning of her marriage. I had breakfasted at her aunt's house in the country, about ten or twelve miles from town, where she was staying, quite alone; and the wedding was to take place in the evening, on a splendid scale, at her grandfather Lord A——'s, in ——— Street. I put her into the carriage, and as I took leave—

"How quiet it all is here!" she said; "it will be rather a different thing by-and-bye, *when I'm brought to the scratch*."

I laughed with the rest at this speech, but could not help saying that no young lady of my acquaintance in the United States would have ventured to make it; on which M—— rallied me on what he was pleased to call the over-refinement of American females, reminding me of the story, which I believe he invented, of Miss ——, of Boston, who, he

said, put the legs of her piano into frilled trousers, and always spoke of the back of her gown as "the western side."

His joke, however, failed to convince me that it was desirable for women of rank to adopt the slang phrases of the clubs, a custom which seems to me to prevail more and more.

"You would have sympathised," said Mr. A—— F——, addressing me across the table, "with a lady of my acquaintance, whose marriage took place under circumstances rather disagreeable to a sensitive person. One of the Indian chiefs who were lately exhibiting, at Exeter or the Egyptian Hall, I forget which, prevailed upon an English girl to become his wife, and they were married at St. Martin's, the parish church in which my friend lived. Her wedding, unluckily, had been fixed for the same day; and to make the matter worse, it was Easter Monday, so that when her party got into the church the crowd they found there, assembled to see the Indian sacrifice, was tremendous; and they had to wait till their turn came. This would not have signified so much, but as the Chipeway warrior did not appear at the altar in his war-paint, with tomahawk and necklace of bears' claws, but was dressed like a respectable London mechanic, half the people present didn't know which was which; and when the Earl of —— left the church with his bride, they were followed by the roaring mob, hurraing and shouting all the way to Spring Gardens; they didn't disperse, either, till they were assured that the *Swift Eagle* and his squaw had embarked in the penny steamer at Hungerford Stairs to spend the honeymoon in Ratcliffe-Highway. My friends had a narrow escape of the marrowbones and cleavers."

"A strange kind of marriage took place the other day," said Dr. Q——, "where I was present. It was the wedding of one of the daughters of Lord E——. He was dying at the time, but would have the ceremony performed in his own drawing-room. He sat propped up in a chair, unable to speak; and the newly-married couple and all the guests filed past him and left him alone, at his own desire—expressed by signs—to die. His death actually took place a few hours afterwards. A marriage contracted under such circumstances ought, in compensation, to turn out a happy one."

"Talking of happy marriages," said Mr. R——s, breaking silence for the first time, "I see that B——, the composer, whose wife ran away from him, has been dubbed with unhacked rapier. He couldn't foresee his domestic misfortune, and is properly enough *be-knighted*."

"He was not alone in his glory," said Lord C——y; "there were a batch of painters similarly graced.—R——s, who I wish would make me a miniature copy of the Lawrence in the next room; A——n, a very worthy fellow, and, next, to Sir D—— W——, the best exponent of Scottish art; and H——r, who has done some clever things in his way, but who spoils all by his intolerable conceit."

"In what way?" I ventured to ask.

"I will give you an instance," replied Lord C——y. "I happened to be at a dinner once where his health was proposed as an ornament to his art. In returning thanks he said he was very much obliged to the proposer, but he felt that he deserved the compliment, 'for,' continued he, 'I always succeed in everything I attempt. It would have been just the same if I had been brought up a poet instead of a painter.'"

"His acquaintance with poetry is, however, not very extensive," said Captain M——. "When I was sitting to him we had some conversation on the subject.

" 'Tom Moore's plays are very fine,' said he.

" 'Plays ! what plays ?' I asked.

" 'Why, his tragedies and comedies.'

" 'He never wrote anything dramatic,' I replied, 'except a piece called *The Blue Stocking*, which had no success.

" 'Indeed !' said H——, 'then who wrote *'She Stoops to Conquer'* ?

" 'Goldsmith.'

" 'Oh, ah, so he did—yes, Goldsmith—ah,—and *Otway* !'

" 'He had a great idea of there having once been a famous author of the name of *Clincher* !'

" 'It's a good job,' said Mr. R——, looking slyly at me, 'that *Clincher* does not live now, to make a fight for his copyright.'

" 'I heard a curious definition of copyright a little while ago,' observed Dr. Q——. 'It was by a cabman. He had taken me a fare on May-day, and there were a great many sweeps in the street. When I paid him I said something about their having blocked up the way.

" 'Oh,' replied he, philosophically, 'they will do it just at this time ; they thinks themselves privileged. Every one on 'em has their own beats. Why, this very mornin', as I was a-drivin' down Cockspur-street, I seed the most ludicrous sight as ever I witnessed. There was two sets o' chummies, one on 'em comin' from Westmister, and tother from Simmerton's-lane, and they met in the street there leadin' into the Park. The Westmister ones was upon their wrong beat. I expected a reg'lar row, but, Lord bless yer, no sich thing. Instead of fightin', they behaved to each other in the most contemptible way possible. My lady she darnces up to her namesick and makes her a low kerchy, as much as to say So much for you, marm ; and t'other returns it in the same affable manner, and there they stands a kerchyng and takin' off of each other till one party was quite driv off the ground, them as was infractin' the privilege of the perrish of Simmerton's. 'It's hard,' pursued my friend the cabman, 'to know your own chummies when they're dizened out so in greens and gold-lace, but they has their beats just as milkmen has their walks, and that's wot I call *the reg'lar law of copyright*.'

This absurd illustration, which I have tried to give as Dr. Q—— repeated it, brought on the general question ; though less was said on the occasion than I suspect would have been the case had I not been present, for the subject could scarcely be discussed without reference to America. My own opinion, however, was given without reserve ; nor have I since seen reason to change it, every day's experience of the labours of a literary life convincing me that wherever a common language is spoken the author should have protection. Where the husbandman casts his seed, he ought to gather in the crop.

Lady Blessington changed the theme, and led the conversation to more agreeable topics, discoursing with infinite grace on all she touched upon,—poetry, the fine arts, the drama, literature, incidents of travel, and anecdotes of the many remarkable persons with whom she had been acquainted abroad and at home. Byron, Lawrence, Canova, Mezzofanti, Lafayette, Sismondi, Cuvier, Gasimir Perrier, Scott, Moore, Dickens, Carlyle, were passed in review, with many more ; and for all she had something to say that illustrated the particular genius of each. Count

D'Orsay also showed that the talent of the *raconteur*, a talent which his countrymen cultivate so successfully, was one of the many which nature and education had joined to endow him with; nor was what he said less piquant from the peculiar accent with which he spoke English. I cannot remember a tithe of the stories told either by him or the other guests, and I fear that those I have been able to recal will give but a very imperfect idea of the general style of the conversation.

One slight anecdote, however, clings to my recollection, that amusingly exemplifies the facility with which people of the world forget their dearest friends. Count D'Orsay told it of the Countess of D——, when verging on her ninetieth year. This old lady was always a strict observer of birthdays, not only her own but those of all her friends. One morning, on examining the calendar, she found it was the fête of Miss L——, a spinster of sixty, whom she had known nearly half a century. She desired her gardener to cut a fine bouquet in the conservatory, and then drove off some seven or eight miles to lunch with Miss L——, and present her offering. When the carriage drew up at her friend's door, a very dismal-looking servant made his appearance.

"I've come to lunch with Miss L——," said Lady D——, popping her head out of the carriage-window.

"If you please, my lady," replied the man, advancing, "mistress died this morning at half-past six o'clock."

"Bless my heart!" exclaimed Lady D——, "dead! how shocking!" Then, looking at her watch, "Coachman, drive to Mrs. P——'s; I shall be just in time for luncheon there."

She was so, and without saying a word about its original destination, presented the bouquet which she had intended for her deceased friend to the *live* luncheon-giver. I thought, as this story was being told, that it sounded just like a bit of gossip from Madame de Sevigné.

In the evening many additions were made to the dinner-guests; some, like Lords C—— and M——, noted for their position in the world of fashion; others, such as B—— and T——, skilled in diplomacy; others again celebrated for their various talents—like G——, the famous surgeon; L——, the clever lithographic artist; S—— K——, the dramatist; J—— F——, the accomplished and acute critic; L——, the wondrous pianoforte player; Lord D—— S——, the firm friend, not only of suffering Poland, but of all who suffer; and the two handsome brothers, Charles and Frank S——n, whom neither wit nor beauty could save from an early tomb. Some of the *habitués* were absent, whom I should have been glad enough to have met; and in the list of absentees were the two ex-chancellors; M——, the poet, whose journeys to London, always like angels' visits, have now, unhappily, ceased altogether; C—— D——, of world-wide reputation, whom I missed seeing when he visited the States; Sir E—— B——, in the zenith of his literary fame; and, not less earnestly desired because the thing was impossible, Prince Louis Napoleon, a prisoner then in a dreary fortress in Picardy, and now the President of Republican France!

The absence of these might be regretted, but I found enough, and more than enough, in Gore House that evening, to reconcile me even to greater disappointment; and the recollection of the kind reception which was given to a comparative stranger, will live among the memories which I cherish most.

It was with altered feelings that I bent my way to Gore House at the beginning of last month. I had only been in England a few days, and already found—besides what the public papers had told, of little as well as of great events—that more change had happened than the heart would willingly have been cognizant of. Not the least painful intelligence was the announcement that the hospitable owner of Gore House had suddenly quitted the scene of which she had so long been the principal ornament; and not only gone, but without any prospect of return, for the sale of everything the house contained was to take place the following week.

I was unwilling, in the first instance, to go near the spot; but the desire once more and for the last time to visit a place where I had spent so many happy hours, and something also of the wish to possess myself of some slight relic, on which I might fix beforehand, prevailed over my first resolution; and instead of going down to the flower-show at Chiswick, whither everybody was hurrying, I stopped short at Kensington.

Both gates were wide open; and, amidst an array of street-cabs, hurrying to avoid the storm which suddenly came pelting down, I forced my way into the vestibule, no longer lined with well-dressed servants, but thronged by curious idlers and scowling bailiffs. It was difficult to believe that I was actually in the same house again; but the mute tokens of the taste and genius, not yet displaced, which gleamed from the walls and met my gaze at every turn, only too surely convinced me that there was no delusion. . . . Pierre's description of the ruin in Jaffier's house was fully realised; the ruffians were there, "lording it o'er the heaps of massive plate;" men in possession, insolently loling in brocaded chairs, measured the visitors with a scrutinising eye, as if doubtful of their honesty; long-aproned men, in paper caps, answered indifferently, "Yes," and "No," to the numerous questions put to them; and busy brokers scuffled through the crowd, offering their cards and tendering their services to possible purchasers. In one place a number of stooping figures were bent over a curious cabinet, or a portfolio of rare prints; in another, a group were eagerly discussing, with loud-voiced criticism, the merits of a picture, of which they neither knew the subject nor the artist; some were laboriously following their catalogues, and bewildering themselves inextricably in wrong rooms, insisting upon it that a boudoir was a study, and a bed-chamber a dining-room; while others, tired to death of staring at objects that did not interest them, and fatigued with the heat and the crowd, stole off into quiet corners and composed themselves to sleep. One party consisted of a bevy of fine ladies: Lady J—— was their leader—who scornfully, but no less eagerly, examined the thousand objects of *virtù*, of which they had, doubtless, heard much, and longed still more to see, perhaps even to possess. To a worshipper of the gentler virtues which adorn the female character, it was not a gratifying spectacle; and I thought more than once that forbearance, if not pity, would have set off those ladies even more than the witty and sarcastic comments in which they indulged.

And what a profusion of beautiful things were gathered together in the rooms up-stairs, which I had never yet seen!

First, there was Lady Blessington's study, where the thirty or forty volumes of clever novels, travels, and biographies—sketches—the authorship of which she has acknowledged—have, for the greater part, been

written. The place of honour was now usurped by a stout, vulgar, over-dressed fellow of Jewish physiognomy, who had adorned his huge fingers with heavy, glittering rings, as if that were any justification for the exposure of his coarse ungloved hands. Sullen and watchful, there was no mistaking who he was; and I gladly turned away to look at a sketch of poor L. E. L., in whose mournful fate, without knowing her personally, I had deeply sympathised. Many other portraits also interested me greatly; one of them, a miniature copy of Lawrence's picture, painted on Hanoverian china. I have always been fond of porcelain paintings, though I do not quite agree with Madame Jacotot, who once showed me in Paris a very valuable collection of miniatures which she had been commissioned to execute for Charles X.; and after dilating on their merits, *more Gallici*, summed up by saying that that style of art was imperishable. "A moins qu'on ne le casse pas," was my reply; on which Madame Jacotot shut down the lid of her casket, and wished me good morning.

There was one set of objects under a glass case which was amusing enough to look at, particularly for a republican. It consisted of a number of little painted figures, representing the court and household of the King of Hanover, stiff and stately and ridiculous as the German originals. They seemed as closely affined to ceremonials as Polonius himself. Here again were statuettes, vases, clocks, flambeaux; and a hundred nameless contrivances for the display of ornament. One portfolio or album, richly bound in morocco, had nothing now but its binding and its golden clasps to attract the purchaser. It was locked, and the key was gone, but the leaves had all been cut out, with a hasty, and, as I fancied from the broken line of the paper, a trembling hand. It told its own story and the ruin of the house as completely as the richest amongst the objects sacrificed to the mercy of a callous creditor. I fixed on this as the relic I wished to preserve, and I had scarcely a competitor for its purchase. Of the rarer things in this room were a miniature of Madame de Maintenon, ascribed in the catalogue to Petitot, but denounced in my hearing as a copy only, by a well-known Hebrew curiosity-dealer; a silver-gilt old Italian knife, fork, and spoon, set with turquoises, once the actual property of the lucky widow of Scarron, whose authenticity the Jew did not venture to contest; a ring with a black pearl found in the East by Lord Byron, and given by him to Lady Blessington when so much in her society at Genoa; a gold enamelled vinaigrette, which once had been Napoleon's; a pair of Gondola bracelets set with precious stones, the gift to Lady Blessington of the King of Naples; rings that had belonged to royal dukes; and golden medals scattered at coronations.

From the study I passed into a gallery running through the depth of the house, and with a bed-room on the north side filled with works of art of every description, the most precious being drawings and sketches by Edwin Landseer, Maclise, and other modern English celebrities. To enumerate them all would be impossible in this place, so that the mention of a few must suffice—such, for instance, as the original sketch in sepia of that beautiful picture "The Challenge," by E. Landseer, which went at the sale for twenty-six guineas; the portrait of Montaigne, the canine Chancellor, by the same hand, still further immortalised (lucky dog) in the great picture now in the Duke of Devonshire's collection at Chiswick, and fetching in this sale the sum of nineteen guineas; a clever

blackbird, in appropriate black chalk, which looked as if it could sing but wouldn't in such a crowd, and afterwards gave itself away out of spite for five guineas; a singular drawing of a Centaur, with the features of Count d'Orsay substituted for those of Nessus, by Lane; some pretty landscapes by E. Landseer, and a spirited sketch by him in pen and ink of the single-stringed wizard Paganini; an etching of a Scotch terrier on its hind legs begging, which according to Landseer's own description was "etched and bit-in in half an hour at Buckingham Palace, and drawn from recollection,"—this brought 22*l.*; a wonderfully amusing sketch by MacIse of Count d'Orsay painting the great O'Connell, treated satirically, which sold for ten guineas; a curious book of ornamental sketches by old masters from the antique, for which a Spanish gentleman gave at the sale thirty-four guineas; and finally, two noble portfolios filled with portraits by Count d'Orsay of "the aristocracy and distinguished political and literary characters of the day," a collection which was well worth the 165 guineas which was given for it by a bookseller in Bond-street. These *silhouettes* are of a kind never surpassed for accuracy of likeness and delicacy of treatment, and constitute Count d'Orsay's greatest claim to rank high in the artistical world.

In the *adyta penetralia* of the mansion—the dressing-room and bedroom of Lady Blessington—amidst crowds of costly and beautiful objects, there was one that was interesting from the associations which surrounded it. At the further extremity of the inner apartment the eye was attracted to a superb bedstead, which reflected the rich blue satin hangings and fine muslin curtains with which it was decorated, in a large pier glass let into the wall behind it. The bedstead itself, of white and gold, was richly carved; but it owed its chief value to the fact of its having once belonged to Josephine Beauharnais. Under that canopy the discredited empress, and repudiated wife, had sighed through many a sleepless night, mourning the loss of him whom love had been unable to bind; and haply foreseeing with prophetic eye the bitter future reserved to avenge her for his misplaced ambition. An upholsterer carried off his bedstead—figuratively—for something short of 20*l.* Of sofas and cheval glasses, tripods, what-nots, commodes, ottomans, *étagères*, tables of marqueterie, and garde-robes of boules, I shall say nothing; but I cannot pass over a charming toilet-glass in a silver frame, which, in spite of its mounting, was never, I am sure, open to the reproach cast by William Spencer on the silver furniture of the Prince Regent—that it made all the people in the room look like spectres. One thing I noticed in the catalogue, which, in the confusion of the crowded room, I could not discover. It was thus quaintly described:—"A curious ancient watch, with enamel revolving star, which, when wound up, *plays on the forehead of Madame de Pompadour.*" The forehead of the royal favourite has long been laid low in a grave upon which no star has ever shone! I was more successful in getting a glimpse of another singular ornament, shaped like a beetle, of dark green enamel, which, when it fluttered its wings, disclosed a small watch beneath them.

The jewels— But no—I should so imperfectly describe what—owing to the throng of ladies—I so imperfectly saw, that it is better to leave the list of them to the reader's imagination.

Had I been a rich man— But this is one of my numberless day dreams.

And Gore House now is but a dream!

MEN AND THINGS IN THE NEW WORLD OF AUSTRALIA.

PART V.

THE STATION—THE SQUATTER—DOCTOR BROWNE.

AN hour and a half's canter, the cattle being driven in a compact mob before us, brought us to the "station" of the friend I was journeying to see. We had turned off from the extensive flat I had been travelling on since early morning, and got amidst low undulations of grassy country, thinly covered with stunted gum-trees, among which a small "creek," or rivulet, wound its course—now dry, after the manner of Australian water-courses in the hot season, save here and there a small "water-hole." The country about was of that character which showed that the occupier who had selected it was well versed in the mystery of choosing sheep-walks; while the precise locality of the station bore every evidence of pastoral skill and experience.

My friend's personal residence was within fifty yards of a good large water-hole, which in the rainy season would be connected by the creek, with several other of these ponds both above and below it. Round these the gum-trees grew large and shady. The mansion was erected on the slope of a hill, and was what is called a *slab-hut*, that is, a hut constructed of rough split gum timber, placed in the ground stockade-fashion; the openings between each slab being filled up with mud. The roof was of bark, and was laid on with unusual neatness and regularity. As a thing of the kind, the hut was a very promising domicile. Its size was, perhaps, some five-and-twenty feet by fourteen. In the rear was a smaller building of the same kind, which did duty as a kitchen. A hundred yards off, and near another water-hole, stood a second group of huts—comprising a large one for several of the men to live in who were attached to the station, and two smaller ones respectively appropriated to an overseer and my companion the stockman. Contiguous to these were the "stock-yards" for cattle and sheep. Midway between the master's hut and the men's, was a small garden, an unusual sight in such a locality, and which looked as if some attention had been paid to it; but it was a bad time of the year for Australian horticulture. It exhibited some young fruit-trees which had been brought from the settled parts of the colony in the beginning of the spring, and now looked pretty sickly, and quite unconscious of their honourable function as the destined progenitors of many smiling orchards in the hereafter of these regions.

Before turning the foot of a hill by which the above scene was suddenly revealed to us, the noise of our approach had been heard by a dozen dogs of various breeds and all ages, who flew round to meet us with furious barking, until checked by the well-known voice of the stockman, and a threatening flank with his whip. Here were kangaroo-dogs (a cross between greyhound and some stronger dog), wire-haired terriers, a white bull-dog or two, a brace of pointers, and an allowance of Scotch shepherd's-dogs. Soon detecting that we were no enemies, the whole tribe fell to furious romping, in the course of which they so hustled and terrified a poor old black woman, who was seated munching a piece of "damper" near to one of the ponds, that she, well knowing the canine antipathies to her race, began to escape from an apprehended baiting

by fairly taking to the water, and, with astonishing skill and expedition, swimming to the opposite shore. This she did lying on her back, using her legs as a motive power with great vigour, while in her mouth she bravely carried off her bread. When she landed she walked off with moody dignity, not uttering a word or giving a look behind her.

My friend was out taking a short turn with his next neighbour, a squatter who lived five-and-forty miles off; and seeing my nag placed under a shed, and gratified, by the kind providence of the stockman, with the unusual boon of a feed of Indian corn, I turned into the hut.

I had time to contemplate the interior of my friend's abode. The walls were of the rough slabs; the floor was the bare soil, well swept. The fire-place was a deep recess, constructed of sods of earth and stone. A rude mantel-piece displayed some objects of *virtù*, and over it were fowling-pieces and pistols, all in excellent order. A large sofa, an amateur piece of carpentry, was on one side; that, with a mattress upon it, served as a bed to a visitor. It was now covered with a large "kangaroo rug," tidily adjusted. A table in the centre of the apartment was an importation from the civilised world. A few book-shelves were filled with standard works. Over the sofa was a portrait of a highly respectable gentleman, in powder, who, from costume, should have flourished at the period of the first French revolution. He was smiling very blandly; and I could not help thinking how little the original had dreamt, when seated before the limner, of his effigy some sixty years after being hung up in a hut at the antipodes. It was the father of my host, who had, with filial piety, brought it across the globe, and assigned to it its present somewhat incongruous position. A fiddle hung by a nail, and had the cut of a good one, which indeed it was. A white cockatoo stood gravely on a stand in one corner—a well-bred bird, who only raised his crest as I came in, and closed it as I seated myself. On a side-table were two skulls: one, of a white man speared by the blacks; the other, of a black shot by the whites. They were illustrations of comparative anatomy, but they might be aids to contemplation on graver subjects.

The hut was divided by a partition of slabs, so as to give two-thirds of its length to the sitting apartment; the other third was the bed-room. The door being open discovered the interior of the dormitory, where stood a brass camp bedstead, and all the appliances of a comfortable toilette. In a word, my friend's establishment was that of a man who had reconciled the decencies of civilisation with the bush life. There was an unostentatious blending of the *rooms* of the bachelor in England and the ordinary squatter's hut; which latter, in the majority of cases, as far as my experience goes, is chiefly remarkable for being very rough, ready, and dirty.

Here was my friend, a man of good breeding, who had succeeded to a reduced patrimony; belonging to no profession, but provided with a hardy constitution, enterprising habits, invincible good humour, and an instinctive sagacity, which saved him from being victimised, as so many young settlers are, by those among the "old hands" who have the disposal of good bargains. He resolved to turn squatter; and here we have him, a resident of some years on the extremest boundary of the settled regions of Australia—a master of extensive flocks; surrounded with rough characters as shepherds and stockmen, but managing them with a good-natured resolution that was very effective in keeping order.

I had not seen him for ten years—since, in fact, we had journeyed together in other lands, very remote from where we now met.

I had not been seated for a longer time than was necessary to note the interior economy of my friend's abode, when he made his appearance, accompanied by a tall, bony, red-haired Scotchman, his *neighbour* before mentioned, who lived the length of a good sized English county away from our present locality. Our meeting had all that cordiality which distinguishes the interviews of English friends when they meet, not only after a separation of many years, but in scenes remote from those of their former intimacy. There is a double surprise, in such cases, in establishing the identity of the man before you with the man you once knew; and the pleasure of old recollections is enhanced by that kind of incredulity which leads one to say to the other, "Can it really be you?"

Of the outer man of my friend (whom, to give him a name, I shall call Mr. Egerton) I shall merely say that he was a tall, big fellow, past thirty. He was now dressed in a blouse with a broad belt, and in his right hand he held a large stick, with which he had just killed the long brown snake trailing from his left; for my friend was curious in snakes, and had a large assortment of their skins stuffed. Nay, I may even hint, that he carried on a scientific correspondence on the subject with a Scotch and a German naturalist; and it was with an elation which partook more of vanity than generally belonged to his character, that he imparted to me that the German had christened a particular species of the reptile after him.

"And indeed it was only fair," said he, "for it is certain I was the first to bring that species to light; and it was in vain that a French traveller argued that my snake had been found, in 1813, in Patagonia."

I am afraid I affected a greater interest in this snake controversy than I really possessed; but every squatter takes to his hobby, and this was my friend's, and he rode it with an honest enthusiasm which bespoke your respect.

The tall Scotchman begged his horse.

"Then you won't stay the day with me and my friend, Doctor?"

"No, not to-day. I should be *vara happy*, but this petition requires to be seen to. It is of *graat* importance to all our interests, as you weel know."

"Well, Doctor, since you think so, I will not venture to detain you from such pressing public duties."

So the Scot took his departure, and left Egerton and myself to our mutual inquiries. Reverting at length to the object of this good gentleman's visit, my friend remarked as follows:—

"This Dr. Browne is a very good fellow, and a very active, steady settler. He does not profess to follow his calling as a surgeon, but he is always ready to ride fifty miles to dress a wound, or set a broken limb, or dose a man for fever; but a man must take to something in the bush, and Dr. Browne is the great political agitator, as well as bone-setter, of this part of the country. He is really clever in that line as well as the other. About once a quarter I find I have been greatly oppressed as a true-born Briton: I should scarcely have known of it but for the Doctor. When once he has started a new grievance, he sallies forth on a circuit of agitation. A short while back he strove hard to get a great council of

squatters together at his hut, but it is rather difficult to induce twenty or thirty flock-masters all at the same time to leave their stations on such an errand, even supposing them to be generally predisposed to this kind of occupation. So he becomes a peripatetic politician, and attacks us in detail."

"And is he successful in this self-imposed mission of his?"

"On the whole I think he is. The majority of us, perhaps, don't care much about the matter, one way or other; but it is easier to assent than argue with so powerful a controversialist. In order to fortify his opinions, I have known him travel with a volume of Blackstone, and Hallam's 'Constitutional History of England,' so that if any of us were slow in being convinced by reason we were silenced by authority. But by some he is regarded with great respect, as an oracle of political wisdom. It fortunately happens that there is not a particle of malice in his composition; for if he were one of your crabbed, ill-conditioned patriots, I, for one, should not tolerate his visits. As it is, I rather find him a relief; and he has the sense not to go his rounds at the busy seasons. When we are shearing we have no time to be wronged. When work is flat, a grievance is acceptable: it breaks into the monotony of this kind of life."

"I observed he had now a petition—that long roll I saw obtruding from his shooting-coat pocket, I presume?"

"Yes; that is a petition about our 'tenures:' his last was to secure for us squatters a participation in the elective franchise, on certain qualifications appropriate to our pastoral habits—as the possession of a certain number of *unencumbered sheep*; for, as you know, our sheep, or the fleeces on their backs, are subject to a kind of mortgage-law. All practical obstacles that could be started to his plans were demolished by his provident sagacity. At every station Browne held forth, stigmatising our condition as that of Russian serfs. I could not resist the observation, that I was rejoiced to find Russian serfs were so well off! Now our object is, having seized upon principalities of wild land, to get a legal interest in them: I believe in this we are quite right, and our claims altogether reasonable. In some measure we squatters revert to the law of nature. We come as human beings, to occupy a portion of our planet hitherto unappropriated: we, by our occupation, render it productive, and give it a small value: hereupon our authorities grow jealous, and talk about the rights of the crown, with all the pedantry of a chamber conveyancer, whose notion of 'lands' is associated with parks and corn-fields in an English county. But I would desire to be reasonable: some of my friends pretty broadly hint that nothing but the fee-simple will satisfy them; but let me have a few years' unmolested occupation, and I am well content."

(It may be here mentioned, that the home government have recently legislated on this subject in a very liberal, if not too liberal a spirit, in reference to the interests of the squatters. But discussion is not the object of these stray notes.)

In answer to my question how he liked this kind of life, Egerton replied that he did not like it at all if he permitted himself to think about the matter; but he devoted the utmost attention to the occupations he had embarked in, to which he was indebted for a greater amount of

success than fell to the share of his neighbours generally. Then he had learned to find amusement in the natives ; natural history (of reptiles more especially) engrossed some of his attention ; and he kept up his taste for music by practising on his fiddle with a regularity which would have charmed his old German professor.

"So I find the seasons roll by very quickly ; but as I see the rewards of my perseverance increasing to a pretty large figure, I find a growing desire to return to the Old World. I think in another year I shall be disposed to cut the concern, if I can but get rid of my stock and runs on fair terms. As we generally alternate in this part of the globe between panics and speculative fevers, I think we are entitled to expect good prices next year : if we get them, I sell ; and then good-bye to Australian shepherding."

T H E T H R E E W I S H E S.

BY MRS. ACTON TINDAL.

———Nihil est ab omni
Parte beatum.—*Hor. Od. 16; Lib. 2.*

I.

I SAW two youths, and one fair child beside them,
Discoursing idly of their coming days,
And marvelling what fortunes might betide them,
Threading with fancy's clue life's future maze.
The sun shone on them and around—the earth
Was glad as their own hearts with vernal mirth.

II.

The eldest-born spoke first—on every feature
Beamed fiery genius yet untamed by grief;
A frank, and brave, unchastened, generous creature,
Whose faults and virtues stood in bold relief :
"I ask for fame," he said, "o'er crowds to blaze—
Give me the scholar's lore, the poet's bays!"

III.

The second spoke—cold, calm, and unimpassioned—
He asked for wealth, and power that wealth might gain;
In stronger mould, and coarser, he was fashioned;
Less vivid were his joys, less keen his pain;
He asked for length of days, and hours of ease,
Menials to serve him, courtier friends to please.

IV.

The fair child spoke—"I would there were no sighing,
No tears to wipe away, where I may dwell;
Unknown the mystery and the fear of dying,
Unheard in that bright land the cold farewell;
Here change and darkness come o'er all things fair,
And living eyes grow dim 'neath brows of care.

V.

A year had passed—gay was the new May morning;
The birds were warbling in the budding trees,
While nature sprang to life—in solemn warning,
The knell of death resounded on the breeze—
White plumes were floating o'er the funeral train;
They bore the young to earth's cold arms again.

VI.

Yes! the three friends were there; but two were weeping
In mourning garments next the funeral bier,
While the fair child beneath the pall was sleeping,
Dried up the fountain of each human tear!
His wish was granted, and the child was blest—
For God had given His beloved rest!

VII.

Years flitted by—the glory had departed,
And life's enchantment faded from the eye
Of him, the bard—the brave, the lofty-hearted—
Who bent to fame in proud idolatry—
Yet his the wide applause he once desired,
Him wondering crowds had followed and admired.

VIII.

Of what avail to him the praises spoken
By stranger tongues, the tears that dew his lays?
Old ere his time, in strength and spirit broken,
Sad was the evening of the poet's days!
Wreaths deck his tomb, and anthems lull his rest,
And spirits like his own declare him best.

IX.

And he who asked for wealth—his prayer was granted;
Unharm'd, his argosies the seas restore;
Jaundiced the ingots seemed for which he panted,
Yet still insatiate, still he thirsts for more.
Human affections in his heart grow cold,
And o'er their ashes cowers the lust of gold!

X.

Yes! mark his furrowed brow—the fitful gleaming,
Sudden and anxious, of his sunken eye—
He knows not whom to trust, how'er fair-seeming;
The love he never sought, no wealth can buy;
He fears his neighbour, and he hates his heir—
For Heaven hath cursed him—granting him his prayer!

XI.

Be wise! and leave with God the coming years;
Thy future, as thy past, before him lies.
Shrine in thy heart no idol—doubts and fears
Perplex our fancy-woven destinies!
Trust Him in time and death; be still, and wait;
The silver lines of mercy thread thy fate!

THE SAND-STORM.

A CORNISH LEGEND.

BEING THE SECOND STORY OF THE "LITTLE OLD MAN ;"

AS RECOUNTED

BY FATHER POODLES, P.P.

CHAPTER I.

JAN KALNORF'S LUGGER.

MANY were the people that were collected on the old jetty of the old town of Lelant, anxiously looking seaward.

"What is the matter, my good people?" asked a quiet-looking man, dressed in black, and wearing the peculiar dress of the priests of those days. "What are ye all so anxious about; no accident, I hope—no one drowned?"

"No, Father Paul," answered an old fisherman; "there's no one drowned that we've heered tell o' yet, but God only knows when there may be."

"Why—why what makes ye say that, Ben?" inquired the priest.

"Why, Jan Kalnorf's lugger hasn't arrived."

"Not arrived!" exclaimed the priest, "why, she should have been here four days ago, and the wind has been favourable too. Bless me! it's very strange!"

"She has good reason, no doubt, for staying away," said one of the king's officers, who seemed from his dress to be the commander.

The wind, which had been blowing pretty fresh all day, suddenly lulled; every one seemed struck with the change. The sails and flags of the little vessels, which had but a minute before been distended with the gale, now hung motionless against the masts; and the sun, which was just setting, went down with a lurid red behind the old town of St. Ives, which could be just seen across the "Bay," as the gloom of night crept on.

"Mark my words," cried Ben, as he pointed towards the now set sun; "there are many here who'll never see that rise again." A shudder ran through the crowd at his words.

"God forbid!" exclaimed the priest.

Dark masses of clouds now began to rise in the horizon, but not a breath of wind was felt; presently the waves increased, and flung themselves with a hoarse-sounding noise upon the shore, and the boats and vessels swung heavily at their anchors. The bell of the chapel close by began to toll for vespers, and its melancholy sounds, as it rolled along the valley of St. Erth, added to the awfulness of the scene.

"That's the death knell of many of us here," said Ben.

"But what makes you think so?" inquired the priest.

"Why, they say there's an old tradition, that when—but I haven't it exactly—Old Michael Cardew, there, he knows all about it, and every one believes it. Michael! Michael!" he shouted to an old grey-headed

man, leaning on a stick, "come here and tell Father Paul what you were telling us all the other night."

"Ah!" said the old man, as he hobbled forward, "es aal nau use now, cheldurn."

"Where can Jan's lugger be? I can't possibly tell what can have delayed him, and the night is getting fearfully dark; and hark! how the sea begins to roar," said Ben.

"Yes, and the beacon on Pendinas isn't lit yet. What can those sleepy St. Ives men be about?" said the priest.

"Ah! that's just like um," said another; "if it ud been 'Ilevah,' now, and a graat skat o' fish, they'd be sharp enough ess, iss gest like um."

"Who says that, I'd jest like for to nau?" said a man dressed like a fisherman.

"Why, I says it, Jan."

"Thee says it! thee ut a lierd if thee says aanything 'gainst St. Ives men; and if thee saas it gen I'll gie thee the best kelping thee'st iver had. Why, I'll skat the head o' the off, if thee doesn't hauld the tongue."

A bright gleam of light now shot up from the headland referred to, and put an end to the angry disputants, who might have gone further than words.

"For even in those days," said the little old man, "Hayle men and St. Ives men were never very great friends."]

"God be praised," said the priest, "there goes the beacon."

The wind now began to rise, and rush with fearful violence up the valley between the Towards of Hayle and Lelant, carrying the sand with it in such clouds as to compel the crowd on the jetty to disperse.

"God only knows," said Ben, "where this will end; the sands are lifting, and if there's any truth in what old Michael says, it will be a poor night for some of us."

The wind now increased in violence every minute, and flashes of lightning were seen at intervals; now illuminating the chapel of St. Peter on the point of land (now called chapel Angier) and the parish church of St. Uny, who was the brother of St. Herygh, and whose bones lie buried there. Lights were flashing on board the various vessels, and the crews were calling to each other as they endeavoured to secure their craft from the coming storm.

The booming of a gun far out at sea attracted the attention of every one.

"That's she," exclaimed Ben; "but where's Malley Tregrause? she's seldom out of the way when any mischief or misery is brewing."

"He! he! he! dast thee waant 'er? eh!" said a shrivelled old woman, stepping forward and peering, with her bloodshot eyes, under Ben's hat. "Dost thee waant 'er? eh! Theert a bowld cheeld to be faasing theself 'bout Malley Tregrause; dost thee thank Malley's afeerd to caom foathe? Cuss thee, I tell thee," screamed the old beldame, shaking her fist, "I'll daance orver thee graave to-morrow een. Dostn't thee see that Hecklehoun, the spirit o' the sand es shaking es waangs? Ha! ha! ha!" said the hag, pointing her skinny finger with its hooked nail at Father Paul; "we shall see whaat aal ye masses and momry 'll do."

"Whaat's the fousing un Malley? We know whaat 'ul haappen," answered Michael, "we klaw that they'll aal gau stap by stap into their grave to-noight, they'll faal to-noight like the aakmasts in autumn."

The crowd shrank away from such ill-omened birds; the truth was, they were afraid of them; old Malley Tregrause was the peller of the place.

["They won't understand what that means," said I to the little old man, "they will think it is my mistake in spelling; they will think it is meant for the pillar of the place, won't they?"

"Humph," said the little fellow, "like enough; just tell them that a peller, in Cornish, means a wizard, either male or female."

"Hadn't I better," I answered, "hadn't I better a—a—" (I was afraid of offending the little wretch)—"say wizard or witch?"

"Well!" shouted the small man, "well, things are come to a pretty pass, when a scribbling, preaching, long-legged fellow like you has the impudence—"—(I clenched my fist, I know what I should have done)—"Ah! it's no use," said the little wretch, "you can't hit me; besides," said he, very gravely, "it will do you good."

Now, readers—the public—it's the same thing, for everybody reads the *New Monthly*, or ought to read it; now you, learned and smoke-confined gentlemen in the "large village;" you, gentlemen in India, enjoying the fragrance of the hooka, and fauned by the punka; you, gentlemen of the North, with your toes—(Mr. Editor, I will speak.) "But, my dear sir, the public."—Yes, the public, Mr. Editor; the public are the people I appeal to, whether it is likely to do any man good to be told he is a scribbling, preaching, long-legged fellow. My "little woman" has just looked up from mending what the "doctor" terms a "he-mise," and observed very quietly, "Well, William, don't you scribble, and don't you preach? and I am sure you are a long-legged fellow." I shall go on with my story—how I hate these quiet observations!

"Now," said the little fellow, "*you* ought to have known that a wizard may be either a man or a woman—one that hath an evil spirit."

Shortly the lugger, for such the vessel proved to be, came near, driven before the gale, her sails in ribbons, her mainmast gone.

"Luff! luff!" shouted Ben at the top of his voice; "But, Lord," he said, "they can't hear, and if they could, its no use, she is unmanageable. See, she is crossing the 'kidnies;' its all over with 'em, I believe."

"No, no," exclaimed the priest, "they've escaped;" and just as he said so, a small sail was hoisted on the mizen-mast which shored her up in the wind, and enabled her to clear the "bar;" at the same time the gate of the chapel opened, and a number of monks with torches rushed forth towards a point of sand that the lugger was fast approaching. All hope of the lugger being saved was speedily abandoned, as the sail she had just hoisted was blown to pieces, and wave after wave broke over her, as she hurried to destruction. A shriek burst from the crowd as she was hurled upon the shore; but no shriek could equal the one that came from the poor wretches on board.

"Ha! ha! ha!" screamed the old hag, "Hecklehoun 'ell faast to-night."

CHAPTER II.

THE MONK.

THE monks had gone to vespers in the Chapel of St. Peter, and Father Simon was in his room. Father Simon was the principal of the chapelry—a stern man;—he had come from Normandy, and, by some

means, had been elected the head of the body of monks who resided at the Chapel of St. Peter. He and Father Paul were never any very great friends; for Father Paul was quite his opposite in disposition. Whenever Father Simon recommended any strong measures against some monk for lax discipline, Father Paul was sure to palliate the offence; and as he was next to Father Simon in authority, his advice could not very well be entirely passed over.

"That Father Paul," said the superior, as he sat in his chair before the fire, "has been in my way ever since I have been here, and the brethren love him and hate me; but I'll match him; I shall be revenged to-night on one who dared to thwart me. I told the proud Lord of Cairn-Brae—I said that he should rue the day he spurned me from his castle, and refused me his daughter, and bid me 'go be a monk.' I've done his bidding—I *am* a monk; and the pride of his life and light of his eye, the beauteous Alice, as he used to call her, will be in my power to-night, if Hans Kalnorf keeps his faith. Little did he dream, when he sent her to Normandy, that she would ever be in the power of the despised James Baldwin, now Father Simon—she shall end her days in the dungeons of this chapel."

A gentle tap at the door interrupted his reveries.

"Enter," said the priest; and a little shrivelled old head appeared. "What now, Timothy?" inquired the priest.

"Why, holy father," said the sacristan, "the wind is blowing fearfully, and the people are asking for the holy fathers to go with tapers and still the storm."

"Humph!" said the priest, with a sneer; "the fools!—Are vespers over?"

"No, your reverence," replied the sacristan.

"Then they must wait."

"But the storm is increasing, your reverence, and the people are impatient."

"Fool! is the church to be dictated to? Where is Father Paul?"

"I don't know, your reverence; he left an hour before vespers."

"Well, bid the brethren assemble in the refectory as soon as vespers are over. Have you heard anything of Jan Kalnorf's lugger?"

"Please your reverence," answered the sacristan, "she is just come into the bay, and the people say she is sure to be wrecked."

"Wrecked!" shouted the priest, springing from his chair. "Summon the brethren immediately—suspend the service—do *veniam*—hoist the light on the tower. Fool! why did you not tell me sooner?" Saying which, the priest hastened to the refectory.

The procession was shortly formed, the tapers lighted; and, to prevent their being blown out by the wind, which the people would have considered a bad omen, they were protected by screens of wet bladder stretched on pieces of whalebone, by which means the populace were deceived, for it was a saying that "no gale could blow the priest's taper out."

The gates were opened, and the procession of monks came forth, chanting the "*Miserere*;" but the storm flung back their voices as if in derision, as though it laughed at the presumption of man, who dared to think that *his* voice could lull the tempest and cause the winds to cease.

A dull, hollow, rushing sound was heard above the dashing of the waves and the howling of the wind.

"It is the sand coming upon us," said Father Simon to himself, as he headed the procession. "Is there truth, I wonder, in that old hag's words? She threatened, the last time I made her do penance, that I should never be buried by the hand of man—but I care not. On, my brethren," he shouted at the top of his voice. "On to the holy work; our Lady looks on our doings from above."

They reached the shore just as a huge wave hurled two bodies on the beach: one, that of a man in a sailor's dress, of Dutch costume; the other, a young girl about eighteen. The arms of the apparently drowned sailor clasped the body of the girl. Father Simon instantly recognised the captain of the lugger and his victim, and gave directions for their immediate conveyance to the chapel; and after giving some orders to the monks, and commending the people for their exertions, he hastened back.

As soon as he arrived at the chapel, he ordered the monk, who exercised the office of chirurgéon, to allow no one but himself and the sacristan to be present while he endeavoured to restore the bodies to life. After long and repeated efforts, signs of life first showed themselves in the sailor; he unclasped his arms, and as suddenly closed them again, and muttered,

"I'll die first. My orders were—"

"Take the girl away," said Father Simon, "and put her in the penitential dormitory, it is warmer than this; and go you," said he to the chirurgéon, "and leave this man to me; he is now recovering, and will do very well—and you," to the sacristan, "attend the holy brother, and aid him in his holy work."

The sacristan and the monk raised the body of the girl, and bore it away.

Father Simon watched attentively the signs of returning life in the sailor; presently he opened his eyes, and stared wildly about him.

"Der Teufel!" was his first exclamation.

"You are wandering, my friend Hans," said Father Simon, hastily; "it is I—your friend—Father Simon."

"I was dreaming," said the sailor.

"Never mind your dreams," said Father Simon; "you're safe now from drowning."

The smuggler raised himself on the couch, and shaded his eyes with his hand.

"Don't you know me?" inquired the monk.

"Donner! yes. But—it was HIM I saw on deck."

"Saw who on deck? You are wandering, my friend."

"No, Father Simon; if this is my death-hour, I'm speaking God's truth; it is seldom that I have spoken it—God forgive me."

"What was it you saw?" said the monk. "Here, take a little wine."

So saying, he filled a goblet, and handed it to the sailor, who emptied it at a draught.

"Weak stuff—but you monks can't drink."

The monk smiled grimly.

"I saw," said the man, "just as the lugger struck, and I had seized hold of the girl—for I was faithful to my trust, and determined, if I was drowned, she should go too—"

"Right!" said the monk, with a smile of savage approbation.

"Well, just as she struck, a figure appeared on deck. We have our demons and devils, but I never saw one before; he was short, hump-backed at first, but presently he changed; and changed, and—and—grew—like—like—"

"Like what?" shouted the monk.

"Like you!" said the sailor, in a low growl.

"Like me!" said the monk.

"Yes," said the sailor; "but I wasn't to be daunted. Hagel! I was never afraid of man or devil yet, so I shouted, 'Who are you?' and the devil, if devil it was, answered with a horrid grin, 'HECKLE-HOUN.'"

The monk reeled into a chair; the smuggler regarded him with looks of amazement and scorn.

"Can it be true," said the monk, speaking to himself, "that there is such a spirit, and that he always assumes the form of the person he dooms to destruction?"

"I've heard it," said the smuggler.

"Heard what?" said the monk; "I wasn't speaking."

"Yes, but you were," said the sailor.

The monk rose and went to a closet, and taking out a small phial, poured a few drops into a goblet.

"Here, Hans," said he, filling it with spirit, "is something better than the wine."

"Ha!" said the smuggler, "I thought you had better stuff than that;" and he drank off the contents of the glass. "Hagel and wetter!" said the miscreant, as his sensitive palate detected the presence of a foreign body in the spirits; "I always suspected you: you've done me at last. Ha! ha! ha! the monk has been more than a match for Hans; little did I think that, but—but—remember Hecklehoun!"

His speech failed him, and he sank down upon the couch. The monk regarded the body of the smuggler with a grim smile of satisfaction.

CHAPTER III.

THE WITCH.

IN a small stone house at the foot of the rock on which the chapel of St. Peter stood (not far from where Tom now plies his ferry-boat, and charges a *penny* for ferrying "a body" over some dozen yards of water—a halfpenny would be quite enough—he's getting too fat, he is making his fortune, it's a shame to him, and I'm obliged to scribble for mine), lived the noted peller of the day Malley Tregrause. She was an awful old woman; no one knew her age, and maidens would go at e'en to have their "fortins" told; and how they trembled lest "Un Malley," as they called her, should be angry, which she sometimes was, and would scold, and curse, and drive them from the door. The oldest men recollected "Un Malley" when they were boys, but "Un Malley" was, they said, "jist as ould then as now." Everybody dreaded Malley. Her food, too, wasn't human; she would get a rat and roast it on a skewer, muttering unknown things over it as she turned it round and round, and

ate it before the maidens who came to have their fortunes told, and asked them if they would have some.

"Haa! haa! cheldurn," she'd say, "a faan faat raat es pure eating sure;" and she would gather snails and caterpillars, and say they "maad tha best o' braith." (Reader, I hope you've dined, for when the little old fellow came to this part of his story he spoilt *my supper*.) Old Malley was in her hovel, to which she had gone soon after she had spoken to Father Paul, and was engaged cooking her usual supper, a fine fat rat; the fire in the chimney was burning brightly, and the rat was browning well, the gale still blowing, and clouds of sand rushing over the hovel, at times coming down the chimney and peppering the rat. Presently a knock was heard at the door.

"What's tha doing theer, cusen't tha come in?" croaked the old beldam.

"Es me, Un Malley," said the voice of Michael Cardew, opening the door and coming in, and for some time vainly endeavouring to shut it against the wind, which burst into the hovel and made the rat swing to and fro, and sent the sparks flying up the chimney, and filled the hut with smoke.

"Hugh! hugh! hugh! es an awful night, sure enough," said the old man, as soon as he could speak. "Now, Un Malley, plaaze sure, tell us now whaat el cum of aal this? I knoad tha procefy well enough when I tould tha praast, but es a true, thenk?—eh? whaat's tha thenk?"

"Thenk!" said the old woman; "why, thee oatst to know as well as I; if theest knaw sa mooch as thee pretence; thee taalkst to tha praast as ef thee knawst aal about et."

"Es, es, I knaw; but, but—" said the old man, hesitating.

"Haa! haa!" broke in the old witch, "theest found, loike the rest, Un Mally does knaw more than thee,—haast thee?"

"Waal, es, theastroight, mestress; es, but waat about tha praast?"

"Coom, thee waast heer; come thee heer," said the beldam, beckoning with her finger; "doost thee see thes?" And as she spoke, she lifted up a trap, as it might be called, but it was only a flat board concealing the opening of what appeared a passage, at the entrance of which, close to the board, there lay something covered with a piece of sailcloth, which she drew away, and disclosed to the affrighted Michael the body of a man.

Old Michael shuddered.

"Doost thee knaw un?" said the hag.

"Knew un, es sure,—knew un, whoy, tha es Jans Kalnorf; but how ded e coom eer, and how esa ded?"

A scream, that was heard above the blast, came down the passage which the board had covered.

"Doost thee heer thaat?" said the hag, "es tha daath cry of—"

A blast of wind burst open the door, and a rush of sand came into the hut, just allowing time for the two to hurry into the passage. In a minute the hovel was full of sand, the fire quenched, and the rat buried.

"Laard o maarcy on us!" exclaimed the old man, as he tried in the darkness to follow the hag, who was groping her way with her stick.

"Hecklehoun es kept es word," muttered Malley.

Onward they groped their way, scream on scream meeting them as they went.

The morning broke. But where was the chapel of St. Peter? Gone! nought left but a dreary sand-bank. All—all was sand, and the words of old Malley were true. The tower, the custom-house, the pier—were all gone; and the once wide river now a little insignificant stream; the revengeful priest, the poor Alice, the sacristan, the monks—all lay buried fathoms deep in the relentless sands; but at night they say the shrieks of the unfortunate Alice are heard above the blast, as it howls across the "towards;" and the point of land where once the chapel stood is now called Chapel Augier.

As the little fellow paused, I said "I should like to hear something about the 'pixes.'"

"Piskays!" he shouted; "whoever in Cornwall calls them anything else but piskays? So you would like to hear something about them, would you?"

"Yes, sir, if *you* please," I replied, "for we have had dismal enough in your last two stories."

"Ah!" said the little wretch, rubbing his hands, "I'm very glad to hear you say so; for once in your life you have made a sensible remark." I bowed to such a compliment. "You need not be so over polite; I am a very plain-spoken sort of person" (I thought to myself, there is no doubt of that), "but you're right for once, for there is a morbid trumpery feeling now-a-days—a relish for horrors; if a miscerant like Rush is going to be hanged, crowds flock to see the sickening exhibition as if it were some gay show, and numbers do all they can to get tickets to see the poor wretch who is condemned; and the greater the wretch the greater the curiosity; and ladies—"

"But perhaps," I interrupted, "we know women are the most kind-hearted, charitable, pitying—"

"Out upon you!" screamed the little wretch, and smashing his hat, which he always did when in a rage, but which, however, seemed none the worse for the bangs, "out upon you. I won't hear a word"—as I endeavoured to speak—"Is it kind-hearted to disturb the last moments of a dying man, who has spent all his life in crime, and has only a short time to spare to make his peace with his Maker? No!" screeched the little chap, "it is nothing more nor less than a nasty, morbid, prying, selfish curiosity, that wants to gratify its appetite, and cares not though it be at the expense of decency and humanity."

"Vaya, señor," I thought to myself, "here's a pretty row! I shall never cool him down."

"But what about the piskays?" I said.

"I'm off," returned the little fellow, clapping his hat on his head; "it's time to go to bed."

"Bed!" I exclaimed, in astonishment; but he was up the chimney and gone. "I wonder whether he is married!"

No, my fair readers, I think not, or he would not have dared to stay out so late—for it was half-past two in the morning when we parted; he is a bachelor, no doubt, and I shall be happy to give any of you an introduction. A little note, addressed to Father Poodles, will be quite enough—not a word to the 'EDITOR;' *he is not to be trusted!*"

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

BY J. W. F. BLUNDELL, ESQ.

THIS portion of the Australian continent embraces an extent of territory of nearly 1700 miles, from the shore of Shark's Bay down to the Leewin, the southernmost point on the western coast. It exhibits much variety of soil and climate; and, from its geographical position, is doubtless destined one day to occupy no inconsiderable place among the settlements of that hemisphere.

No era in the history of these fine colonies has proved so auspicious as the present, in which we find the zeal and energy of men of rank and influence in this country united with an earnest desire, among all classes, to avail themselves of the sterling benefits of emigration—of a territorial but not a social change—of a new mode of existence, full of hope and reward, surrounded by their countrymen, and blessed beneath the mild influence of the same laws which have been from youth up their pride and boast.

This is by no means a highly-coloured picture when we consider the immense advantages which intending emigrants now possess over the early settlers in those countries. For them is the way prepared; they are no longer asked to share all the toils, dangers, and disappointments which wait in the train of what has been aptly termed the *first generation*. Moreover, as each settlement possesses certain local peculiarities, so each affords sources of profitable investment peculiar to itself. It is our purpose, then, briefly to touch upon the resources of that much maligned and unwarrantably neglected colony—Western Australia.

Of course but a very small part of so large a territory is occupied in any way. The settled districts extend from the river Swan to King George's Sound, comprising the before-mentioned river, the Leschenault, Vasse, Port Augusta, and Albany at the Sound. The population of these entire districts is reckoned at about 5000 souls; and whilst this very fact shows the slow progress of the colony, it at the same time ensures a profitable and extensive field for industry and exertion. The climate of Australia has been so universally approved, has received so many and numerous commendations in the highest quarters, and from the best authorities, that it has become almost a proverb. That of Western Australia, from its brightness and exhilarating character, from the prevalence of the westerly winds, which bring with them the revigorative atmosphere of the Indian Ocean, is, we may safely affirm, unsurpassed. The seasons, it is well known, are the reverse of ours; and in one very important feature is this more favoured than its sister settlement of New South Wales—drought has never yet been experienced. Dry seasons have seldom, too, seriously impeded the operations of the husbandman, or set at nought the care of those engaged in pastoral pursuits. During the winter, or more properly rainy season, the north-west squalls bring their deluge of moisture; and they are never known to fail. Therefore, in a country so poorly supplied by perennial streams as the whole of that continent is in proportion to its extent, this unfailling supply

is of priceless value, and perhaps cannot be too highly appreciated or extolled.

We shall not dwell upon the characteristics of the aborigines of these lands, further than to add to the oft-repeated testimony of their inoffensive nature and powerless condition. The same principles of civilisation which affect the many coloured tribes of the human family—social wants, mutual and increasing dependence—exert their powerful influence, and soften down the natural dominion of the passions. It is pleasing to be enabled to state that, owing to the salutary and humane laws adopted in regard to them, these savages are kept in the most perfect subjection, while they daily and hourly feel the importance of cultivating the good-will of the white man; at the same time are present to them those necessities, that precarious mode of living, which nature has furnished, those wants which the settler so abundantly and generously supplies. There is now, then, no dread of the hostility of the native tribes. Petty thefts are all that the whites suffer from them; an efficient police force holds them in check; and they are never permitted to escape punishment for crimes committed even against each other. No man in Western Australia carries a gun with him during his bush excursions from fear of the natives. They are kindly regarded by the settler; well treated and protected by the government; so that the once-dreaded savage has become a valuable and useful ally in the labour-market of the colony. He is an excellent reaper, and remarkably quick in acquiring the uses of all farming implements. This great work, at the cost both of blood and treasure, is completed for the safe possession of the future emigrant!

Celebrated as it long has been for its botanical productions, it is only within the last few years that a few feeble attempts have been made, and that the value of its indigenous timber has been correctly estimated. The splendid qualities of the "Tuart" for ship-building purposes, have been acknowledged by the most competent judges in her Majesty's dock-yards, where, so highly approved was part of a cargo ex *Unicorn* in 1846, sent merely on trial, the logs being unavoidably short, that, aided by the exertions of Mr. E. W. Landor, the Admiralty have been pleased not only to sanction its introduction and use in constructing vessels of war, but have guaranteed a remunerating price for any quantities delivered at the several yards. We ourselves have witnessed in the public works of the colony the durable character of this material; and it has been found repeatedly to resist the action of the sea-worm. It possesses the great advantage of giving considerable lengths for keel pieces, and such like. Capital and labour are alone requisite to turn this inexhaustible resource of that settlement to so good an account, that in itself it might safely occupy the first attention of the colonists, and be a mine of wealth were all their other pursuits dispiriting and unrepaying. It must be very evident that the means of the settlers have all along been utterly inadequate to the task of bringing this valuable timber into notice; indeed, the only attempts that have been made were at the private risk and loss of a few spirited men, who were determined to try fortune in the matter, and not allow so valuable an article of future export to remain useless to their country and the world. Here, then, is one decided field for the almost unlimited employment of capital and labour. It may be also

mentioned that, within the last two years, the colonists have made some few thousands by the exportation to China of a very fair variety of sandalwood, accidentally proved to be of commercial value, and affording an abundant supply for years to come. This wood, in the growing connexion between those colonies and the East, has been found so desirable as an outward cargo, that vessels are wont already to touch at the Swan River for it, arriving from South Australia or from Van Diemen's Land.

The exports of the colony are as usual with the other settlements around. The whale fishery, however, which is not, in New South Wales or Van Diemen's Land, carried on with former spirit, is likely to increase yearly from Western Australia; the innumerable vessels of America and France off the coast justifying the prospect of considerable success in such a speculation—the advantages of position in those seas being too obvious to be urged in this place.

Crops of grain, of various descriptions, yield a fair average in this colony; but there is a species of culture which has comparatively but lately demanded the particular attention of the settlers, and which we are more than sanguine will one day prove the most prolific staple of all. We allude to the vine, olive, and dried fruits. The growth of the vine and olive is, without exaggeration, beyond belief. Capital, under the management of competent persons, might be at once embarked with safety and ultimate success; and a more delightful life in such a climate cannot be imagined, than in the peaceable pursuit of vine and olive cultivation. It is a fact, sufficient in itself to justify such recommendation, that the olive, which in Spain yields a return after three generations have passed on in the work, has in Western Australia borne fruit abundantly at the expiration of seven years from its first planting. The vine may be said to grow as a weed. Cuttings of all varieties, as well as young olives, are plentiful in the colony; some capital having been within the last few years devoted to the importation of choice varieties. Already has olive oil been expressed; and a very palatable beverage, manufactured in a homely and rude manner from the grape, which has been found a drink most gratefully suited to the climate and constitutions of the settlers. We have tasted a very fair claret there; but it is well known that the colony possesses but one or two individuals of any practical knowledge at all in the manufacturing of wine. It is beyond dispute that these two sources of wealth alone will ultimately raise that settlement to a degree of necessary importance beyond what its past condition would seem to opine. Dried fruits will, by-and-by, form also a considerable export. Tropical, as well as many European fruits, abound. We have tasted the banana, plaintain, citron, pomegranate, loquat, fig—the latter is most abundant, and considered to be a most wholesome fruit—all flourishing luxuriantly.

To the above short statement must be added, that this settlement does not present the same inducements to the sheep farmer* as any of its sisters; this, however, far from disparaging it, may prove a character to the soil which, under cultivation, may far supersede the former pursuit. In other respects there is abundance of soil for all kinds of cultivation,

* Since this was written a fine tract of country has been discovered to the northward, suited both to grazing and agriculture.

and sufficient pasturage for the necessary farm stock; large flocks are kept in many parts in an excellent condition; we merely notify the inferior claims it has upon the attention of the "squatter." The existing flocks of the colony are of very pure breed; and, owing to the slow influx of immigrants, eclipsed as it has hitherto been by its more fortunate neighbours, a more safe investment of capital may be doubtless made there, by the comparative cheapness of all things, than is afforded by the majority of Australian settlements, where the great and increasing demand operates the more against the newly arrived emigrant. However, we wish to go no further than a fair statement; there is not one part of Australia yet settled that is not desirable in some peculiar way or another, and we would speak equally in the praise of them all. Western Australia has not the noble harbour possessed by New South Wales, but she has a more certain climate; South Australia has neither the rich soil, nor pasture to the same extent as Port Phillip has, but she has her mines, which are the wonder of the world. Thus are their benefits in a measure equal, and they require but unity to form the nucleus of a future great people.

A few words of a descriptive character may not be out of place, to give the emigrant some idea of the appearance of this country. As a vessel from England approaches the Swan River, the principal port of the colony and seat of its government, the eyes of passengers are greeted by the sight of three very white and scrubby-looking islands; these are Garden Island, Carnac, and Rottnest—a chain protecting the anchorages, and affording the only shelter to vessels trading there; for, like nearly all the western coasts of the world, this possesses few or no harbours of safety. The appearance of the main-land by no means improves, the country between the Darling range and the sea being generally of a sandy character. While, however, the emigrant may be experiencing a momentary disappointment at the appearance of all this sand, he will at the same time feel vastly astonished at the beauty of the flowers and shrubs, the size of the trees, growing out of this sand. He will at last find that it is an evil only in the circumstance of roads being expensive and difficult of formation in that portion lying betwixt the hills and the sea. Once across the range, and the sandy soil is gone; indeed, it in part ceases at the town of Guildford, about fifty miles inland from which commence the rich lands of York and Toodyay. Many a man, it has been said, has left the Swan River after a sojourn in it of a few days, obstinate in the conviction of the entirely barren and unproductive character of the whole territory. To combat with prejudices is the labour of fools; and although there can be no doubt that a portion of the labour and capital now pouring in upon surrounding settlements will, in short time, find its way to Western Australia, still the time for a start direct from this country to open out the resources we have alluded to is most opportune.

A natural inquiry may be here raised as to why "Western Australia" is so far behindhand—why it has no emigration, and such like. To recapitulate its oft-told tale would be useless; it is sufficient to say, that with regard to emigration, it can receive no assistance from government at present, as it possesses no land fund, and without this fund it is professed that a colony is burdensome and useless. So be it; that govern-

ment which struck the death-blow to Western Australian progress, by raising the price of crown lands after seducing the present race of settlers there to embark large capitals, to supply their own labour, is pleased to say, "Unless you send us the money, we cannot send you emigrants; you have no land fund, and without emigrants flocking in you *can have no land fund*;"—comfortable sympathy on the part of a government which by its own act, the raising of the price of land, closed the door of immigration against it; leaving the settlers to exhaust their means in the vain attempt of combating with high and ruinously priced labour, and the entire stop to capital flowing in to replace the early drains upon a newly settled country. It is obvious, then, that Swan River, under the present system of the colonial-office, is not likely to procure a fund for labour; it is clear that it has been no intrinsic fault of the settlement that it has not gone ahead: the settlers also must have become gradually poor and dispirited. The hour is, then, evidently arrived when a new vigour may be given to it by the embarkation of even moderate capitals and a supply of labour of large extent. There is little doubt, despite the high price of crown land, that the large proprietors of useless waste will be found too glad to sell at a nominal price; indeed, small farms are constantly in the market; while the other speculations in the products of the soil already mentioned, invite such employment as earnestly and with as fair prospect as any of the sister settlements.

We are glad to find it now pretty generally known, that Western Australia is not only untainted by a convict population, but boasts, for so small a community, a very superior order of settlers. The man of education and travel, therefore, who is apt to dread colonial life from the supposed absence of these qualifications, will find to his satisfaction and delight many a time-worn pioneer, now translated into something externally rude, indulging retrospections that even he might envy. From our own experience, and borne out as we are by all accounts, the higher classes of that small community are most kindly disposed towards strangers; and we can press it as a paramount advantage to the newly-arrived emigrant, that, with or without introductions, he may receive the advice as to his future course, which, in most foreign lands both doubtful and dangerous, is necessary to one ignorant of the journey he is about commencing, and upon which he may in a great measure depend. Not only a happy but a prosperous society might annually extend its labours and its influence throughout this largely apportioned territory; and however retarded it may have been by misgovernment, and a false notion that the colony was a *failure*, it has the germs of future greatness, blossoming in the absence of those ingredients which alone contribute to the advancement of all countries—capital and labour.

MEMORIALS OF THE CIVIL WAR.*

THESE volumes embrace the concluding portions of a remarkably interesting correspondence, concerning the discovery of which we have heard several versions, and the first portions of which were noticed at length in a previous number of this magazine. The portions now published more particularly refer to the actual period of the Civil War and the Restoration; and, containing as they do a mass of original letters from nearly all the famous men who were engaged in the struggle—the Fairfaxes, Cromwell, Fleetwood, David Leslie, Hugh Peters, Hammond, Hutchinson, Buckingham, and others,—possess a very high historical interest. Crowded with minute details and individual experiences, their able editor, Mr. Robert Bell, justly remarks, they bring us closer to the actual vicissitudes of the flying campaigns—from the hoisting of the royal standard at Nottingham to the imprisonment of the King at Carisbrook—than any previous publication. Written for the most part on the instant, under the walls of besieged towns, in the committee-rooms of the House of Commons, or even on the field of battle itself, they are distinguished by a freshness and freedom seldom found in documents of a more formal and elaborate character. In many instances these letters afford circumstantial relations of particular facts which have not hitherto been so completely described; and in others they reveal secret opinions and feelings which exercised an important influence upon the conduct of public men.

The correspondence opens by a letter from one Mr. Christopher Browne, who announces the queen's departure for Holland, and the ominous discarding or changing by the Parliament of all the lieutenants of counties both of England and Wales; at the same time that the writer, as is generally the case with those living in times of coming troubles, still entertains hopes of a speedy settlement of the long disturbed affairs. This is followed by letters of the Fairfaxes and the "Committee of Safety," of some historical value but of little real interest, except such as Mr. Bell imparts to them by his masterly interweaving of historical narrative between an otherwise unconnected correspondence. The years 1642 and 1643, to which this first portion of the Fairfax and Parliamentary correspondence belongs, was distinguished by the King's retreat to the north; the conference at the Beverley Gate, which Mr. Bell justly remarks may be set down as the opening scene of the tragic drama of the Civil War; and the setting up of the royal standard, when, by the closure of Hull against its monarch, the question at issue had been stripped of sophistries and state-paper formalities, and reduced to the sword's point. The first manifestations of disagreement between the Fairfaxes and Hotham are contained in an extract of a letter from Sir Thomas to Lord Fairfax, dated Wakefield, January 27.

When he (Captain Hotham) saw your lordship's order (that was, giving the command to young Fairfax) he called for pen and ink to copy it out; it seemed

* Memorials of the Civil War: comprising the Correspondence of the Fairfax Family, with the most Distinguished Personages engaged in that Memorable Contest, now first Published from the Original Manuscripts. Edited by Robert Bell. 2 vols. R. Bentley.

by his peevish humour to have taken some advantage of by it, but he did not. No order will be observed by him but what he please, unless some order be to restrain him; if he will be accountable for 6000*l.*, which I believe he may raise in those parts, and bring it in to the public stock, as we shall give an account [of] what we raise in our own quarters, he may be allowed to take the employment.

This was soon followed up by a peremptory order from Lord Fairfax to Hotham and the Nottingham officers not to stay at that castle, in which Hotham himself was soon after imprisoned. Either Sir John and Captain Hotham had never been sincere Parliamentarians, or both had been alike disgusted with the progress of events at the onset, for there is no doubt as to the projected surrender of Hull to the Royalists. As to charges of plunder, and of getting up brawls amongst the troops, they may be fairly set down as part of that inimical feeling which had led to actual strife between the captain and Cromwell; but that in the execution of these two men, the *justice* of Parliament was shown to be alike "swift and sure," is a deduction in which we can by no means agree with Mr. Bell. It was rather, on the contrary, a very remarkable instance of a not uncommon occurrence in history, that the first to raise a revolt are the first to suffer by it; and a step in that ladder of events which so particularly characterised the Great Rebellion, and in which the original principles upon which that armed resistance had been organised, and the true patriots who provoked that resistance, were alike superseded by new ideas and intentions, and by very different personages. The death of the honest patriot Hampden, like that of the wavering Hothams, came early in the actual scene of rebellion, and, as Dr. Wilson says in a letter to Sir Richard Browne, helped to revive the memory of Lord Brooke's funeral. A letter singularly characteristic of Cromwell, in its assumed piety in asking for "godly" when he meant "goodly" men, and in its wily tone of appeal to the maids that favoured his godly young men, for money, occurs at this early period of the correspondence.

COLONEL CROMWELL'S LETTER TO THE BACHELORS AND MAIDS, 2ND AUGUST, 1643, FROM HUNTINGDON.

SIR,—I understand by these gentlemen the good affection of your young men and maids, for which God is to be praised. I approve of the business, only I desire to advise you that your foot company may be turned into a troop of horse, which, indeed (by God's blessing), far more advantage the cause than two or three companies of foot, especially if your men be honest, godly men, which by all means I desire. I thank God for stirring up the youth to cast in their mite, which I desire may be employed to the best advantage; therefore my advice is, that you would employ your twelve-score pounds to buy pistols and saddles, and I will provide four-score horses; for 400*l.* more will not raise a troop of horse. As for muskets that are bought, I think the country will take them of you. Pray raise honest, godly men, and I will have them of my regiment. As for your officers, I leave it as God shall or hath directed to choose, and rest,

Your loving friend,

OLIVER CROMWELL.

August 2nd, 1643.

This is from Mr. Bentley's collection. After Fairfax's celebrated flight to Hull, of which we gave some account from the same correspondence previously, and the defeat of the Marquis of Newcastle at Horncastle, commonly called "Winceby Fight," 1644 opened with the failure of the Parliamentarians before Newark, and the celebrated siege of Latham House, soon followed by the King's experimental trip from Oxford and back again,

and the more decisive battle of Marston Moor; of which, however, we have a mere anticipatory glimpse in the correspondence. A letter from John Wolstenholme, eldest son of Sir John of the same name, of Nostel, Yorkshire, fills up the scene of this lamentable year, with a more obscure incident of a violated homestead, but which derives great interest as an isolated picture of minor events, of which few such detailed notices now remain; but which, no doubt, characterised the proceedings of Parliamentarians, more or less, throughout the breadth and length of the land.

The year 1645 was inaugurated by the celebrated "Self-denying Ordinance," and Sir Thomas Fairfax's appointment as Generalissimo; and a great portion of the correspondence which is devoted to that year is occupied with various complaints and petitions from suffering titled, military and other personages; personal appeals which are highly illustrative of the state of the country, and to which additional interest is imparted by Mr. Bell's biographical notices. The correspondence of Charles Fairfax, relating to matters of love, literature, and stewardship of Pontefract, come in as a relief to the details of the civil war that raged in the west of England, previous to the fall of Oxford, and the cessation of hostilities; and which cessation of hostilities was also followed by Lord Fairfax's taking to himself as wife the widow Hussey. "She has five children," says Lord Ferdinando, in a letter to the Rev. Henry Fairfax, "but provided for in such manner as I hope will not be burthensome; and her estate (though not great) may be sufficient, by God's blessing, in part to supply the defects of my own towards our maintenance, for I found small returns these four years from my tenants in any place." From a letter of Sir Thomas Fairfax, under date 30th December of the same year, we find a like complaint on the cessation of hostilities; and that, having leisure to look into his private affairs, he finds that devotion to other people's business has by no means tended to improve his own condition.

But not only were the leaders suffering, but the Parliamentary Army was also in want of means; and 1647 opened with discontents, and stipulations for the payment up of arrears. In June the army advanced to St. Albans, and laid its formal demands before parliament; and the same month Mr. J. Rushworth writes to Lord Fairfax, that his lordship is not to be surprised if he hears of the soldiers courting ladies in Hyde Park. We are also indebted to the same pen for a more circumstantial account of the forcible entry of the London apprentices into the House of Commons, than any that has hitherto appeared.

On the 6th of August, Fairfax marched into London, accompanied by the speakers and their train of members; and the army arrears being still unpaid, he at once took measures to enforce them. To effect this—remonstrances with the authorities having failed—applications to parliament having failed—the presence of the troops in the suburbs having failed, to induce the citizens of London to discharge their dues, Fairfax announced to the lord-mayor the extremity to which he was put, as the last resort, of quartering some of the soldiers within the city for the purpose of prosecuting the levy. It would not be uninteresting to pursue the inquiry, how much this early repudiation by the patriots of the day of this money aid, and the firmness of Fairfax in the matter, had to do with the gradual withdrawal of republican confidence and applause—with his being superseded by less scrupulous and less honest-minded

personages—and with his first return to monarchical inclinations, as disclosed in this very correspondence.

Soon after the recommencement of hostilities in 1643, an interesting letter from Sir Charles Lucas to Lord Fairfax, dated June 19th, admits the fact, which seems to be more or less disputed, of his having been a prisoner, and sets up a defence for having again taken arms in the royal service. The correspondence which ensues, following Mr. Bell's excellent arrangement, refers first to the progress of civil war in Ireland, and subsequently in Scotland; and this is succeeded by a budget of miscellaneous letters, few of which are without some historical or biographical interest. Among them is a copy of a remarkable paper under the Duke of Buckingham's own hand, wherein he says that, if Oliver Cromwell had lived three days longer, he himself would certainly have been put to death; the causes of Cromwell's hatred being, that "he (the duke) was married to Lord Fairfax's daughter and heir, and who (Lord Fairfax) had still a greater interest in the army than Oliver himself, though he had laid down his commission upon their deceiving him in the murder of King Charles I." There are also several curious letters relating to the marriage of Anne Hyde, daughter of the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, (and who, it appears, used to get up at five in the morning to fish) with the Duke of York. This fair Waltonian was mother to Queen Mary and Queen Anne.

HICCIUS DOCCIUS: OR, THE WORLD.

ON a chilly evening this spring, as I sat in my arm-chair ruminating over a northern fire, exhaling volumes of smoke from my well-browned meerschaum, I began to consider what a deep, unfathomable science the theory of metaphysics must be; and the consideration of the subject pressed on my imagination its more dangerous opponent, materialism. I had spent the whole of the day, and many previous days, in my laboratory, endeavouring to solve the chimera of the philosopher's stone. I had already *almost* reached the bright goal of my ambitious views—already, in imagination, the trumpet-tongued goddess, Fame, had handed down my name to succeeding generations—already I had awakened A HERO. Methought I had obtained from chemical solutions that most costly of gems—a diamond. I had been wofully deceived. I had separated carbon in a crystalline state from a highly carbonaceous compound by means of decomposition—and the issue? . Why—why—not a diamond. No!—but—but—a *lump of charcoal*. Previously I had turned my thoughts to the manufacture of gold. I had fancied I could have made tons of that precious metal; but, alas! had equally and signally failed, as in the case of the diamond.

Thus was I ruminating, when presently the bowl of my meerschaum began to glow with unusual and supernatural fervour—the smoke to increase and to partake of materialism—the wreaths to entwine into a huge labyrinth of interminable and cirrous rings, which, on a sudden gust of wind, strongly impregnated with brimstone, settled into an ugly-looking, grey little demon, with forked tail, cloven feet, and glaring

scarlet orbs. At first I thought it a phantasm of my troubled mind, until I distinctly saw him wrap his cloak or tunic more closely around him—for the night became colder, and the east wind blew bitterly—and settle himself as if for a visit. I inquired, with stern resolution, what he required? and to whom I was indebted for the honour of a visit?

"I require *YOU*!" replied the demon, with a chuckle.

Like Bob Acres, I felt my courage oozing out. My arm remained rigid, as it supported my pipe midway in the air. My eyes became larger and larger, and more fixed. I felt cold damps breaking forth at every pore. I had a sort of aporia on me; until, unable any longer to bear the dread silence, with some difficulty of breathing, and gently waving my arm and pipe to add suavity to my manner, I said, in a conciliatory tone,

"ME! my good fellow; require Me? Some mistake, surely?"

"Be not alarmed," replied the spirit, "I will not injure *you*. I am Hiccius Doccius—the English demon of luxury, chance, and chemistry; own brother to the Spanish Asmodeus."

"A curious combination!" I mentally exclaimed.

"Not more curious than your own ideas," said the demon, with a shrill laugh, reading, as he must have done, my inmost thoughts. "What are you? Speak out—no thinking here."

"A recluse, an alchemist, and a humble follower of the great Diogenes."

"A recluse, an alchemist, and of the Antisthenic school, forsooth! Ha! ha! ha! Then I conclude you care but little whether it is a monarchical, or democratical government?—whether a tyrant or a republic rules?—whether a nation elects a Hero or a Name as King? You never trouble your mind whether Peel is a financier, Cobden a law-giver, or Russell an oppositionist?—or contrawise? You never trouble your thoughts whether Jenny Lind sings at the Opera House, or among the saints at Exeter Hall?—whether Covent Garden Theatre is the arena for the legitimate drama, or for operas and ballets? It is matter of no moment to you whether the Honourable Charles Knipphenfaulk ran away with Lady Godiva Coventry, or she with her father's groom?—or whether Mr. Stagenchange, the great millionaire, sold his railway shares above or below par? No!—no!—so I presume," said the little demon, with a self-sufficient air.

"Not I," was my sulky acquiescence to his assertions. "I find 'tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones—'"

"But, my friend," interrupted the demon, with one of his infernal chuckles, "what, may I ask, has caused this misanthropy—this severance from the community—this raising of a barrier against love, friendship, and charity?"

"Love! friendship! and charity!" I exclaimed, in bitter accents. "Love is but an empty sound—a tinkling cymbal—a vain imagination—a schoolboy's fancy; friendship but a name—the dregs of malice, and of deceit; and charity but a pharisaical demonstration to the world of what the right hand doeth. Selfishness—*SELF*—is our tutelary deity, the great molten calf we all fall down and worship; every man has his *price*, some more, some less than others. Would youth and beauty sacrifice herself at the altar—the lie on her lips—to rheum and age—but for wealth, and thereby *self*? Would your best friend—your own brother—raise you to eminence, but as a *step*—

ping-stone to his own preferment? Is there a man living who would, with a Christian feeling, offer his neck as the step for your exaltation? If there is, show him to me, point him out, and I will worship the ground whereon he has trodden. Ask your familiar friend for advice, he will lavish it with profusion; ask him for a loan to follow up your good intentions, and his tone is changed in an instant; he has an excuse or a parry as glib and as ready as if prepared for days. He will advise you economy, but, if it suits his purpose, be the first to ruin you, and to scoff at your follies and misfortunes; and as for charity, what would it be—how far carried out—if the parade of the press, or the advertisements so zealously circulated, had not far superseded the Divine maxim of “Let not your right hand know what your left doeth?” No! unhappiness has made me forswear the world; I go further than Bias, one of the seven Grecian sages, and exclaim not “Οἱ πλείονες κάκοι,” but “οἱ πάντοι!” that is my motto; and I bear with disgust and loathing everything human. From my birth upwards I have been the minion of calamity,—the foot-ball of the world,—scoffed,—jibed at,—hated,—a stranger among friends,—desolate among my kindred; and I am determined for ever to leave that sphere where my motives and wishes were so little appreciated, and devote my life to study, and the furtherance of science,—to leave behind me a *name*, as a sweet and bloodless revenge for the wrongs done me while living.”

“Though the world may have many faults and many vices,” replied the imp, “nevertheless it has many virtues; and though it may have many cares and pains, yet it has many pleasures, the more gratifying for being mingled with bitters. ’Tis but the same species of limpid water which rises in yonder mountain, that gratifies the weary traveller on the Arabian desert far more than the fabled nectar did the Gods, or Montepulciano the Tuscan; and the stale crust, at which the dainty epicure shuddered with horror, is the very same the needy mendicant has eaten with avidity, as though it were a pet entrée of the great Soyer. Happiness, my dear sir, is in you, and not in the objects of your amusements; the most conspicuous living truth of this maxim was Cardinal Retz—turn, in your studies, to his life—but I could instance many more. Besides, were you to enjoy that sum of earthly bliss which your first parents, ere their fall, enjoyed, you poor excitable mortals would not then find perennial happiness—far from it; you would cry out against the sheer monotony, unless your natures underwent a great change. However, arouse yourself; drive away your misanthropic feelings; remember Newton said, ‘in the vale of years,’ he felt but ‘as a boy picking up stones by the great ocean—Truth.’ So come; seize my tunic. From afar, unseen, you shall behold the mighty world, with its scenes, its shifts, its players; the hidden recesses of whose hearts shall be laid open before you as clear as the noonday; and, differently as you may now think, my word for it, you will arrive at an opposite conclusion of the world’s ill-usage when you behold it as a spectator, not an actor—always bearing in mind, which will then be fully exemplified, that there are diversities of tempers, of understanding, and of interests, and very often our neatest little compliments are construed into gross insults, and our bitter sarcasms into common-place observations. Besides, people have different ways of showing unhappiness: often and often a smile covers a sick heart—as you shall see—and a sigh a fancied grief. You will also see mortals enjoy little real happiness, but a

greater or less share of good-humour ; and you will afterwards say with me, 'the study of man' is a far more delightful theme than the Doric or Attic of the ancients, or the sophistry of pedants. However, *Hodie vivendum, amissâ præteritorum curâ.*"

I seized the skirts of the Demon's tunic, and with a velocity little short of electricity, or a shooting-star, we skimmed through the air to our great-Babylon, where we settled over the elegantly-furnished boudoir of Lady Amelia Fitzheffor. My mind was struck in an instant with the costly articles of ormolus and vertû scattered about the room—the Sèvres china—the draperies—the antique pictures—the crystals emitting a fragrant incense—the soft velvet carpets—the—in short, I was so struck with these gems of taste, that I should have quite overlooked the interesting object herself, had not my companion called my attention to Lady Amelia. She was reclining on the sofa supported by two female attendants, who were administering sal volatile, and other soothing remedies, in the endeavour to assuage the violent hysterics of grief with which her ladyship was oppressed. Her *toupee* was quite disarranged ; her artificial curls were dishevelled ; all the rouge had fled from her cheeks ; and she could only utter, in broken-hearted accents, "Oh ! le malheureux—le malheureux !"

"You would fancy she was a native of 'La belle France,'" observed the dwarf. "Nothing of the sort. She was bred and born an Englishwoman ; but finding Mr. Emmanuel Sapphira rather too pressing with his little bill for jewellery, and Madame Duvay had actually mustered courage to request payment for various robes and dresses, my lady found it very convenient to emigrate to Paris for her health, leaving her affairs in the hands of Goosequill, her confidential adviser, to 'nurse.' At Paris she studied most diligently the language in its purest and most grammatical style, as taught by the most fashionable professors ; and being anything but a proficient in her mother tongue—using 'supercilious' when meaning 'superficial,' and 'eupathy' for 'euphony,' &c.—she very wisely, on her return to England, adopted as her own the modern Celt. The cause of her grief lies dead in yonder cot, shaded from public gaze by pink and white velour muslin curtains ; it is her favourite pink-tailed chimpanzee, who partook too freely of a *friture de lièvre aux mille herbes*, and apoplexy supervened. Though baths and phlebotomy were most zealously applied, nevertheless the pretty little dear was an ugly little corpse in about fifteen minutes. Hold on, and I will now show you another tableau."

"Do you see yonder sturdy, unwashed bricklayer?" inquired the demon, as we rested over one of the streets of the Rookery, "his bullet-head thatched with short, wiry red hair, carefully brought to the forehead by an animate comb—his fingers—and a square paper-cap stuck thereon ? Observe his unshorn chin, his short clay-pipe stuck between his thick compressed lips, his animal features, and his sullen, taciturn expression, as he sits on his three-legged stool ruminating, and endeavouring to warm his huge hands by the dying embers in his little grate. Look further, if you can, into the dark garret, and tell me if you perceive not a miserable female lying on a wretched pallet. Observe the hectic flush—the herald of the grave—the glazed eye, the flickering breath, and hear her subdued and piteous cries for drink to assuage her burning fever. Her husband hears not ; 'tis not because he *will* not, 'tis because

he *does* not; he loves her as much as his sullen nature knows how to love, and is so absorbed in grief that he even hears not the Babel of the court below the loud and coarse cheers of the crowd as they incite two belligerent mastiffs to a deadly encounter, or the dreadful execrations of a drunken mechanic and his excited wife, who degrade themselves beneath the very mastiffs by an exhibition of their fistic powers—much less to the gentle cries of his dying wife. Yet, as I have said before, he loves her in his way."

"Now, hold tight by my tunic!" exclaimed the dwarf; "for, as theatrical managers say, 'a total change of scenery will be presented.'" And quickly through the air we skimmed, passing over rivers and fertile plains, factories and high cities, mansions and forests, and suddenly checked our speed as we hovered near an ancient structure, embosomed in an amphitheatre of trees, and surrounded by a far-extending park, studded here and there with gnarled oaks and spreading beeches, beneath whose shady branches "the antlered monarchs of the waste" browsed in peaceful security; which park a meandering river intersected, until it settled into a clear broad lake before the very Hall. The gardens were laid out with all the taste that the intellect of a connoisseur could devise; and while the torrid zones of Australia and India poured forth their tinted and fragrant beauties to grace the conservatory, the frigid climes of America gave their bounties to adorn the lawn and shrubberies.

"This is the Earl of Majoribanks's," exclaimed my companion, "and none of its lordly owner's compeers can

Boast a longer line,

Where time through heroes and through beauties steers.

Had I a son," he continued, "who was about to make his *début* into the fashionable world, I should endeavour to supply him with the three essentials—a self-sufficient assurance, the 'Blue Book,' and the 'Peerage;' a want of which, especially a knowledge of the latter, has been the cause of many bitter mistakes. Poor Milford, of the Treasury—and heir to 7000*l.* a-year—lost his life through ignorance in these little matters. Having gently suggested at a fish dinner at Greenwich, with various funny contortions of face, that Lady O'Slaughter was not on the pension-list for purely disinterested motives, to a young man, his neighbour, he had the misfortune to address the Honourable Tom Toddleplat, the lady's brother; and not having the conventional tact to back out of it in a satisfactory way, coupled with the lady's fame being a little damaged, he had the only alternative of standing some twelve paces before the honourable gentleman at Wimbledon Common, who managed to lodge a bullet into the left lung of the unfortunate Milford. Now, a very slight study of Burke would have easily remedied all the misery, and mistakes, which then occurred; for of course, under the Baron of Barebones, he would plainly have seen that the fourth daughter, 'Jane'—who was as plain as her name, but twenty years younger than her husband—'Married, Major-General Sir Flukes O'Slaughter, K.C.B., K.C.H., Colonel of the 201st Regiment of Foot, who departed this life August 20th, 1840, leaving no issue.' To carry out my sentiments, therefore—as you cannot in your present position very easily refer to a 'Peerage'—like a valued cicerone, I must initiate you into these matters. Observe the company

now assembled in the reception-room of the Earl of Majoribanks. That tall intellectual-looking man, in a plain suit of black, with all the quiet courtesy of a gentleman, mingled, I will allow you, with rather too much freezing politeness, is the earl himself. The first of his ancestors made mention of in History—*vide* the 'Peerage'—was Henry Fitzsneykes, surnamed 'the Bald,' from a natural deficiency of hair; and we find him remarkable as the presenter of four hundred marks, six palfreys, and one crimson velvet saddle to his sovereign—king John. For what reason History sayeth not, except '*pe optione choiser*,' as an annotation in the MSS. has any reference to the fact. Again, temp. Charles II., we find William Fitzsneykes created a Viscount, for 'good service' during the Dutch War; though scandal has it, rather because of his stately mien, polished wit, and melodious voice, that found favour with Barbara Palmer. Be that as it may, he was ancestor to Thomas Fitzsneykes, who, during the reign of 'the observed of all observers,' George IV., was elevated to the Earldom of Majoribanks, partly for the nice sit of a blue coat, and partly for his service to the state. He married Margaret, second daughter of Lord Donkiebray, of Castle Bray, county of Wicklow, and had issue the present earl, Thomas, Plenipotentiary at Naples, and Margaret, married to Howard de Jenkyns, M.P. (son of old Tom Jinks, the porter brewer). The present earl married Agnes, daughter of Archibald, fourth Duke of MacDougall, and has, besides other issue, that fair-haired, blue-eyed girl, Lady Agnes, standing near the round table. Those by her side are the Misses Dalziels, and that stout lady in the black velvet robe is their mamma, who gives the most select and pleasantest little 'at homes,' during the season, at her house in Park-lane; while, during the winter months, she foists herself on her country friends. That quiet and majestic-looking personage with a stiff starched cravat, and his hair *à l'hérisson*, and white stockings and pumps, is the Rev. Simon Softley, who was one of the best 'oars' at Oxford, but required all the 'coaching' imaginable, with the most vivid memorative similies—reduced from the ancients to the larks of *Alma Mater*, or Life in Town—to enable him to struggle through his 'little go,' and it was only by Letters dimissory, and the extreme leniency of the Bishop's chaplain, that he was enabled to take orders. He is now Vicar of Sneykestown; but as the living of Majoribanks, in the advowson of the Earl, has just fallen vacant, he buoys himself up with the hope of getting the presentation, and has, accordingly, 'got up' a pedantic conversation. The tall, pale-faced youth, who is listlessly turning over the leaves of an album, is Lieutenant Tiptoft, of the Heavies, who is quartered in the neighbourhood. He is so extremely self-satisfied with his general mien and appearance, that he cuts Mr. Softley's rhapsodies on the Rhine very short indeed. The stupid-looking man, with a doll-like face, who appears more like a pillow of feathers than a pillar of the state, is Lord Heavieland, eldest son of the Earl of Tallboys. That—but, hark!—there goes the gong. The butler announces dinner. The Earl hands in Lady Heavieland; Lieutenant Tiptoft, Miss Dalziel, who was of 'that tribe the Blues;' and Mr. Softley (who mentally exclaimed 'steeple chase'), Lady Agnes. The line of servants, in their scarlet plush and rich claret cloth, gently insinuate the chairs, and the business of the night begins.

"Lieutenant Tiptoft observes generally, 'That the weather was un-

usually mild for this time of the year, that he thinks the wind is in the west."

"Both are uncontroverted facts, so the officer twirls his moustachios, and Lady Majoribanks acquiesces."

"Do you study algebra?" inquired Softley of Lady Agnes.

Lady Agnes's education being uncommonly superficial, she only gave a contemptuous smile, more in pity than in anger, and replied "No."

"The dandelions are beginning to blow," observed Tiptoft, still on the "weather tact."

"Daffodils," mildly suggested Miss Dalziel, turning up her retrousé nose as if Mars had applied a nettle to it; and she immediately turned to her other neighbour, Lord Heaviland, who thoroughly wished she would look the other way until he had finished his soup.

"I must say," observed Softley, in a tender voice to Lady Agnes, determining to make an impression, "that I do like servants to wait in gloves, it is such an improvement, at least in my opinion, upon napkins, or nothing at all. Do I enlist Lady Agnes in the same sentiments?"

Her ladyship gave a start and a shudder. She turn her thoughts to anything so low and vulgar as a footman! She, the descendant of a Fitzneykes, who had given a velvet saddle to his king, and of another who had fought the Dutch, and of a third who had worn a matchless blue coat! In her idea they were a sort of genii of the gong, mere pieces of scarlet mechanism, who came out every evening from seven until eight to perform certain duties, and then return to the gong, to be seen no more. So she kept a dignified silence.

Softley was not to be beaten in that way, however. "Footman" led up to a quotation which he fancied would impress his hearers with the belief of his learning, so he continued, "With Horace, Lady Agnes, I exclaim,

*Magna movet stomachum fastidia si puer unctis
Tfactavit calicem manibus."*

Now, when the divine commenced his quotation, the conversation was pretty general, but the bombastic delivery of the last line attracted the attention of the whole table, and every eye was turned upon Lady Agnes and himself—some glancing with ridicule, and some with pity; so that had Softley ever aroused in the slightest degree the good feelings of Lady Agnes—which I think admits of a doubt—he had now most effectually succeeded in nipping them in the bud; and she never hated a French grammar, a governess, Miss de Winton (last season's belle), or a buffo song, more cordially than she did the unfortunate Softley for thus fixing the eyes of the dinner-table upon her; and if the benefice depended on her veto, he had about as much chance of getting it as the Ameer of Bokhara.

"The parson is coming it strong," observed Tiptoft.

"I really don't understand your allusions," replied Miss Dalziel. "Barrackslang, I presume?"

Tiptoft only replied by a die-away "ya-a-h-o," which meant to imply it was beneath his self-sufficient dignity to trouble himself to explain any observation he chose to make.

"You did not always live in Park Lane," observed old prosy Sir David Dumfry to the youngest Miss Dalziel. "Let me see—thirty years ago—yes, thirty years ago next November, I recollect you, a

pretty little girl—thirty! ble [redacted] is thirty-one years next November—yes, a pretty little girl, liv [redacted] Richmond.”

Miss Mary Dalziel gave a simper and a shudder.

“She did not really recollect—could not have been so long ago.”

“Must have been,” chimed in Sir David, “for my old friend Dukes has had the cottage nine-and-twenty years.”

How the young lady wished the old fellow at Timbuctoo, or anywhere else. The word “pretty”—libel as it was—did not even compensate for “thirty years ago!”

“Oh, you old prosy, dunderheaded numskull of a baronet! not to know ladies *never* pass *three-and-twenty*. Out upon you!—out upon you!” exclaimed the imp to me.

A pause ensued, so Lord Heavieland, having dined, amidst the most breathless silence delivered himself of a story, which, I make no doubt, would have been a very good one, if it had not lacked three rather essential ingredients—point, wit, and sentiment. The consequence was, everybody laughed at different parts of the story, and at different words, instead of the usual modulated but general round of applause which ought always to follow a lord’s story, as regularly as the *entrées* do the course.

“Only twenty-eight!” muttered the Earl, who was thinking aloud of the small majority of the Whigs on the Navigation-laws.

No one exactly understood what “twenty-eight” had reference to. Miss Mary Dalziel was afraid it might allude to her age; Tiptoft concluded the Earl had imbibed too much champagne; and Softley, that it was incipient softening of the brain. So Lady Majoribanks bowed to Lady Heavieland, and the ladies retired to the withdrawing-room.

“Fine claret, this,” observed Tiptoft, with the nod of a connoisseur, holding his glass up to a taper of the candelabra. “Lafitte, I make no doubt.” “Gad! we don’t get such stuff at our mess.”

“Uncommon fine claret,” mildly observed Softley, sipping the wine with the meekness of a martyr.

“Dr. Sexton is appointed surgeon to our union, mi lord,” observed Sir David Dumfry. “Near run between him and Mr. Sawbones, mi lord. I voted for Sexton, so did our Chairman, and Parkinson of the Grove.”

But the Earl’s thoughts were far distant from his table: they were roaming among Navigation-laws, and Financial reform, and The rate-in-aid tax, and Lord John Russell and Mr. Disraeli; so he only bowed an acquiescence, and observed, “The new workhouse was a fine building.”

Now, his lordship was a Low Churchman, so, *of course*, Mr. Softley, in his endeavour to please, entertained him with his (Softley’s) own views, which were very High Church and Puseyistical; and his lordship having one weak point above another, which was the retention of his Pew in Church, *of course* Softley suggested it should be turned into Stalls; and his lordship being a Radical, of course entertained a mortal antipathy to the army, so, *of course*, Tiptoft gave him his ideas on the Baggage allowance, Good-conduct pay, and Education of the British Service, until the Earl proposed “Coffee, and an adjournment to the Ladies.”

Tea—whist—music—conversation—and albums followed. Lieutenant Tiptoft found himself the chevalier of Miss Dalziel, while Softley was boring Lady Agnes with his solicitations for an Organ to the Church at Majoribanks.

"Have you been to the Opera to-night?" inquired Miss Dalziel.

"Ya-es," drawled Tiptoft.

"Almack's, or the Spitalfield's Ball?"

"Oh! no. Balls! I never go to balls."

Miss Dalziel set Mars down as a perfect Goth or Vandal. When Tiptoft went to town he went to the Opera *once*, as a matter of duty, as he would to a parade or his dinner, and was heartily glad when it was all over. But his hemisphere was the Casino de Venise, or The Judge and Jury Club, and then to the Gambling House, or the Berkley Club, where, having met a few "choice spirits" like himself, they "top up" the night, or rather morning, by a visit to Tom Frost's or Jack Smith's, and then dilate very loudly on their "larks" at their afternoon breakfast, or "tiffen" at the Wragenphamish Club.

"You have revoked," observed Mrs. Dalziel, at the whist-table.

"My lord, have you?" said the Earl, who considered a revoke and treason in the same scale of offences.

"Ah! so I have; rather too late, I suppose, to take it back?" inquired Lord Heavieland, with boyish simplicity. "Why, I have revoked twice."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Dalziel; "that makes us three—game. Well, Sir David, I never expected that windfall."

"I wish you would bring me the *Morning Post*," said Miss Dalziel to a servant; and then, turning to Tiptoft, observed, "Oh, I am so anxious for the Foreign Intelligence."

"So am I," replied the lieutenant; "but the Indian Mail does not arrive until to-morrow. I trust and hope Lord Gough will then be announced as victorious, for he has sustained a defeat, so I hear, though of course we shall call it a drawn battle. The great cause lay in the defectiveness of our reconnoitring service in India, which is so inefficient, that often the enemy is within a few yards of our videttes when they little think it; and surely they have had, or ought to have had, experience enough of the great want of a good spy system at the motions of the Sutlej—when a cannon-ball greeted the arrival of Lord Hardinge; while another cause is that a Commander-in-chief ought to have plenary power delegated to him, and not be placed under the control of a Committee in London, who perchance never saw a howitzer, except in Woolwich, nor a larger ball than a Mauson House one. And then to read how the papers revelled in the scandal of the 14th Dragoons,—a regiment who bears Talavera, Vittoria, Ortes, Peninsula, &c. Soldiers must obey orders, and if a Brigadier orders a cavalry regiment to retire by threes, with artillery in the rear, instead of the *flank movement* by threes—the simplest of parade movements—they must be thrown in confusion on their own guns."

"Oh-o!" drawled Miss Dalziel, with an ennuyéed air, "I was not thinking of India; I am sick to death of Indian news; the same thing over and over again; and Captain Pelican in the 'Blues' tells me that not above half the stories in the papers are true, and that they only emanate from the fertile brains of penny-a-liners to frighten us poor people at home. He says there is no danger in India—not that he has been there himself, because he don't like the sea voyage, except, he says, Lord Roscoe would take him out in his yacht; and that the duties on the 10th of April in London last year were much more arduous and dangerous than any our Indian army have to suffer. I know Captain Pelican was so

hoarse from the effects of the night damp in April, that he could not sing even a month after, at one of our little 'parties.' But the foreign intelligence I want to see is 'France,' and how The Dear Prince is getting on, and whether he rides his dear Bay Horse in the Champs d'Elysées as he did in Rotten-row—it was such a nice creature, though Captain Pelican did draw caricatures of it; and I am so anxious to know if he still uses *fixateur* to his moustachios, or whether the cares of state engage his whole time. The *Court Journal* always mentions these little incidents, while *Galignani* is sadly deficient upon these points."

"Now," said the demon to me, "read these two letters, which *will* be written—

"MA CHÈRE LISETTE,

"I am delighted to say we leave this place to-morrow for the Cranburs'. I am dying of *ennui*—quite gone. Our party consisted of the Heavylands. You recollect Captain Pelican's distich on my Lord, and others—nobodies—among them an officer passably good-looking, who, actually, *ma chère*, conceived a *pénchant* for me, and in his endeavour to please favoured me with an essay on strategy. He appeared to have a wild and indefinite idea of the *beau monde*, and talked of Lablache at the *ballet*! Should I, therefore, be caught in the silken meshes of love, and make him the happiest of men, I should first of all, before I introduced him, make him study under dear Lady Jervaulx the mysteries of our sphere. But, *ma foi*! what galimatias I am writing. However, I made him promise to get me some subscriptions from his brother officers for our Royal Superannuated Abigail Society. So you see I have made some use of him. Now do tell me all the news of the capital. What is the opera and the latest modes—any marriages or elopements, or duels? Ah! my dear girl, how I do envy you your *sejour* at Paris! And how does The Dear Prince bear 'his blushing honours'? How is his Bay Horse? And does he still *bandeline* his moustachios? And does he really take snuff like his Uncle? Jenny Lind is married, so say the papers. Captain Pelican says he hopes 'it is the ideal Mr. Harris,' and I pray that we shall have her at the Opera *all* the season. The dear Captain has composed such a *lovely* march.

"Yours affectionately,

"JANE DALZIEL.

"P.S.—I nearly forgot to say Lady Agnes is going to marry a Mr. Martin, a rich name, and a Yorkshire family.—J. D."

"The Barracks, Poplar Town.

"DEAR BOB,

"I have been staying the last few days with Lord Majoribanks, who keeps a capital house in this neighbourhood—prime claret, delicious venison—I cannot say much for the company; and he has not a billiard-table in his house, so the mornings were precious slow, and I never heard a single bet laid the whole time I was there, except by a Sir David Somebody, who offered a *penny*, even. One of the party was a girl, a Miss Dalziel—a girl did I say?—judging from the length of her teeth, she must have been forty if she was a day, and as for ugliness, would have run a dead heat with our Vet's wife. She rather took a fancy to me, and asked me to get up a subscription for her; and as I know you fellows have got the blue devils over there, I enclose the list—quite a gem

in its way—and after you have all read it, and Vollans caricatured the subject, and Richards composed an epigram on the same, it will make capital spells for cigars. She asked me if I had ever been to Almack's. Now, had she questioned me about 'all max'* at Tom Frost's, I should have been more 'au fait,' as she calls it. If she married me she would see but little of Almack's, or the Opera either, I calculate, except what she saw in the Mess Newspapers. She said summer was the season of the year (Eh, Bob? you and I think it the dullest—no steeple-chasing, hunting, or shooting), and praised the French Prince; but you know that cock will not fight, so he is no good to us soldiers. Lady Agnes is a stunner, but she is going to be married; besides, I suppose she would not put up with a *sub* in a Dragoon corps if she was not. My white cat has got four kittens, and they are all born blind. Rummy thing! Love to all the fellows.

"Sincerely yours,

"HENRY VAUGHAN TIPTOFT.

"I have booked the bet 3 to 1 against *Flying Dutchman* with Thompson for the Derby; and tell him I will run him for fifty pounds, pp., a cross country, three miles, with *Birdlime*, twelve stone each. Tip us a line."

Gradually and imperceptibly my hold upon the dwarf's tunic gave way, until at last, with perplexing velocity, I felt myself descend through the air, and fall with irresistible force on the floor of my sanctuary. I jumped up—and—awoke. I had been asleep. I had been dreaming. My lamp was exhausted, the Oronoko ashes had burnt a round little hole in my chair, the fire-place was a mass of cinders and dead coals; and there stood the bit of charcoal, my morning's labour. The room was bitterly cold, my old clock tolled one, and the grey streaks of morning struggled hard to get through the crevices of the closed shutters.

The post brought me a communication, written in the most curious style of rounded dark turns, and perfectly left-sided, signed "John Flooke, *pro* Gammon and Self, Attornies-at-law," enclosing a hundred-pound note for "present uses," and informing me that my uncle was gathered to his fathers, and by his last will and testament had named me his heir.

Again I shall try the world, not with the metaphysical tenets of a Cynic, but with the social and virtuous doctrines of an Epicurean. That happiness was a conventional rouge was palpably exemplified to my mind—at least in fashionable life—for when I heard Miss Dalziel tell Lady Majoribanks "she never spent such a pleasant visit in her life," and Lieutenant Tiptoft thank her ladyship most obsequiously for her kindnesses, and still in their hearts and in their sentiments to their bosom friends, think and write the very reverse—what was happiness but a registered paletôt, to be put on or off at the pleasure of the owner?

* To fair readers—the slang phrase for gin—"For a glass of max."—Byron

FRENCH ANTI-SOCIALIST PUBLICATIONS.*

AMIDST the bustle of the past elections, the results of which have been to a certain extent favourable to the moderate party, the friends of order were incessant in their labours to serve the cause of humanity and of civilisation. If France, it was too truly urged, was threatened with foreign invasion, it would be the duty of every citizen to act in its defence, and to sacrifice everything to the common safety. France, however, is not in such a position. It has nothing to fear from enemies without. The enemy who threatens is in the country itself. In it are the factions and the extreme parties, who have for auxiliaries all the bad passions. Some wish to subject the general interests to their minority; others pretend to change all the conditions of human society, which is worse than the actual devastation of the country. If a village, a town, a province, or even a whole country, was ravaged, sacked, and fired, still nationality would survive. History affords many examples of this great fact. But when religion, manners, and institutions are broken up, family ties disavowed, the population returns to the condition of savages, and barbarity succeeds to civilisation. It is national suicide. The most astounding thing of all is, that the factious, who dream of bringing the country into this state of chaos, call themselves regenerators, benefactors of the human race; and they have written on their banners these words: *Socialism, Communism!*

"The very name is a lie," exclaims Charles Gouraud. "Socialism gives the idea of a doctrine devoted to the maintenance of those universal principles which serve as a foundation to human society—the belief in God, family ties, respect to property. Yet, what do the publications of the Socialists say?"

The first duty of a free and intelligent man is to drive away incessantly the idea of God from his mind and conscience; for God, if he exists, is essentially hostile to our nature, and we in no way benefit by his authority. God is folly and cowardice, tyranny and misery. God is at the root of all evil!—(Proudhon, *Système des Contradictions Economiques*.)

The wretch, who in his insane delirium and blasphemous ribaldry penned the above, also writes of himself, in a style worthy of an inmate of Bedlam:

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- * *Le Socialisme Dévoilé. Simple Discours par Charles Gouraud.*
*Ce qui arriverait, si *** Aux vieux Soldats, &c., &c.* Par M. L. Durat Lasalle, Officier en retraite, &c.
La Vérité. Aux Ouvriers, aux Paysans, aux Soldats. Simples Paroles. Par M. Théodore Muret.
Le Club de Village. Par M. Lamarque Plaisance, Membre du Conseil, Général de Lot-et-Garonne.
Le Budget de la République Rouge.
Les Rouges Jugés par Eux-Mêmes.
Les Partageux: Dialogues à la Portée de Tous. Par Wallon.
Le Fond des Cœurs.
Noir et Rouge. Les Gens de Beaumont à M. Félix Pyat.
Le Dix Décembre et le Treize Mai.
Petit Manuel du Payan Electeur.
A Monsieur Pierre Joigneaux, Représentant du Peuple.
La Politique du Bon Sens, ou les Avis de Maître Fischer.
Aux Elections! Par M. Alfred Nettement.
Profession de Foi de Jean Bonhomme. Par J. P. Schmit.
Où est le Salut du Pays? Par un Ami de la France.

I wish to change the whole basis of society ; to remove the axis of civilisation ; to act so that the world, which has hitherto, under the impulsion of the Divine will, turned from west to east, shall be now moved by the will of man, and shall turn from east to west. I know that, if the obstacles are great, my means are still greater. I have taken my point of rest in chaos, and I have an idea for a lever. It is with that that the Divine Labourer created the natural world ; it is with that that man, the eternal rival of God, shall create the world of industry and of art.—Proudhon, *Démonstration du Socialisme*.

Bleeding, physicking, and, when a little calm, the administration of a sound flogging, are evidently indicated as the treatment necessitated by a political enthusiasm of this stamp. But that which applies to M. Proudhon can scarcely be made to do so to a nation. It would be difficult to convert one of the provinces of France into a colossal Bicêtre or a Charenton. Yet, if the Socialists find, as the election returns demonstrate, among no doubt many pretended partisans, many also really imbued with its doctrines, it is impossible not to feel that a certain, and a not insignificant portion, of the French must be weary of their long-boasted civilisation. Such persons knowingly and wantonly pant for the liberty of the desert, not the liberty which acknowledges the control of reason and right ; they aspire to the freedom of attack, of licence, and of spoliation ; they yearn for idleness and for destruction ; their ideal is a savage life as opposed to the control of civilisation ; and they would rather turn the world round upon its axis, than not gain their point of hurling society into the chaos of barbarism. The doctrines of Jean Jacques Rousseau are with them in the ascendant ; and there are those who, under the pretence of regenerating industry and art, do firmly believe that a savage and ungodly life is preferable to a forced civilisation. That such advocates of barbarism and brutality will ultimately be put down, by force of example, by the pens of the friends of order, or by the sword, there cannot be the least doubt, unless France is to be sacrificed. But the wonder of the thing is, that such ideas could ever have obtained, could have been allowed to have been propagated, and could, in these our own brave days of fat-spreading power and civilisation, have gained so many proselytes.

That the Socialists attack property, is more than sufficiently attested by that celebrated dictum of M. Proudhon's, *La propriété c'est le vol ! La propriété est infâme !* and which has met with a rich and well-deserved ridicule. But it is not equally well known that they have attacked the institution of marriage as openly as they have that of property. "Polygamy is the most precious germ of family union" (*La Phalange*, February, 1849).

It has been just observed, that the inevitable result of the overthrow of existing institutions would be a return to a savage and wandering life ; but while some of the Socialists openly acknowledge this, and assume the designation of *Etat Errant*, others would anticipate such a state of things by what they call *Communism*. Communism is, according to the received organ of the party—*La Commune Sociale* for February, 1849—"The common appropriation of all moveable or immoveable property, which shall belong to all ; the reunion into one sole national property of all the particular properties, of whatsoever kind ; the right exclusively reserved to itself by the state, to rule over production and consumption!"

Can anything be more absurd, more despotic, more impossible ? Communism, as thus defined, is a state of the most fearful bondage and

slavery. Individual property, power, and will are abrogated, and nothing is left but the permission to live and to work—for the state; that is, for a few political empirics and self-appointed rulers.

The *Etat Errant* is not the most numerous, but it is the most important subdivision of the Socialists, and it has the blasphemous Proudhon at its head. Everything that this miscreant has written, from the first line of his *Démonstration du Socialisme* to the last of his *Prospectus*, has aspired to this abominable result. His last great attempt to the same effect was to do away with capital and with credit, and to nominate in its place a bank of exchange (*Statuts de la Banque du Peuple*). It is only savages, or semi-barbarous nations, who are obliged to have recourse to a system of exchange. Socialism, in fact, tends through Communism to slavery—through the wandering state to brutal degradation.

One cannot feel surprised at seeing the friends of order appealing, at a moment of such supreme danger, to all classes who may be supposed to be interested in the preservation of society. "France," says M. L. Durat-Lasalle, "was always the land of honour and glory; it is especially in the hearts of the veterans (*vieux soldats*), that true patriotism dwells with fervour." This is not Roman, ("The repose of Rome," write the modern triumvirate, "ought to be that of a lion—as solemn as its roar is terrible;") but it is essentially French—honour, glory, patriotism, fervour, in one short sentence. The veterans, however, constitute no small portion of a nation so essentially military as France. They are estimated to be at least 2,000,000 in number; out of which 120,000 are pensioned by the state, at an annual expense of 41,750,000 francs. Playing at soldiers is a very expensive game. "The Braves" of the Hotel des Invalides are next appealed to. "Invalides!" apostrophises M. Durat-Lasalle, "you are the living expression of French honour, glory, and gratitude. The men of disorder, the Vandals of Socialism, will have no success with you: it would be the destruction of that noble edifice founded by order and justice. Next come the members of the *Legion d'Honneur*. "This is an institution eminently national. The Legionaries have a personal interest, added to the motto of the order, 'Honour and Country,' to expel the enemies of the country from the electoral urn." The Legionaries, it is worth noticing, are 51,253 in number, of whom 19,008 derive pecuniary advantages from their decoration. Next come the sailors of all kinds; and lastly the gendarmerie, consisting of 17,842 officers and men, distributed in 37,000 communes (half a gendarme to each district); and who, from their particular duties, it might have been thought superfluous to address. The gendarmerie, to use the author's peculiarly Gallic description of its functions, "is order, living and unceasingly moving, night and day, at all hours and in all places."

M. Théodore Muret condescends to address himself to classes inferior to gendarmes and Legionaries—to workmen, peasants and soldiers. "He is not a nobleman," he announces in bold type; "he is a stranger to the very spirit of the caste of nobility, supposing even that that spirit could exist in the present day!" This is an unnecessary and a very uncalled-for sacrifice made to the manes of Radicalism. M. Muret tells the working classes that the height of democracy is already obtained by universal suffrage, and that any thing else they would seek for would turn out

fallacious. Socialism, or universal association, he denounces, as we have before said, as an arrangement by which the idle and the incapable are to live at the expense of the skilful and the industrious. Organisation of labour, and right of labour, he also denounces as sonorous, hollow, phrases. "Down with capital! down with the rich!" words of hatred and of anger suggested by impostors. So also are the words *réactionnaires* and *aristos* as applied to the friends of order. "What feeling for the poor," M. Muret asks, "can those partisans have who wrote in the *Révolution Démocratique et Sociale*, for 22nd of February, 1849? 'Hospitals! shame to those who built them! Hospitals, poor-houses, help of all description—charity itself, are the great evils of society. In the name of equality I repudiate them, and declare them to be infamous!'" M. Muret observes that it is strange to see the same man who declared property to be a theft, attempting to establish a bank! The Anarchists, he also observes, glorify that fatal epoch of which the red cap is the emblem. A worthy period, he says, to be honoured. And he extracts from M. Prudhon's *Histoire générale et impartiale des Erreurs, des Fautes et des Crimes commis pendant la Révolution*, 6 vols., in 8vo., the following instructive table:—

Nobles guillotined	1,278
Noble ladies guillotined	750
Wives of working classes guillotined	1,467
Nuns guillotined	350
Priests guillotined	1,135
Men not nobles guillotined	13,693
Women who died from fright	3,748
Persons of all sexes and ages killed in La Vendée	937,000
Victims of Nantes	32,080

The statistics of the victims of the revolutions that have occurred since the fall of Louis Philippe would, perhaps, be a not less curious and melancholy document.

M. Lamarque Plaisance is another of a respectable class of society who would endeavour, to the best of his powers, to supplant the impious doctrines of modern French reformers by the eternal laws of justice and truth. Living in the country, he says he regrets to perceive that the corruption of the cities is fast spreading over and contaminating the land. Sad prospects for poor France! Too truly does this worthy member of a provincial council observe, that the respectable among all parties and classes should unite their efforts to prevent the contagion going farther, and should labour unceasingly at overthrowing these new ideas, which are calculated to disorganise all society.

"Upon seeing the near approach of the elections," observes the anonymous author of *Le Budget de la République Rouge*, "the Red Republic hides the blood-red colour of its flag, and endeavours to give it a golden hue." This is a resource common to the radicals of all countries. They always begin by persuading the lower classes that they are going to enrich them, when they only want to obtain riches and power for themselves. By the system of the Red Republicans, corn is to be dear, and bread cheap; wages trebled, and profits augmented at the same time; public expenses increased, and yet taxes diminished.

Les Rouges Jugés par Eux-Mêmes is a publication of a somewhat similar character. Proudhon vituperated by Considérant, Considérant

by Proudhon, Louis Blanc by Proudhon, Ledru-Rollin by Raspail, Blanqui by Barbés, Huber by Caussidière, are admirable pictures of what the men are among themselves—of the feelings by which they are actuated, the language which they are in the habit of using, and of what might be expected of them if they were in power.

Les Partageux is like some other brochures of the same class, a portion of a *Bibliothèque Anti-Socialiste*, edited by M. Wallon, and publishing in the Rue des Grands Augustins. *Le Fond des Cœurs*, another little publication of the same class, is one of the numerous publications of the *Comité de la Rue de Poitiers*. *Les Partageux* is a term applied derisively to the Socialists, who wish to divide everything among everybody. *Le Fond des Cœurs* appeals, as its title indicates, to the better feelings of the heart—to religion, to the love of parents and relatives, to the family, and to the domestic hearth.

Noir et Rouge is a letter from the good people of Beaumont to M. Felix Pyat, who has taken upon himself to address the peasants of France, felicitating them upon the time when their wives will lisp to children those sweet words "liberty, equality, and fraternity!" The letter is at once reasonable, caustic, and true. "By what title," do the worthy couturier Fabre and others ask of M. Felix Pyat, "do you address the peasantry of France? You are neither a landed proprietor, nor a farmer, nor even a labourer; you are not a magistrate nor a priest; and your moustache did not grow in Africa. You are a public speaker, an amuser of the people, a mountebank!" There are some in the provinces, it would appear, who can appreciate these self-elected rulers and inspired legislators at their real value.

Le Dix Septembre et le Treize Mai complains that at the last elections the peasantry were obliged to go to the departmental towns to vote, where they were surrounded by ferocious looking personages, who examined their papers by force, and tore up such as did not suit their views. It attributes to the corrupt influence of these commissaries, sub-commissaries, delegates of clubs, &c., the re-election of Ledru-Rollin and the fall of Cavaignac; and, hoping for a greater degree of republican liberty at the election of the 13th of May, advocates the cause of Louis Napoleon as that of order. This brochure contains the following amusing newspaper statistics:—

It must be acknowledged, and every body admits it, that the Republic has not hitherto worked well.

Le Peuple says that it is because it has had the weakness to maintain so infamous a thing as property, and to respect so infernal a thing as capital. (*Le Peuple*, it would appear, deals in hard words.)

La Revolution Démocratique et Sociale affirms that it is because it did not dare to treat Louis Philippe as the first Republic treated Louis XVI., and to restore purely and simply the Reign of Terror.

La Reforme pretends that it is because it did not give uncontrolled power to Ledru-Rollin, and replace the money that was fast vanishing, by worthless paper.

La Démocratie Pacifique argues that it is because 1600 hectares of land were not given over to M. Considérant, that he might erect thereon, at the expense of the tax-payers, a great convent, where he and his friends could live at their ease.

Le National maintains that it is because the editors, writers, and correspondents of the said *National* are not all ministers, directors-general, prefects and sub-prefects, receivers-general in particular, or proprietors of post-offices and tobacco licences.

As for us, we think it is because property has been attacked, capital frightened away, terror advocated, paper-money recommended, Socialist follies tolerated, and France delivered over to the staff of the *National*.

The *Petit Manuel du Paysan Electeur* treats of Socialists, Communists, &c., as of a band of adventurers, ruined men, escaped convicts, worthless libertines, and robbers and idlers who wish to live at their ease at public expense; and earnestly warns the peasantry against their seductive theories.

At a banquet given on the 24th of February last, M. Pierre Joigneaux responded to the toast, given by Fossoyeux and applauded by M. Felix Pyat, "*To the memory of the Montagnards of 1793.*" This has obtained for M. Joigneaux a well-merited chastisement, given in the form of letters from a peasant. The country-people appear, from these letters, to be fully alive to the important fact, that the appointment of representative of the people is worth 9000 francs—no bad income, with no reductions in the shape of taxes.

Maitre Fischer has the rare merit of brevity and terseness. "When your wife is ill," says Maitre Fischer to Père Thomas, "whom do you send for?" "For a doctor," answers Père Thomas. "Not for a quack," rejoins Maitre Fischer as a corollary; and so, he goes on to argue, it is of the State, which at the present moment is entirely given up to a mob of Parisian quacks and political empires.

M. Alfred Nettefent asserts that one of the greatest faults of the French is political indifference. We should be inclined to say precisely the reverse; and that the French suffer more than any other country from their preferring to look after the affairs of the nation instead of their own, and their anxiety that France should stand at the head of all other nations. M. Alfred is more felicitous when he says that the misery and disappointment, which is all that the people have reaped by their much vaunted sovereignty, has done much to prepare their minds to receive the chimerical ideas of Socialists and Communists.

Jean Bonhomme is the well-known French epithet for the honest, industrious peasant. M. Schmit imagines Jean Bonhomme to be putting forward his claims to representation in the Chamber of Deputies. What are those claims? Order, union, and conciliation, he asserts, as opposed to those fine nonsensical phrases so liberally dealt out at the last elections, "liberty, equality, and fraternity." The country is as sick of them now, as it is disgusted with everything republican.

Where then, lastly, is the *Salut du Pays*, according to the friend of France, who stands last on our list? "It is evident," says *L'Ami de la France*, "to all men of common sense, that the safety of the country lies in the restoration of legitimacy. No one is totally ignorant of the past. To write its history is to write that of France. The names of St. Louis, of Henry IV., of Louis XIV., are graven in the memory of all. You all know the victories of Bouvines, of Rocroy, and of Denain, which three times saved the country from the yoke of the stranger. You all know that France, under a legitimate monarchy, so far from retrograding, always took its place in the first rank of civilised nations, in arms, in sciences, and arts. The Legitimist party is the only one which can conciliate all others, the only one that can save France."

HINTS TO EMIGRANTS TO NEW SOUTH WALES.

BY THE HON. WALTER WROTTESELEY.

THOUSANDS are now leaving our shores to seek for independence, work, and food, in the Australian colonies; and many thousands more would cheerfully accompany them, if they could only obtain the means of conveyance for themselves and their families. Of these emigrants a large proportion go to Sydney, the capital of the colony of New South Wales, and will be interested in hearing something of their adopted country.

New South Wales, the oldest of the Australian colonies, is situated on the eastern side of that vast island marked Australia in the maps, and was first taken possession of (for the British crown) by Captain Cook. No settlement, however, was made until the year 1788, when an expedition, under the command of Captain Phillip, R.N., landed at Botany Bay, a large bay or inlet of the sea, about eight miles south of Port Jackson. The country on the shores of that bay being sandy, and deficient of fresh water, Captain Phillip sought a more favourable spot for his infant settlement, and fixed upon the shores of Port Jackson, where he founded the city of Sydney as a penal colony.

For many years the colony was viewed only as a place to which felons were transported, and was best known in England as "Botany Bay." There were no inhabitants but the outcasts of society, the persons employed by government in their control and management, and a few merchants, who were induced to settle in Sydney.

The defence of the settlement was entrusted to a regiment which was expressly raised for the purpose, and was called the New South Wales Corps. Amongst its officers was a Mr. M'Arthur, a native of Argyleshire. This gentleman arrived in the colony in 1791, and, accustomed to sheep-farming on his native hills, immediately saw that New South Wales was well adapted to the cultivation of wool. He imported a few sheep from the Cape of Good Hope and from England, and from the flocks thus commenced have sprung the many millions of sheep which the Australian colonies now contain. In 1807, 245lbs. of Australian wool was imported into England, and thus was founded a trade, which has been the main source of prosperity to the most rapidly-thriving colony that has been known in the history of the world, and which now employs hundreds of ships and many thousands of Englishmen. In 1848, the wool imported into England from New South Wales alone, independent of the other Australian colonies, was near 20,000,000 lbs.

As an encouragement to agriculture, the governor of the colony had power to make free grants of land, and large grants were made to persons in the colony; but few free persons unconnected with its government went there until about the year 1828.

In the year 1821, when the first census was taken, the population was under 30,000, and in 1828 not 37,000. However, about 1828 it became generally known that sheep-farming in Australia was a profitable investment, and many persons with capital went there, and obtained grants of land.

In 1836 the system of free grants of land was abolished, and all land was ordered to be sold, the maximum price being 5s. per acre. This sum was afterwards raised to 12s., and it is now 1*l*.

Between 1828 and 1840 the colony increased so rapidly in population, wealth, intelligence, and respectability, that the free settlers became desirous of being relieved from the burden and stain of a penal colony; and, in compliance with their wishes, the government of England ceased, in 1840, to transport persons to New South Wales.

That this change in one important particular has not been injurious to the colony, may be inferred from the facts that in 1840 the population was 120,000, and is now near 250,000. Such is the short history of the past.

Now New South Wales, like the other settlements in Australia, is a free colony; and although some of its inhabitants have been themselves criminals suffering punishment, and others are descendants of criminals, yet I believe all will admit that the taint of crime is daily lessening, and that now the tone of morality is not worse than might be expected in a new society.

Previous to the year 1848, New South Wales comprised the whole of the east coast of Australia; but in the course of the past year that portion of it south of Cape Howe, and which has hitherto been known as Australia Felix, or the Port Phillip district, has been made an independent colony, under the name of Victoria. The western boundary of New South Wales has not been fixed. Of this vast territory a small part has been divided into twenty-one counties, within the boundaries of which land is sold. Beyond, either to the west or north, no land can be purchased; but the crown now grants leases or licences of occupation, and under such licences a large proportion of the sheep and cattle are depastured, so that the country is partially occupied and settled from Cape Howe to Wide Bay; a district more than 800 miles in length, by about 200 miles in breadth. Parallel to the coast, and about the average distance of fifty miles from it, rises a range of mountains, from whence the waters run east and west; those flowing to the west find their way into the Murray, which, under different names, wends its course for more than 1200 miles to the south, and then loses itself in Lake Alexandrina, from which, unfortunately, there is no practicable entrance to the sea; whilst the eastern waters run direct into the Pacific Ocean, but from the shortness of their course do not form rivers of any great magnitude; but amongst the most important may be named the Hawkesbury, the Hunter, the Manning, the Clarence, the Brisbane, and the Burnett.

As may be supposed, in so large a tract, every variety of soil is found; rich alluvial flats, suited to the plough; vast plains, where herds of cattle and horses roam amidst rich and luxuriant grasses; and gently undulating ground, where large trees, thinly scattered, give the country the appearance of an English park, with grass short and nutritious as that on the South Downs, and where the sheep are kept in flocks varying from 500 to 1500. The whole country is more or less covered with trees, which, although of different kinds, all possess one common property—that of not shedding their leaves; they are evergreens, and it must be confessed that the eye, accustomed to the ever-changing hues of European trees, becomes wearied with the sombre appearance of an Australian forest, which is ever the same from Christmas to Christmas.

The most common are the different species of *Eucalyptus*, called the gum-trees. Of these the most useful are the blue gum, which are well suited for ship-building, and the wood of which is supposed to be as durable as the teak, though sufficient time has not yet elapsed to test its qualities; and the stringy and iron bark trees, which are principally used for buildings and fences, and are well qualified for those purposes in a new country, where labour must be economised, as, from their splitting readily and evenly, the necessity of sawing planks is obviated. For furniture and the interior of houses, a kind of cedar is used, which grows in large quantities on the banks of the rivers, and the cutting of which has been a profitable employment for some years.

In the northern districts in the neighbourhood of Moreton Bay, several kinds of tree, the wood of which is beautifully marked, and will take a high polish, have been found. As labour becomes more plentiful, these last will, no doubt, be exported to England for the use of cabinet-makers.

Much as has been said about the fineness of the Australian climate, in no case has it, or can it be exaggerated. The sun is powerful, though never oppressive; the air pure, dry, and exhilarating; the nights cool and refreshing. The seasons are the reverse of those in England. Christmas is the height of summer, and June and July winter months. For health and enjoyment the climate is perfect. The only fault it possesses is, that there is not always rain enough for agricultural purposes. This deficiency is, however, experienced less in the neighbourhood of the coast. It is therefore principally between the range of mountains and the coast that the land is cultivated. In the interior, the ground is occupied by large sheep and cattle holders, who seldom grow any grain, but bring all the flour necessary for the consumption of themselves and their servants from the port to which they send their wool. The largest portion of the population is employed in pastoral pursuits, in tending the vast flocks and herds with which the country is covered, and in preparing their produce, wool and tallow, for exportation. These pursuits have hitherto engrossed the time, and most of the capital, of the wealthiest settlers; so much so, that a few years since great quantities of the wheat consumed in New South Wales were imported from Valparaiso, in South America; but now, owing to the rapid increase of small settlers employed in agriculture, this importation from Valparaiso has ceased; but some corn is still imported from Van Diemen's Land and South Australia. Wheat, barley, and maize, thrive well; oats are grown only for the purpose of being cut green, to make hay, as maize is the corn given to horses; tobacco is extensively cultivated on the banks of the Hunter and other places, and the vine grows admirably. The most extensive vineyards are those of the Messrs. M'Arthur, the sons of the gentleman who introduced sheep-farming; and to their energy and enterprise in introducing German vinedressers, and in making experiments with the different descriptions of grape, the colony is mainly indebted for an article which will add greatly to its prosperity. Much wine is already made by them and other gentlemen, of a good quality, and which meets with a ready sale at remunerating prices. In a few years, I have no doubt both wine and brandy will be exported. The olive and the mulberry also grow well; so that, some years hence, oil and silk may be produced. In the northern districts, near Moreton

Bay, the cotton-plant flourishes. However, years must pass, and the population be very much increased, before any supply of cotton from Australia can be reckoned on. Potatoes do not grow well, except on the high table-lands of Bathurst and New England; they therefore are generally imported from Van Diemen's Land; but yams and sweet potatoes are plentiful, and all other English vegetables are cultivated and brought to great perfection; whilst the fruit-market of Sydney presents a variety to be witnessed, I believe, in no other country in the world. Side by side may be seen the ordinary fruits of England, of the south of Europe, and of the tropics—apples, pears, plums, peaches, nectarines, grapes, melons, oranges, pomegranates, grenadillas, litchis, guavas, olives, figs, bananas, custard-apples, loquats, and pine-apples.

All this general description of the colony may be very well (says the emigrant) for those who stay at home, and wish to know something about different parts of the world; but I am on the voyage to Sydney; I wish to know what I am to do when I arrive there. How can I best employ myself? what should I seek? what should I avoid? In what way can I soonest attain that for which I have sacrificed home and friends—present food for myself and family, and independence for the future?

To answer these questions, my friend, I must know something about you. You must tell me your means. What are your views?—what are your wishes? But, whatever you are, remember, that unless you have made up your mind to adopt New South Wales as your permanent home, you had better at once go back to England. Think not that you can be a sojourner in the land; that you can in a few years realise a fortune, and carry it with you to Europe. Thousands have been ruined by such ideas: they have neglected that which would have given them small and gradual profit in searching for a royal road to wealth, and are now, after having expended their capital, acting as servants to those who perhaps started with no other capital than strong arms and a prudent head.

You are a capitalist—that is, you have at least 3000*l*. You may be a sheep-farmer, then. However, this is the smallest sum with which a stranger to the country should commence sheep-farming. The necessary expenses of a small flock bear a much larger proportion to the gross profits than where the flock is large. You will not, therefore, make much profit the first two or three years. However, if you are willing to rough it at first, and live industriously and frugally, you may commence with that capital, and in a short time your flocks and profits will both increase.

At the present price of land, 1*l*. per acre, purchasing land for sheep-runs is out of the question. Moreover, within the counties, where alone land is sold by government, all the valuable land is already occupied. You must, therefore, go beyond the boundaries, and become what is called a squatter. As the flocks and herds of the settlers increase, fresh lands are constantly occupied, and new stations and runs formed; but no new emigrant, or, as he is called in colonial language, new chum, should think of going to the extreme bounds of the settled districts, or to form new stations.

By law, all the land beyond the boundaries of the counties is considered absolutely the property of the crown, and may be let for a term

of fourteen years for a certain small rent to individuals, who acquire no further property in the land thus leased to them than the right to use it for grazing during the term they occupy it, and upon their relinquishing it the land reverts to the crown, who may lease it to another. Such is the law; but custom, often, as in this case, more powerful than law, has established a certain right of transfer in the lessee. On the formation of a sheep-station, houses for the owner and his men, stores, and wool-sheds must be built; hurdles for penning the sheep at night, and rails to enclose a paddock for the horses, must be made. Thus no sheep-station is formed without considerable outlay; and therefore, when a person wishes to give up a station, he sells his sheep and "the right to the run" on which they are. This phrase is well understood, and the purchaser, though he does not directly give anything for the right to the run and the buildings on it, yet in reality pays for them by giving more per head for the sheep; and this is sufficiently recognised by the government, who never refuse to grant a lease to the purchaser upon the ordinary terms, or to allow the lease already granted to be transferred.

On your first arrival, do not be in a hurry to purchase. You will probably hear of many most eligible investments; stations which just suit your means, and situated in the best part of the colony; or, if costing more than you possess, part of the purchase-money may be left on mortgage, at 10*l.* or 8*l.* per cent. Listen to no such tempting offers; incur no debt; remember the old adage, "Out of debt, out of danger." You do not expect or wish to get rapidly rich; independence is your object. Place, therefore, your money in one of the banks; and, if you have a family, seek out some quiet lodging in the neighbourhood of Sydney. Such are to be found. Hotels and lodging-houses there are dear; in fact, as expensive as in London. Having done this, make inquiries as to what *runs* are to be disposed of. Newspapers are daily published in Sydney, which contain advertisements, offering everything to the public, from a run capable of maintaining 50,000 sheep, down to a bark hut.

Attend the auctions which are daily and hourly taking place; listen to the talk in the coffee-rooms, which is of "new countries," sheep, bullocks, &c.; make inquiries of those to whom you have letters of introduction. On all occasions keep your ears open and your mouth shut; hearken attentively to all advice; buy nothing. By such means you may form an opinion as to where you may wish to settle. Good sheep runs are to be obtained in all directions. Much depends upon fancy, still more upon particular circumstances, which are always varying. No general advice written now can assist a person some months or years hence.

Having by such means decided upon the country which you may think most desirable, and perhaps heard of a run which *may* suit you, buy a good, useful horse, a short-legged, clean-shouldered animal, one which has been accustomed to the bush, as the country is called, cares not for the luxury of hay and corn and grooming, has lived always on the native grasses, and will not roam far at night. See that he has good sound legs and feet, and has been well shod, and, above all, see that he has not a sore back, or the marks of ever having had one; buy a bridle, a pair of hobbles, such as you see on a tinker's

donkey in an English lane, and perhaps a tether rope,—both the latter are to be used, when needful, as a precaution against his straying at night. I will assume that you are provided with an English saddle—not a cheap one made by advertising tradesmen, but one manufactured by one of the most expensive saddlers in the west-end of London; the tree of it of an average size, but more stuffed than is usual in England. After you have been in the colony a few months, and have ridden some few hundred miles, you will know that a pound or two extra invested in pig-skins has saved a large portion both of yours and your horse's. Then, having provided a means of conveyance, buy a good warm blanket, rolling up in it a change of linen, a square of soap, a tooth-brush, and a pocket-comb. A bushman will consider you equipped for a journey of 1000 miles. If you fix upon the country to the west, or south-west of Sydney, you will start on horseback from Sydney; if upon the country which lies upon the north and north-west, you will take a place for yourself and horse by the steam-boat, either to Maitland or Port Macquarie, or Moreton Bay, according as it may be the best port for your destination. Grudge not the passage-money for your horse. You have both a better choice of horses, and they are far cheaper at Sydney than elsewhere. When a new chum is in want of a horse up the country, he pays dear for being allowed to buy one.

Having reached the place from whence your journey on horseback commences, strap your blanket in front of your saddle, and start with a bold heart and a cheerful spirit to make personal observations on the country you propose to fix in. Take only a few pounds for your first day or two's journey. In the country, an order or cheque upon a banker or agent in Sydney, for all sums, as low even as a few shillings, passes current. For the first few days you will find regular inns, at intervals of about twenty-five or thirty miles, a fair day's journey, where there is good accommodation for man and beast. You will also probably meet with some other person travelling the same road, whose society will be agreeable to you, and his experience useful. Should you, however, not meet with a companion and guide, you will have no difficulty in finding your way; the road, though not macadamised and marked with mile-posts and finger-posts, is plain and easy, from the numerous tracks of drays conveying wool from the interior. After some time, the inns, however, cease—you must then rely upon hospitality or your own resources. Each settler or each shepherd at whose hut you arrive will receive you with the frankest and most open-hearted hospitality. You will no longer, perhaps, get corn for your horse, or wine and beer for yourself, but all it contains will be at your service in the freest manner; and after a hot ride of eight or ten hours you will soon find that mutton-chops, damper, and tea, are no contemptible fare. On the road take every opportunity of learning something about sheep-farming, and particularly about that district and that run on which you contemplate settling. The squatters are frank and free in their conversation; and every run, its qualities and capabilities, and the character of the different flocks, are well known to all the old settlers. You will thus learn whether the district in question has many good runs in it—whether the flocks offered you have been clean, that is, free from scab or catarrh—and whether the run has been always well watered, or whether, in the droughts which occasionally occur, the water-holes have failed. Learn, also, the names of the

different species of trees, and remark their peculiarities; there is no surer criterion of the nature of the soil than the trees it produces. "Apple-tree flats and stringy-bark ranges,"—*i. e.*, a country where a species of Eucalyptus called the apple-tree, from its similarity to the old trees of that kind in Worcestershire and Herefordshire, abounds on the flats, and another species, called the stringy-bark, on the hills—are best adapted to sheep.

Arrived at the run you wish to see, ride round the boundaries of it; inspect each of the sheep-stations; see that the water-holes at which the stations are placed have the appearance of being permanent ponds; and that the run is of sufficient size to bear a considerable increase on the number of sheep you intend to commence with. If not satisfied with the first run or district you visit, travel to others; fear not that you are wasting time—each day will give you experience, and save you pounds in the end. Having at length satisfied yourself of the quality of the sheep and the eligibility of the run, make your bargain. At the present prices you will probably get a good flock, with the right to the run and the buildings upon it, for about 6s. per sheep. Do not expend your whole capital in this purchase. Reserve something to start with, and for the first year's expenses. You must remove your goods and family from Sydney. You must lay in the first year's stores—flour, tea, sugar, tobacco, sheep-clothing, wool-bagging, tools and implements of all kinds, &c., &c. You must purchase a dray or two, and team of oxen, taking care that the dray is well made, and of seasoned wood, and the oxen well broken, and one or two more saddle-horses. All this will require ready money, for it is far better to start with a smaller flock than to incur a debt with the Sydney merchant, whose charges, commission, and interest, would form a heavy burden upon your first returns.

Having thus provided yourself with necessities, now waste no time. Start immediately for your station. Your presence is required there, and you escape the heavy expense of living in Sydney. All your goods will easily go on one dray, if a single man; on two, if with a family. You have, I hope, brought nothing of agricultural implements or patent inventions from England; the clothes of yourself and family, and a few books, should be your only luggage. If a single man, after starting your dray their first day's journey, to see that nothing breaks, and that the bullocks are tractable, you may ride on to your station, leaving your dray to follow. If, however, you have a family, your preparations must be more extensive, and your progress slower. A dray will not travel more than twelve miles a-day upon an average; and it may be convenient that the family should travel with the drays; in this case, they must camp out at night—no great hardship in that climate, where persons sleep in the open air winter and summer without inconvenience—but you should provide yourself with a small tent for the females. Two blankets sewn together make a very good one stretched over poles; this, with a mattress or two, will make them comfortable enough when they cannot reach a house where accommodation can be obtained.

Having thus reached your destination, commence your new life in earnest. The first, and most important business, is to look after the sheep. Daily, or as often as possible, visit each of your stations; see that

the shepherds take their flocks out early on to their allotted feeding-ground; that they do not themselves stray upon your neighbour's run, or allow any of his flocks to come upon yours. Both scab and catarrh, the curse of Australian sheep-farming, are easily communicated; whether they are infectious or contagious, I shall not pretend to say. The neglect of this caution, therefore, has often infected a whole run, and seriously injured the flocks for years. See, also, that the hut-keeper has cleaned out the sheep-yards in which the sheep are folded at night. This will take up much of your time; but neglect not other things. Although the land is not yours, and it may be uncertain how long you may remain settled there, yet that is no reason why you should not make yourself as comfortable as possible.

Some settlers, making the uncertainty of their residence an excuse, have lived on for years without gaining any additional comforts. Additional comforts and luxuries in England generally require an increased outlay of money; in Australia, they require only an increased outlay of personal exertion. Lose no time, therefore, in making a garden; a few months will give you an ample supply of vegetables, whilst a few years will produce most delicious fruits. Enclose, also, as soon as possible, a paddock for your saddle-horses and milch-cows. These are the first things to attend to; there are many others which experience will suggest. As the increase of your flocks is your object, you will not at first part with any ewes, but, as the widders become fat, sell them. If no demand for them by the butchers, have them boiled down; their fat and skins will probably realise about six shillings a piece; care not for the markets being low, sell them when they are fat; the markets may possibly rise in a short time, but then your sheep may, from drought or other causes, have lost their condition. Turn your money as quickly as possible, is good advice to all traders; to none more so than those with small means. In like manner, sell your wool in Sydney for what it will fetch; it may do for a person with large flocks to consign his wool to England, and thus take the chance of a better market, but the small flock-master should deal for ready money; he should sell his wool, and, with the produce, buy his stores and pay his expenses. Your only rent is that which you pay for your run, ten pounds per annum, and two pounds ten shillings additional for each 1000 sheep above 4000. You have no rates and taxes, no expense necessary to make an outward show, no entertainments for the purpose of ostentation; your own station provides most of the necessaries of life; your luxuries are tea, sugar, tobacco, and a little wine. You can readily calculate your expenses. Avoid borrowed capital and debts to your agent in Sydney, and each year must see you a more wealthy man; so that, in a few years, you may be able to purchase a homestead in the settled districts, to which you may move with your family, whilst your sheep-station—or perhaps by that time, stations—may be managed by overseers, with an occasional visit from yourself. In this way may you realise your expectations. Independence for the present, comfort and wealth in your declining years, and a certain provision for all your children.

A MESMERIC SOIREE.

BY CHARLES HERVEY.

A FEW weeks previous to the breaking out of the revolution of February, 1848, a small party were assembled one evening in a salon of the Rue St. Florentin for the purpose of witnessing the performances of the celebrated somnambule, Alexis. It being still early, and the lion of the soirées not having arrived, the few persons present were scattered in groups of two and three; some engaged in canvassing the affairs of the nation, others in predicting, with many ominous shakes of the head, a still further depression of the funds; while the ladies were more agreeably employed in discussing the last new sleeve-pattern, or the respective merits of Carlotta and Cerito, the latter of whom had recently made her first appearance at the (then) Académie Royale.

By degrees, however, the conversation became more general, and the Maître de la Maison, the Comte de M——, an enthusiastic believer in the magnetic art, having once started his favourite subject, the extraordinary powers of Alexis were, as a matter of course, brought on the tapis.

"I have no great faith in second sight," observed the old Marquis de Darancourt, after numerous anecdotes, more or less curious, had been related, "but there is no mistrusting the evidence of one's own eyes and ears. I myself have been witness of a scene which would have convinced a far greater sceptic than I have any pretension to be."

"Racontez-vous cela, Marquis," said the pretty Madame de Blancheville. "If your unbelief has been shaken by its marvels, magnetism will indeed have achieved a triumph."

"The facts are simply these," returned the Marquis. "I had been dining with General ——, an old acquaintance, and a few others, mostly military men, including a young officer lately returned from Algiers, who had greatly distinguished himself in several skirmishes with the Arabs previous to the capture of Abd-el-Kader. On re-entering the salon, we found there a youth, whose pale but intellectual countenance at once attracted my attention; he was accompanied by a man some years older than himself, with whom he occasionally conversed in a low whisper. I was still engaged in conjecturing who these individuals could be, when General —— walking up to them, addressed a few words to the elder of the two. On his replying by an affirmative nod, the General informed us that the youth was a celebrated somnambule, who was ready to answer any questions that might be put to him.

In less than ten minutes the young man had taken his seat in a fauteuil, and the necessary passes had been effected by his companion, when the patient having been thoroughly put to sleep, the interrogatories commenced. I will not dwell on the numerous inquiries respecting speedy promotion and the probability of war, which, as a matter of course, followed each other with little variation, but will at once pass on to the incident to which I have already alluded. While almost every one present was anxiously awaiting his turn to interrogate, the young officer, whom

I shall call Eugène, alone stood aloof, and evinced no eagerness to be put en rapport with the somnambule. General —, seeing this, rallied him on his indifference, and insisted that he should faire comme les autres; adding, in a jocular tone, "You can have nothing to fear."

On his hand being placed in that of Eugène, the somnambule shuddered, but so slightly that I think no one noticed it save the young officer and myself. In this position they remained for some moments Eugène apparently not having courage to break the silence, which became every instant more embarrassing.

"Eh bien, mon jeune ami," said General —. "Demandez-lui donc quelque-chose."

Eugène made a strong effort to regain his composure; and leaning forward until his head almost touched that of the somnambule, asked the latter, in a low tone, if he could see what a young man, whose appearance he described, was doing at that moment. The somnambule, whom the question seemed as it were to relieve from some secret anxiety, answered rapidly, "I see him; he wears a chasseur's uniform; his forehead is brown as if it had been long exposed to a tropical sun; and he has a deep scar above his upper lip. He is intently regarding a miniature, set in a narrow gold frame: I cannot see the portrait, but he kisses it."

"C'est le mien!" murmured Eugène. "Bon et excellent frère! And now," he continued, again addressing the somnambule—but this time with a slight huskiness of voice—and giving him a letter which he had hastily drawn from his pocket, "Can you see the person who wrote this?"

For a moment the pallid oracle returned no answer, but again shuddered almost imperceptibly; at length he rather sighed than spoke,

"I can."

"And what—what is she doing?"

"Elle se meurt!"

"Elle, mon Antoinette!" shrieked Eugène, springing to his feet; "but no, it cannot be—there is some mistake. Monsieur is not in one of his lucid moods to-night. Let some one else take my place," he added, with a gaiety which was evidently forced. No one, however, felt inclined to do so, and a dead silence ensued.

This was broken by the entrance of a servant bearing a note, which he delivered to the young officer, who had no sooner glanced at its contents than he fell back insensible. While those near him were crowding round to assist him, General —, unable to master his emotion, cast his eye over the fatal missive, and taking me abruptly aside, whispered in my ear,

"It is too true; she is dying—nay, by this time dead!"

"Who is she?" I inquired, scarcely less agitated than himself.

"His betrothed, an heiress, only daughter of a Spanish nobleman. They were devotedly attached to each other; and were to have been married next week, but a fall from her horse, an hour ago, has killed her."

"I shall never forget," pursued the old marquis, "the scene I then witnessed. The somnambule was still sitting in his fauteuil, apparently unaware of the pain he had in the first instance so unwittingly inflicted: his calm, contemplative features (for, unlike the majority of his confrères,

he wore no bandeau), contrasted strangely and horribly with the look of intense agony that marked Eugène's return to consciousness. The young officer gazed wildly around him for an instant, as if awaking from some fearful dream, when suddenly his eye met the fixed glance of the somnambule: the whole truth seemed to flash on his mind at once; and rapidly putting his hand to his forehead, as if to collect his thoughts, he darted from the room.

The narrator paused.

"And what became of him?" asked the Comte de M——, who had listened with the deepest interest to the above recital.

"He lies in Père la Chaise," was the reply; "the victim of a broken heart."

At this moment Alexis, and his fidus Achates, M. Marcillet, were announced. The marquis's anecdote, however, had made far too strong an impression on the company in general to render any one anxious to be the first to put the question; and for some little time after Alexis had been carefully blindfolded, and duly magnetised, no one volunteered to interrogate him.

Noticing this unwillingness on the part of his guests, the Comte de M—— at once seated himself opposite the somnambule, and in as well-feigned a voice as he could assume, asked Alexis if he knew him.

"Monsieur has a title," was the answer; "but monsieur will not enjoy it long."

This reply rather disconcerted the count.

"How do you know," pursued he, affecting an air of unconcern, "that my earthly career will so soon be closed?"

"Je n'ai pas dit cela," returned Alexis. "I said you would not enjoy your title long."

In vain the count endeavoured to obtain a more intelligible answer—in vain he strove, by varying the terms of his inquiry, to penetrate the mystery which shrouded the response of the somnambule; the latter persisted in repeating his ambiguous prophecy, and the count, thoroughly baffled, was at length forced to resign his place to Madame de Blancheville.

"Chut!" said the fair widow—for widow she was, and a rich one moreover—laying her finger on her lips, "Pas un mot, je ne veux pas qu'il me reconnaisse." And, with a squeaking voice that would have done honour to a Pierrot, she asked Alexis "if he could tell her what she was thinking of."

"Madame is thinking of the new service of plate she bought yesterday."

"C'est, ma foi, vrai!" exclaimed Madame de Blancheville, forgetting in her surprise her Pierrot tone, and resuming her own melodious accents; "I was thinking of it. Eh bien, après? Do you see it?"

"I do," answered Alexis, gravely; "I see it carried to the Mint to be melted down."

"Par exemple," cried the gay widow, laughing heartily; "c'est trop fort. Does he imagine we are still in '93? M. Marcillet, your protégé is decidedly not himself to-night."

"Madame may have reason to change her opinion," quietly replied Marcillet. "Perhaps madame would like to question him further?"

"Not I. My first essay has quite satisfied me. À votre tour, Monsieur de R——," she added, lowering her voice, and addressing a rather

tall, gentlemanlike-looking man, considerably past the prime of life, who had been hovering about her all the evening with unwearied assiduity.

"A vos ordres, madame," was his gallant reply. "What shall I ask him?"

"Mais—ask him if he knows you."

The obsequious M. de R—— complied, and the Somnambule, without hesitation, answered in the affirmative.

"Where do I live?"

"In a large hôtel, for which you pay no rent, though it does not belong to you."

"Correct enough so far," murmured M. de R——. "And what are my principal occupations?"

"Giving new names to Parisian streets, and balls to Parisian citizens."

"Pas mal!" whispered Madame de Blancheville to her admirer. "Allez toujours!"

"And can you see nothing further?"

"I can. I see you mounting guard."

"Mounting guard! where?"

"At the door of the Hôtel de Ville."

"Ah, mon Dieu, je n'en puis plus!" cried Madame de Blancheville, unable any longer to stifle a laugh, which she had hitherto with difficulty suppressed; "this is really too ridiculous. M. Marillet, your élève has certainly not been happy in his forebodings this evening. Were he right, we should be on the brink of some horrible catastrophe. Our friend the count to lose his title—my plate—and M. de R—— to do duty with a musket on his shoulder, et chez lui encore! Positively, if all these prophecies come true, he must be a bold man indeed who would refuse to believe in mesmerism! Adieu, je me sauve!" And so saying, Madame de Blancheville, attended by the ever-constant M. de R——, quitted the room.

The party soon after broke up.

Three months had scarcely elapsed since the soirée above described, when one afternoon the Comte de M—— and M. de R—— were sitting in Madame de Blancheville's boudoir. All three were unusually grave and taciturn. The fair widow herself was the first to break the silence.

"What is to become of us?" she said. "These horrible événements have quite bewildered me. And yet, if the past be painful to think on, what is it compared with the future? Mon cher comte—"

"You forget," interrupted the count, with a melancholy smile, "that since the revolution all titles are abolished."

"What does that signify? Entre nous, you know, things will remain as they always were. But I was about to ask you to send my plate with your own to the Monnaie. I dare not keep it here; and besides, money is so scarce, I would rather have it melted down."

"Willingly, chère dame," said the ci-devant count. "Et vous?" continued he, addressing M. de R——.

"Moi!" said the once gay and gallant functionary, rising with a sigh from his comfortable bergère, and unconsciously verifying the words of Alexis, "Moi, je vais monter ma garde!"

PROSPECTS OF THE LEGITIMISTS IN FRANCE.*

WHEN the Rev. Hugh Stowell, at the annual meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and Mr. Plumptre, at the congress of the Protestant Association, denounced the restoration of the Pope by the bayonets of France, as only another evidence of the chains which bound and the degradation that crushed the people of that turbulent realm ; each, in his ardour for the more enlightened doctrines of Protestantism, or in his horror of Popery, would evidently have abetted the wild views of the revolutionary party in France, rather than those ideas should have been prostrated at the feet of a combined temporal and spiritual monarchy. Ideas of rebellion against authority, which would be subversive in this country, might, according to the great champions of Protestantism, be freely indulged in in France, where the recognition of such authority bore proof of a nation being crushed in chains and degradation ! But as far as the fact itself is concerned, if the worthy champions of Protestantism had been intimate with the real state of feeling in France, if they had been aware that nine-tenths of the nation are unanimous in their resolution to condemn and repudiate the fanatic opinions of the revolution, and that after the experience of much misery and misfortune the preference of the great majority of the country is for monarchical institutions, the orators might have seen something different from political and religious degradation in the feelings that inspired France to act in the restoration of the head of its Church. Not only do the legitimists of old standing constitute a party in France—a small but staunch nucleus that has survived dynasties and revolutions alike—but the realisation of its prospects has now spread far and wide amid the dispersed and floating elements that pervade the mass of the nation. In the great experiment of a general election, about to be tried, the ultra-Republican minority is so perfectly organised and disciplined, and the interests of Napoleonists, Orleanists, and Legitimists break up the moderate constituency into so many sections, that the utmost advantage may be expected to be gained by a compact party, in spite of its actual numerical inferiority. The party of the Regency, associated as the idea has now become simply with the name of Thiers—a name neither calculated to gain universal respect nor a general suffrage—also, although in the extreme minority, still serves to weaken that of the Legitimists. But still the landed interest will, on the other hand, everywhere look to the legitimists as to the champions of property ; and the result will be a mixed assembly, in which the executive government will, for the time, probably continue in the majority ; but the policy of the day cannot be carried on without the most severe struggles—struggles that will be far more violent outside the Assembly

* *Une Visite à Monsieur le Duc de Bordeaux.* Par Charles Didier. Onzième édition.

Dieu le veut. Par Le Vicomte d'Arincourt.

La Société et les Gouvernements de l'Europe, depuis la Chute de Louis Philippe jusqu'à la Présidence de Louis Napoléon Bonaparte. Par M. Capefigue.

De la France Contemporaine et de ses Divisions Hiérarchiques. Réponse à l'ouvrage de M. Guizot, "De la Démocratie en France." Par W. Wellesley.

than within its walls, and which may even to a certain extent anticipate the elections.

To this state of things an acknowledged and confirmed republican and a popular author, M. Charles Didier, gave an unexpected solution. M. Didier was sent, in the first days of the revolution, upon a quasi-diplomatic mission to Germany; but not upon this occasion, but upon a subsequent one, he was led—incidentally he insists—to pay a visit to the Duke of Bordeaux. Calumnious reports upon the character and objects of this visit, and still more calumnious statements that gained ground, as to what M. Charles Didier had related to a few friends of his visit to the exiles, induced that gentleman to take up the pen, or, to use his own words, “to give the lie, by the great sun of publicity, to dark calumnies, and to confound anonymous impositions.” That the account of this *Visite à Monseigneur le Duc de Bordeaux* should have already reached an eleventh edition, will at once attest what we have before adverted to—the readiness of the French mind at the present moment to receive legitimist impressions, and the almost tacit, but very general, feeling which prevails, that the days of legitimate pretensions will probably soon brighten up the obscurity ever attendant upon uncertainty and anarchy, and that it is the sole and only principle which, under Providence, can conciliate adverse factions. M. Didier thus describes his arrival at Frohsdorf, an old feudal estate on the frontiers of Hungarian Austria, which was sold by Madame Caroline Murat, the ex-queen of Naples, to the Duchess d’Angoulême, under the name of the Duke of Blacas.

The entrance of the château is cold and sad as that of a convent; and in the court, narrow and deep, is an air of dampness. Such at least was my impression. On the right, under the porch, is the porter’s lodge, and near the door is suspended a great bill, indicating the hours of departure and arrival of the trains—the only sign of communication between this solitude and the world beyond. I asked in French (it is almost unnecessary to say) for the Duke of Levis; and I was answered also in French, for from the cellar to the garret, from the lamplighter of the house, everything is French. A female, no doubt the porter’s wife, led me, with much politeness, to the first-floor, where I was shown into a spacious bedroom, which serves at the same time as a study, and looks out upon the country. Different French papers, *La Gazette*, *Les Débats*, and some German papers lay on the table. M. de Levis soon joined me, and I placed in his hands the letter that M. Freissinet had given me in Paris for him.

Conversation naturally turned upon the affairs of France, and after a short time the duke quitted his visitor to inquire when the Duke of Bordeaux would receive him, and he came back almost instantly to say that it would be at once.

I was ignorant what title (says M. Charles Didier, with that naïveté which constitutes the charm of his writings) was given to the prince by his household; and having come to seek him under his own roof, I wished naturally to do what others did—neither too much nor too little. I interrogated M. de Levis upon the subject.

“There is no etiquette here,” he answered; “we are exiles. We address the prince, however, as Monseigneur.” I took the hint; and although little versed in the language of courts, I hope that I adapted myself in my own way to the peculiarities of the position. I must confess, however, that I was less felicitous in the case of the Duchess of Bordeaux and the Duchess of Angoulême, to whom I once gave the title of Highness. Now this title, which was an act of deference on my part, must have appeared to both of them (as I felt afterwards, but too late) a want of respect, and a direct denial of their rights; to the one because she considers herself queen since her marriage with the descendant of Henri IV., who

is to her necessarily Henry V.; to the other, because she has been also queen, in virtue of the abdication of Charles X.; and the fact is, that, even in her presence, the inhabitants of Frohsdorf call her, among themselves, the Queen.

The Duke and Duchess of Bordeaux have, it is generally known, assumed the name of Count and Countess de Chambord, and the Duchess of Angoulême that of Countess of Marne. But we must pass to the possible solution, given by a staunch republican in presence of the legitimate representative of the monarchical principle, of the electoral problems which at the present moment agitate France, and to which we have before alluded.

Monsieur le Duc de Bordeaux occupies the ground-floor. He received me in a study, simply furnished, which looks out upon the Hungarian hills. I remarked a collection of walking-sticks and guns, and an arm-chair entirely made of skins of deer, so disposed that the horns made the arms and the back. This original piece of furniture was no doubt a memorial or a hunting present. The prince was standing by a writing-table, placed in the middle of the room, his hands resting upon an arm-chair. He neither sat down nor bade me be seated, at first; and his reception was not without a certain solemnity. Let us speak the word out—he received me as a king. Accustomed to the visits of his partisans, and of his partisans alone, I was a novelty to him. He knew no more of me than my opinions and some works (*Rome Souveraine, Caroline en Sicile*) the matter of which could evidently not be to his taste. Perhaps he expected to find in me one of those furious democrats, who, to use a common expression, *mettent les pieds dans les plats*; and he may even have imagined that I might have attacked him coarsely. Hence his reserve at first. It was very evident that he stood on the defensive, and waited to see what I should do. His inquiring and somewhat strained look, expressed, at least so I read it, what I have here said. After a few trivial remarks, the necessary preamble of every visit, and especially of such a one, we sat down and conversation commenced.

I went right to the point, and as far as I can recollect, the following was the first serious remark I addressed to him:—"Monseigneur," I said, "I am ignorant, and God alone can know, what destinies are reserved for you in the future; but if you have a chance of reigning one day in France, which, for my own part, I do not desire, the chance is this: *If, by any possibility, France, exhausted by her experiments, at the end of her resources, cannot find in the elective power the stability she seeks—if discouragement and miscalculation cause her to turn her thoughts towards the hereditary principle, as the most stable basis of authority—it is you who represent this principle, and in that case France herself will seek you out. Till then you have but one thing to do—to await events.*"

The Duke of Bordeaux listened to me with attention, and as I spoke his countenance visibly expanded—the ice was broken. He answered me, without hesitation, that I had interpreted his own thoughts: that he never would undertake anything against the established powers; that he never would put himself forward, and that he had no personal ambition; but that he considered himself, in fact, the principle of order and stability; and that he intended to keep that principle intact, were it only for the sake of the future tranquillity of France; that this principle constituted his whole power; that he had no other; that he would always find sufficient force in himself to fulfil his duty, whatever it might be, and that, besides, God would come to his assistance. "If ever I return to France," he added, "it would be to promote conciliation; I believe I alone can bring that about."

God alone sounds the heart (continues M. Didier); it is to Him that belong the secrets of the conscience. Nevertheless, I believe that I can take upon myself to assert, that the words of the prince were sincere. The feeling manner in which he spoke, the expansion of his physiognomy as he warmed with the subject, left no doubts upon that point, and carried conviction with them. Every thing in him revealed great rectitude of heart and intellect, a lively perception of duty and of justice, united to the love of the true and the good.

Monsieur le Duc de Bordeaux (M. Didier goes on to say) is alive to all the questions of the day; he studies them thoroughly, and he is not unacquainted with the theories respecting labour. During his stay in England, he carefully

visited its chief manufactories. His reserve, which in him is carried to excess, and is one of the most marked features of his character, does not do him justice; inasmuch as he has more good sense than he allows to appear. It is the reverse with the generality of mankind.*

Two questions occupied his mind pre-eminently—the administrative organisation of France by the commune, and the social problem of the working-classes. But on this latter point he appeared to me to be imbued with errors and full of illusions. For example, he attributes to the workmen of Paris religious sentiments which they are far from participating in—at least, in the sense which he attached to the words; and he is not, perhaps, sufficiently alive to the repugnance in which they hold the *drapeau blanc*. It is with them, more or less, an idea; it is an instinct; or, in whatever light taken, it is a fact.

An idea it may be, but certainly not an instinct; for the *drapeau blanc* does not constitute a function of the mind, and its existence dates from but a very modern epoch in the history of the human race. Instincts, in fact, were settled before *drapeaux blancs* were invented. But as an idea, such repugnance is as evanescent as was the ardour with which its return was welcomed at the Restoration. And the very popularity of M. Didier's *brochure*, if the new impressions spreading daily more and more among all classes of French did not attest it to the most superficial observer, shows how fast this said idea is being succeeded by ideas of a totally different order.

M. Didier, in whose company we must continue for a brief space more, gives some account of the person of the prince, a description of which is not without interest at the present moment.

As to his person, he is of middle stature, and inclined to be stout; but he is far from having that obesity which is generally attributed to him, and with which I myself believed him to be afflicted. The fall he had from his horse at Kirchberg, some years ago, has left its mark: he broke upon that occasion the neck of the thigh-bone, and such an accident is seldom entirely got over. A certain embarrassment in his walk remains, and, once seated, he has some difficulty in getting up again. They say he looks well on horseback, but I cannot speak to that myself, having only seen him on foot. He has silky fair hair; and although rather full, and marked with the Bourbon type, his face is agreeable, frank, open, sympathetic, with an air of youth and health—the air, in fact, of his twenty-eight years. He wears a *collier de barbe*, and a slight moustache. His eyes are of a limpid blue, at once lively yet soft; he listens well, interrogates constantly, and looks at you so straight and fixedly in the face that I should consider it impossible for any one to look him in the face and lie. As to himself, it is sufficient to see him to be convinced of his veracity.

M. Didier gives his testimony to the promises held out to the future by the young prince, by referring to the possible past.

He would have made, I am convinced, an excellent constitutional monarch: the very disposition of his mind, even his character, were all adapted for that form of government, and his education has been directed to that object. Party-spirit represents him as an absolutist, and such he appears to the crowd, from the depths of his exile. The truth is, however, that there is not, perhaps, in Europe, a more sincere constitutionalist than he: more than that, with the exception of some modern notions which have come upon him in recent times, and which he labours hard to identify with himself, he is almost a liberal of the Restoration. I hasten also to add that he is a religious liberal, without his devotion degene-

* That this reserve was assumed, is, however, abundantly manifest in M. Didier's own *brochure*. Whenever after dinner the subject of politics was dropped, he says, "I was delighted with his good-humour. His laugh is so frank that it is catching. He has all the lively spirit of repartee and the wit of a Frenchman." At dinner-time, he also says of the prince, "He is naturally of a gay disposition, likes to laugh, and laughs with all his heart."

rating, as I was told it had, into 'bigotry. There is not the least doubt that his ancestor Charles X., and that Louis XVIII. himself, would have been terribly scandalised by his doctrines, and that he would have appeared to them a political heretic—a royal Lafayette.

Many intrigues (elsewhere says M. Charles Didier) have been set on foot in his name, but I am prepared to wager that he is mixed up in none, that he is ignorant of their existence, and that he would disavow them all. As much as his mother* was fond of adventure, is he averse to anything of the kind. He would not have a drop of blood shed for him.

M. Didier gives as the reverse of the medal, that the prince seems to want energy to take the lead—possibly, indeed, to be deficient in resolution. "His," he says, "is a cultivated rather than an inventive mind; he probably conceives more than he creates, and receives more than he gives." But again he adds, "No one can deny to him the virtues of a sincere wish to learn, and of a willing temperameñt. Add to that, good sense, candour, a great kindness of disposition, and an unquestionable, and I may add, an unquestioned native generosity." The most zealous legitimist could not have said more than M. C. Didier.

His habits of life (adds M. Didier) are far from being idle: he reads many letters both before and after breakfast, many newspapers and reports, frequently of a voluminous description, upon the diverse questions which agitate France. He devotes a few hours of the afternoon to walking. He is scrupulous in his religious observances, attending divine service two or three times a week in the chapel of the château, and every Sunday at the parish church. He writes with considerable grace, and his letters are remarkable for their correctness and elegance.

It is remarkable that while all his ancestors have held so much by form and etiquette—that devotion before the royal personage which always played so prominent a part in the house of Bourbon—that the Duke of Bordeaux is described by M. Didier as utterly repudiating all such ceremonies as vain, pompous inanities; and he is said to carry this feeling so far, as to be determined, should he ever mount upon the throne of France, to have no court.

Not the least striking, and certainly the most touching part of M. Didier's brochure, is that in which he speaks of the Duchess of Angoulême. The subject certainly belongs only indirectly to that of the progress or prospects of legitimacy in France, but it still attaches itself more or less closely to that subject, both in an historical point of view, and also in that of the effect which the pathetic descriptions of the republican writer are calculated to have, and indeed have already had upon the mind of the French public.

I accepted the proposition (M. Didier relates) to be introduced to the lady of the house with a certain hesitation. Wherefore so? Why, not having experienced such feelings when presented to the nephew, should I have them when about to be presented to the aunt? This is why. Madame the Duchess of Angoulême is the daughter of Louis XVI., of Marie Antoinette, without contradiction the most innocent victim of the first republic: now, what sad, what agonising memories might not the mere sight of a republican awaken, the first that arrived from the new republic of France! This is why, since it is asked of me, the reason of my hesitation; and I am far from blushing for it.

* The Duchess of Berry resides at Brunsee, an estate of her own, not far from Gratz, near the station of Spielfeld. She lives there with her husband, the Count de Luchesi-Palli, and the four children she has had by him. There has been some coldness between the two families, but it is all gone by. The Duchess of Berry is not rich, and the Duke of Bordeaux has acted with noble disinterestedness towards his family on the left side.

I did not, however, the less follow M. de Levis; but still with a certain anxiety. A cold reception would have appeared to me so excusable, that I assure you it would not have offended me in the slightest degree. My reception, on the contrary, was perfectly polite; all my apprehensions, all my fears, vanished at once.

The Duchess of Angoulême lives on the first-floor; she received me standing in her saloon, which is of good size, very simple, furnished without the slightest pretensions to luxury—without anything, indeed, that suggests the idea—and it looks to the westward upon the long line of Styrian Alps. She must be about seventy years of age, and has, consequently, no longer any personal pretensions—it is said, indeed, that she never had any. Her dress is simple, and suited to her age. She has constitutionally a loud voice and a somewhat coarse tone, which are quite involuntary with her, but which often, it is said, in the time of her greatness, prevented her appearing amiable when she wished to be so.

She questioned me upon the subject of France with a manifestation of lively interest, but still with much tact and discernment; asked me if the people of Paris had any religious feeling; spoke in terms of high admiration of the Christian-like devotion of the Archbishop of Paris, and his death on the barricades of June. With that exception, no other person had individually been alluded to. I was the first to bring the conversation to bear upon the junior branch, by saying to her,

"It is impossible, madame, but that you must have seen, in the fall of Louis Philippe, the finger of God?"

"It is in all," she answered, with the most perfect simplicity, and without my being able to discover in it the least leaven of bitterness. Silent upon the subject of the father, she had even a few good words for the sons and for the Duchess of Orleans. I was much less reserved than she was upon the subject of the fallen dynasty, and on its government.

"But you must own, madame," I added, "that in spite of your Christian magnanimity, the day when that news first reached you was not one of the most unhappy of your life?"

She held her tongue, but with an air which seemed to say, "You ask too much of me!" The moderation of her words was unalterable; not a word of reproach fell from her lips.

It is not that she did not perfectly appreciate the difference between the two catastrophes, that of July and that of February. When I was relating to her the evasion of Louis Philippe—

"At least," she said, "Charles X. withdrew like a king, leaving Algiers to France."

This comparison was not made without a certain feeling of pride, certainly very legitimate, but the triumph of a gratified feeling of revenge could not be detected in any one word. It may be boldly asserted that there was no gall in this heart, which has offered, as a holocaust to God, all its griefs and all its passions.

Religion is now the principal occupation, the only consolation, of a life tried by unparalleled adversity. And I might ask, would such a life be possible without religion as a last resource? The exile of Frohsdorf, is she not the prisoner, the orphan, of the temple? How much anguish, how many disasters, between these two proscriptions! The hatred of factions must die away in the presence of such reverses of fortune. One has before one only a woman, who has suffered what woman never suffered, nor will ever suffer, here below. "What matter that she be a princess? has she been the less daughter, sister? Thrice proscribed, does she belong the less to the human family?"

This is, most assuredly, the most pathetic, the most striking historical figure in Europe. She produced the most profound impression upon me, and I could not conceal the emotion that thrilled through me. My heart was divided betwixt respect and pity. I seemed to see before me one of those victims of fatality immortalised by ancient art. Only Christian resignation has impressed upon the daughter of Louis XVI. a more touching stamp, and raised her the whole height of Christianity above the types of antiquity.

Madame the Duchess of Angoulême lives in the midst of the memories of her youth; and what memories! Far from flying from them, she nurses them, just as if she found I do not know what melancholy pleasure, in filling that bitter cup to the brim, that she may every day pour it out to the very dregs.

She has in her bed-room, the simplicity of which is almost monastical, only

objects adapted to remind her of the tragical scenes of her youth ; the portraits of her father, of her mother, of the friend of her mother, the Princess of Lamballe: and near her bed, which has not even any curtains, is a *prie-dieu*, within which are relics most precious to her—the black waistcoat which her father wore on the scaffold, and the lace head-dress which her mother repaired with her own hands, in order to appear before the revolutionary tribunal. She alone holds the key of these melancholy relics ; and once every year, on the 21st of January, she takes them out, so as to bring the beloved dead who wore them more forcibly to her memory. That day she devotes to absolute solitude ; she sanctifies the bloody anniversary by tears and prayers.

It might be thought that, after having suffered so much in France and from Frenchmen, she must have taken the country and its inhabitants in aversion ; not in the least. Strange phenomenon ! the more she has suffered in France, and by France, the more she has attached herself to it. She would not permit any one to speak disparagingly of her country in her presence ; she herself never speaks of it but with love and respect. Her last hope (she repeatedly said so) is to be buried in France."

"The duchess," M. Didier continues, "rises early in the morning ; devotes the fourth of her revenue, which is but small" (M. Didier estimates it at 12,000*l.* a-year, that of the prince at 20,000*l.*), "to charitable purposes ; and always rises before her nephew, and treats him as king." As a further proof of the latent aspirations after the country from which she has suffered so much, we observe, that on quitting Frohsdorf, and bidding the duchess farewell, M. Didier describes himself as saying, "I am happy to have passed so pleasant a time in France in the heart of Germany." "Ah !" she replied, "we should all like to return there as well as you !"

One more portrait in this group of royal exiles is indispensable to the completion of the general picture. It is that of a person of whom rumour has as yet said little, and positive description almost nothing—the young Duchess of Bordeaux.

"The princess," says M. Didier, "is daughter of the late Duke of Modena, and consequently sister of the reigning duke. She speaks French with a mixed accent, half Italian, half German, which reveals her double origin, as a German princess born in Italy. She is, I believe, two years older than her husband. She is slim, and rather thin, but of an elegant figure, with beautiful black wavy hair, dark eyes full of life and spirit. A natural defect slightly impairs the effect of her mouth when she speaks ; which is a pity, for, with that exception, she is a very pretty woman. She wore a white evening dress, with naked arms and a velvet scarf upon her shoulders. Her toilet was, perhaps, too simple—a reproach rarely to be made—that is to say, with too little personal *coquetterie* in it ; it was easy to see that no Parisian *femme de chambre* had superintended the arrangement. Hers is evidently a *nature distinguée*. I was told that she was of a kind, easy, disposition, and well-educated ; she was evidently desirous of pleasing. Although a princess of ancient race, she appeared to me to be timid ; but her embarrassment was not without its charm of grace.

Proud and grateful for her alliance with the descendant of Louis XIV., she has the highest opinion of her husband, and her love for him, I was told, amounts to adoration. She thinks him irresistible ; and, more impatient than he, but impatient far more for him than for herself, she is firmly convinced that he has only to show himself in order to subjugate all the world as he has subjugated her. Within this kernel all her politics are concentrated ; that is to say, her politics are in her heart.

We turn from these pleasing portraiture of the royal exiles, to contemplate once more the progress of publications, which, like other less prominent indications—straws tossed in the air—serve to intimate the progress of public opinion, and the chances of that ultimate restoration of legitimacy to which so many already look forward as a certainty. "I

have had this day," writes the correspondent to the *Times*, under date of May 6th, "a long conversation with an extended landed proprietor in the department of the North. He thinks the electors there will take very little trouble about the approaching elections. They consider that it would be useless to take trouble, as they seem to be convinced that the republic cannot be consolidated, and that the country must return to its ancient race of kings." We do not hesitate to say that this is either the open or the latent feeling of nine-tenths of the population of France, and that those nine-tenths embrace all who think rightly, nearly all who have any thing to lose, and all who have not personal objects in keeping up a state of suspense and republican anarchy.

A pamphlet by the veteran novelist, the Vicomte D'Arlincourt, should have claimed priority, as far as date of publication is concerned; nor is it far behind its compeers in the acceptance which it has met with from the French, or the influence which it has had, and still has. The history of this pamphlet, written after the bloody days of June, is somewhat curious. Government was urged on by the more violent and illiberal of the republican party to seize the work and to bring the author to trial. The affair made a considerable sensation in August last; the court of justice was crowded—the interest excited was great. The passages more particularly incriminated were, that which likened the republic to a plague; that which said that the sovereignty of the people, when not a bloody truth, was a ridiculous mystification; and that which contained the words, "The republic will have proved to be the necessary transition from a revolutionary tempest to a social regeneration. In the general movement of men's minds is written the happy advent of the chosen of Providence. He draws nearer! he will come!"

Such sentences are written in the very spirit of humility, when compared with the daring, blasphemous arguments of one of the very party that had the effrontery to prosecute the vindicator of the sacred rights of legitimacy. "Property," exclaims M. Proudhon, a representative of the people, "is robbery; the domestic hearth is the abode of every vice; charity is a detestable mystification; justice is an infamous thing; God is hypocrisy and falsehood, folly and cowardice, terror and misery; God is at the root of all evil; if God existed, he ought to be cursed and to be called Satan." Such words, M. D'Arlincourt justly remarks, sufficed in a moment to condemn for ever the Socialist Republic. The singular thing is, that men imbued with such views should have had the folly to prosecute that which was honest and good, in favour of that which was false, impious, and disgraceful. The consequences might have been foreseen. M. D'Arlincourt, who defended himself, was acquitted. A burst of applause, which no authority could check, resounded through the court. The working classes joined those of the middle and higher orders in shouting "*Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!*"—"God wills it!"—and the following day, delegates of the people waited upon the author to felicitate him on his acquittal. There are many striking passages in this brochure, which received a title so full of meaning—*Dieu le veut!*

For now eighteen years the popular passions have been incessantly fomented: brutal force has been consecrated, as if it were a sacred dogma. When sedition was on foot, the epaulet was insulted; but incense was offered to the blouse. Flattery obscures the ideas of kings; why should it not do that of people? "In-

surrection is the most holy of all duties!" the pupils of Lafayette shouted to the admirable populations, who were driving out their princes, and making a mockery of law. "Well," in their turn said the men of anarchy, "since we have the right to destroy in July and in February, why should we not make use of our sacred prerogatives in May and in June?" And the heroes of July and of February, a short time ago declared to be sublime, feasted, honoured, crowned with laurel, in May violated the National Assembly, and in June gave up Paris to fire and blood.

And so, the Viscount argues, things will go on, and there will not cease to be sanguinary days for Paris till the revolutionary principle is itself overwhelmed amid public catastrophes.

"*Vive la République!*" was the cry throughout Paris at the very moment when the citizens were cutting one another's throats. Can we imagine to ourselves a delirious patient, who, in a country devastated by a dreadful epidemic, should cry out "*Vive la peste!*" and that at the very moment when it was destroying him?

Never was a victory of the French Cæsar against the enemies of the nation bought at such a price. Seven general officers killed, eight or ten wounded, and that by French balls! The archbishop assassinated—one of the most holy pastors of the age—and that but shortly after having blessed the tree of liberty which had been planted by his executioners! The *élite* of the army, and of all classes of society, struck down as in the time of the *Jacquerie*! Extermination among brethren, the ferocity of the middle ages; and that in this enlightened age, in the midst of civilisation!

In less than three months, confidence, credit, commerce, agriculture, industry, army, magistracy, finances, theatres, literature, fine arts, had all been struck with torpor or with death. Nothing had remained upright or alive. France had fallen to the very lowest point of opprobrium and misery. A balloon bursting in the skies above a stormy ocean does not precipitate itself into destruction with greater velocity.

Still, people said to one another, "There is a republic; let us try it!" And M. D'Arlincourt follows the progress of Socialists, Communists, and Democratic Republicans.

After the lapse of very few days, the inexplicable *bohù-bohù* called the "Democratic and Social Republic," spread itself on all sides, like the lava of a volcano; and we know what lava is—fire, cinders, and destruction. The people, struck with vertigo, rose up under tri-colour banners, singing the "Marseillaise." The voices of all united proclaimed the enfranchisement of the human race, and all prostrated themselves alike before the glories of Paris. These glories have gone on apace since. They were raised up amidst bloodshed and crime. The Republic was at work, and each Brutus was a labourer. What appeared? *The red flag.* What was seen? *The sacking of Paris.*

The 15th of July, M. Lamartine declared in committee that the 24th of February had placed the Republic in the finest situation that France had ever been placed. Providence had been its minister of foreign affairs. Remark here, that M. de Lamartine held the *portefeuille* of Providence!"

M. D'Arlincourt next gives the following as the Republican catechism.

What is liberty? The triumph of despotism and the reign of the arbitrary. Under this triumph and under this reign neither shops nor warehouses are opened.—What is equality? The right of knocking down your neighbour in order to take his place.—What is fraternity? The wish generally felt by the poor man to rob the rich, and if necessary to kill him.

The Republic (continues M. D'Arlincourt further on) is a case in which, according to Napoleon, it would be necessary that the rulers should be gods, and the ruled so many angels; one, indeed, of those golden dreams which all generous imaginations have cherished in the spring-time of their life, but impossible in France, which has been monarchical from the very first. Constitutions are not made, they make themselves. A tree may change its leaves every year; it does not change its roots. The elm and the oak spread forth their foliage every year; but they still remain either elm or oak. The prisoner of St. Helena said,

"A republic is not to be made out of an ancient monarchy. The sincere republican is an idiot—the rest are intriguers."

There are in France 40,000 communes, and 30,000,000 inhabitants, who never took part in the theatrical effects, changes, and tricks, by which great political events have been brought about within this last half-century. Our late revolutions, which have been designated as democratic, ought in reality to have been called Parisian; the provinces had positively nothing whatsoever to do with them. Since 1793, the very name of republic has become synonymous in the provinces with disorder and plunder. The revolution will end when it shall have accomplished the great mission of ruin and of death with which it has been entrusted by Providence to punish the crimes of the people.

Be of good heart, then, children of Socialism! and under your laws, if France allows you to go on, Paris will soon have no longer any sumptuous parties, titled people, or rich families; equality in misery, and levelling in the mud. No more elegant balls, no more brilliant concerts, no more dazzling shops, no more splendid equipages; the grass will grow in the streets; on those proud boulevards where formerly, and for so long a time, the crowd was so dense as scarcely to allow either carriages or foot-passengers to make their way, will perchance be seen, before long, so many romantic meadows.

Paris appears to advance rapidly to such a result. Will it be necessary then to say *Dieu le veut*?

In his second part, M. D'Arlincourt places on record a variety of interesting traits of character and anecdotes illustrative of the genius and disposition of the Duke of Bordeaux, of which we would gladly have availed ourselves, had we not already drawn so largely upon the more recent and more detailed descriptions of M. Charles Didier.

The next legitimist author on the list, M. Capefigue, has been long known as one of the most prolific writers of the day, at the same time that he bears the character of being one of the most eccentric and anomalous historians that France ever produced; nor will his present work do much towards removing so untoward a reputation. M. Capefigue's first work, and probably his best, was a "History of Philippe Auguste," published previously to the revolution of July; and under that title he embraced the whole history of France during the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, and he presented what was universally admitted to be an admirable picture of those times. He, indeed, showed himself by this work to be a worthy follower of that descriptive school of history, in which the Müllers, the Barantes, and the Darus, of modern times, have taken the places of the good old chroniclers of olden time.

Previous to the catastrophe of 1830, M. Capefigue's attention was almost wholly absorbed by certain administrative functions he held under government, and by co-operative labours in the periodical press. After the revolution of 1830, he found himself relieved from the burden of official employment, whereupon he devoted all the energies of his mind to historical pursuits, and with such remarkable zeal, that, in the interval from 1830 to 1840, he has produced an incredible number of volumes on various interesting portions of French history. A mere enumeration of his works, in the order in which they have appeared, will show his amazing industry:—"A History of the Restoration," in ten volumes, which was originally published anonymously, and stated, pompously enough, to be "by a Statesman;" "A History of France in the Middle Ages, from the Death of Philip Augustus to that of Louis XI.," in four volumes; "On the Reformation, the League, and the Reign of Henri IV.," in eight volumes; "Richelieu, Mazarin, et La Fronde," in eight volumes; "Louis XIV., his Government and Foreign Policy," in six volumes; "Hugues Capet," four volumes; "Philippe d'Orleans,

Régent de France," in two volumes; and, lastly, "Europe during the Consulate and Empire of Napoleon," in ten volumes. He is, moreover, the author of a "History of the Jews," and a "History of Saint Vincent de Paule;" both less known, and written before he undertook these great labours in the history of France.

All the voluminous works of M. Capefigue breathe the same spirit; the same order of ideas belongs to all—a constant bias in favour of aristocracy and papacy. According to M. Capefigue, we ought grievously to lament the downfall of feudalism, which in its chivalric features and baronial grandeur, is preferable to the monotony and equality of actual times. In his work on the "League and Henry IV.," he dwells with admiring complacency on the banners of the citizens bearing images of the Virgin and of patron saints. He views Roman Catholicism as the great Conservative institution, and the Reformation as an impious innovation, which, in its effects, has tended to deteriorate, unsettle, and subvert society. In the "History of Richelieu," his affections and sympathies are all enlisted in favour of the naughty magnates stricken and levelled by the implacable policy of the old cardinal. In his modern sympathies, the same love of the past and depreciation of the present is ever manifest. He is at all times ready to lavish encomiums on the Benedictines, on Saint Palaye, Descange, Mabillon, and others of that stamp; while he showers a plentiful vocabulary of abuse upon the heads of all modern historians, not omitting Guizot, Thierry, Michelet, Thiers, and Mignet. So also in his descriptions, the same pervading influence is ever present; palaces, castles, and cathedrals, are his favourite places of resort, and their lordly and priestly occupants his exclusive subjects of contemplation.

M. Capefigue may be said to be the champion of Roman Catholic conservatism, in opposition to that national conservatism which is at the present moment in the ascendant throughout the length and breadth of France. His last work carries this principle to its climax, and surpasses even all its predecessors in that love of paradox and audacity, with which he has before attempted to grapple with facts, where anything obscure or uncertain could be made to lend itself to his love of exaggeration, and his politico-theological prejudices. In the true spirit that has ever guided him, and in the obstinate upholding of antiquated and obsolete ideas, he dedicates his new work to "the antique spirit of conservatism in Europe." The only sacrifice he makes to the spirit of the day, is to include the cause of property, of order, and of authority, with the paramount one of religion. Starting with his subject then, after an apology for treating events of such recent occurrence as matters of history, a proceeding which their vast importance best excuses, M. Capefigue proceeds to state his opinion—not a very hypothetical one either—that France has been in a state of perpetual revolution ever since a ruinous philosophy brought about a first catastrophe; and that, like the Low Empire in its six centuries of decadence, France, with intervals of repose, and even of prosperity and grandeur, is corrupt at heart, without respect for the domestic tie (*la famille*), or for religion. M. Capefigue then returns to his olden charge, of the superiority of the system of the middle ages over the actual state of things, in the following curious passage, in which, as in all his writings, a bold and keen glance is taken of the social position, but the sim-

plicity of the result is obscured by the dark bye-gone practices of the monastery :—

Every one lent a hand—kings, aristocracy of the earth and of the church ; the people alone remained pure. There was pleasure in perverting and corrupting it by writings and by perverse instruction ; it lived incorporated under its own banners, with the right of labour, the right to help, and respecting religion and family : when all this was destroyed as a prejudice. Instead of the spirit of commonalty, of assistance, of hierarchy, and of fraternity, all that remained of the middle ages, tumultuous masses were created, creatures of passion condemned to perpetual labour in the great mines of industry. It was no longer admitted that the ancient order of things formed of itself a complete system—the offspring of time, veritable union of protection and of harmony : 1st, that the provincial administration was opposed to great centres of multitude ; 2ndly, that the converts imposed upon themselves the duties of charity ; 3rdly, that the regular corporations of workmen assured the right of labour ; and 4thly, that voluntary celibacy, and the *Christian unity of marriage*, were opposed to an excessive increase of population ; while on the other hand an excessive indulgence, by giving rise to great misery and to bad habits, was bringing back Pagan customs, a slavish and immoral state of society, that Christianity had shaken off, as Jesus drove all those who sold and bought out of the temple. The Constituent Assembly destroyed all those institutions of the past which were so favourable to the labourer, and which everywhere gave to the workman a collective existence.

The liberty of industry and of professions was proclaimed, the English system of patents was introduced, every one was left to struggle by himself—integrity against intrigue, weakness against strength, skill against mediocrity and idleness. There was a crowd, but no people ; then a tremendous contest sprang up among the working classes, a struggle that was full of prodigies and wonders : on the one hand *chef-d'œuvres*, ingenious machines that multiplied produce ; on the other, the workman bathed in sweat, with an insufficient salary,—misery and proselytism. Great masses were seen, so replete with suffering that one cannot think of it without pity ; and imagine what danger there is for society in the continued existence of these multitudes, who have no morality, no restraint, no hierarchy.

What M. Capesigüe calls, with true French emphasis, “a glorious distraction,” that, of war, came to relieve this state of things, and the depopulated cities and countries left room for the workman ; the genius of Napoleon also resuscitated a few of the corporations of olden time, but this restoration left the working classes in all the sufferings of serfdom, to which were superadded the ardent ideas of rebellion. It did not even dare to enforce respect for the Sabbath. The government of Louis Philippe was the triumph of an egotistical and unenlightened *bourgeoisie*. The political character of this system was to occupy itself exclusively in parliamentary intrigues, calculations of majorities and minorities. The king, solely devoted to such occupations, passed his time in regulating elections. The working classes, who were in want alike “of daily bread and of celestial bread,” were neglected. The natural consequence was that those who were not legally corporated became illegally so, and those who would have used the right of discussion for the purposes of the common welfare, turned it and their necessary secret organisation to nothing but subversive purposes.

M. Capesigüe traces, and it would be very difficult to say unjustly so, the origin of the present state of society in France to that of education. “The University,” he remarks, “has made the existing generation ; the responsibility must, therefore, be with it, for minds, like bodies, are prepared for life. After the Regency, a youth coming from the College of Plessis or of Harcourt, was at once launched into a world of doubt and infidelity ; and if a wit, and he wished to shine either in madrigal or

tragedy, still he was obliged, in the first place, to sacrifice to the 'Encyclopædia.' Such an education paved the way for the first revolution; there was in Baron d'Holbach a whole generation of those bloodthirsty men, with material instincts of the *Commune de Paris*. Rousseau laid the basis of the spiritualist school of Robespierre." This is not language that the enlightened Parisians are accustomed to hear every day, and it deserves to be followed out to its results. "There was no education," says M. Capefigue, "during the first revolution. Philosophical orations were made with all the pomp and circumstance of an opera." Napoleon, our author thinks, would, in his love of order, have allied education and religion, and have placed the university in the hands of the clergy, but for the philosophical spirit which still dominated. At the period of the restoration, the only thing that the university dreaded was the influence of religion. Professedly liberal to a degree, it was only illiberal towards all that was holy or to be revered! The university made nothing but republicans of all classes, even to the normal schools; education was philosophical from the basis to the summit. The working classes were left to catch as they could the crumbs or the dregs of the prevailing ideas. Under Louis Philippe the university reigned and ruled almost without control, chiefly by means of the journals and of books; the professors of the university, now powerful statesmen, dealt the last blow to historical belief and to monarchical feelings. The great chaos of education was accomplished in Louis Philippe's time. Those who sowed must have expected to reap the harvest accordingly." * M. D'Arlincourt uses nearly the same words *à propos* of the recognised sovereignty of the people. *Puisqu'on a planté la semence, il faut engranger la récolte.*

The struggle that has yet to take place (continues M. Capefigue) can be easily foreseen. There are three shades of opinion in the revolutionary party of the 24th of February; the one, directed by Messrs. Blanqui, Barbès, and Raspail, labours without circumlocution at the total overthrow of the Assembly and of all government; the other, which is represented by Messrs. Ledru Rollin, Causidière, Flocon, and Louis Blanc, would wish to rule one foot in the ministry, the other in the opposition; that is the image of the Provisional Government. The last, satisfied at having driven the Assembly to accept the resolutions of the 24th of February, would only wish to retain personal power in the state—a power at once effective and orderly.

M. Capefigue further and truly remarks, that in the ebullitions that followed upon the French revolution throughout Europe, the safety of empires owes more to the aristocratic and military party, which took up the old sword of traditional right, than to existing sovereigns. Pursuing then his more sober historical inquiries, he traces back events to the trial of M. Teste, and the Præslin tragedy; nor does he omit the fatal influence of such writers as Eugène Sue, F. Soulié, Felix Pyat, De Balzac, and George Sand. Next came the theory of the organisation of labour, at the head of which was Louis Blanc, who had sworn hatred to capital. The writings of Fourier, of Victor Considérant, of Pierre Leroux, of Jean Reynaud, the Icarian almanacks of M. Cabet, and the pamphlets of De Lamennais and Cormenin, occupied the leisure hours of the working classes. Next comes the consideration of the more important contests of the Guizot and Thiers administrations, and the defection of Lafayette, Lafitte, Dupont (De l'Eure), Casimir Perier, and Odilon Barrot, which M. Capefigue ably reviews in the aspect of the influence they had in bringing the working classes into opposition with the monarchy. "The

legitimists themselves," remarks M. Capefigue, "abetted the revolution of July. Profoundly hostile to Louis Philippe, they served the interests of democracy without anxiety: in their opinion it was necessary to pass through a republican crisis to arrive at a legitimate monarchy." And most writers repeat the same sentiments.

The character of Louis Philippe, our author argues, underwent a great change since 1840. The prince, once so quick and so flexible before events, became so imbued with the sense of his own abilities, that he no longer listened to any opinion but his own. He had particularly embraced the idea that he was destined by Providence to found a dynasty, and he left nothing unturned to work out that idea. Yet he never allowed his sons to have an opinion of their own, and if they ventured to oppose him they were dismissed his presence; so thoroughly was he convinced of his power—that he had brought back the great and traditional policy of his race, that of the Bourbons, of Louis XIV., whom he loved to imitate even in the rule of his family. The politics of newspapers he disdained, and designated as the politics of coffee-houses. He surrounded the capital with forts, which were capable of holding 30,000 men. The death of the Duke of Orleans was a great loss to this dynasty. M. D'Arincourt treats it as a providential infliction. M. De Nemours had too much faith in his father's abilities, and too much respect for the existing authority. The Dukes of Aumale and Montpensier were too young to obtain any ascendancy in politics, and they were habitually at their military posts.

But (continues M. Capefigue) had the women a more active, or a more influential position in this household? Maria Amelia, pious and benevolent, a princess full of mild and conciliating advice, never mixed herself up with business except by the special invitation of Louis Philippe, who often led her to read his correspondence, to answer his letters, and to act according to his policy, with a pliant and affectionate submission. She never opposed her husband, except when circumstances involved the personal safety of the king, or that which referred to the family. She was taxed with a too zealous, an Italian spirit of devotion; common opinion accused her of a bias towards religious congregations, at that time either a pretence or an excuse. The spirit of opposition to Maria Amelia increased with the university quarrels, for she was considered as the supporter of episcopacy and of the clergy.

Madame Adelaide, the king's sister, exercised a much greater influence on his mind; of a firm, marked character, at once decided yet conciliating, having a long experience of revolutions, she had acted as negotiator and intermediary in more than one delicate transaction; the king had been accustomed to consult her from her very youth, and that habit continued until her death occasioned an immense void in the heart and affairs of the house of Orleans. The king, deprived of his sister's counsels, had no longer the same good fortune, the same ready talent, the same coolness in the moment of trial.

The Duchess of Orleans, mother of the child, to which a short time ago so much adulation was paid under the name of the Count of Paris, had taken, or rather had made for herself, a place apart in the court; *a Protestant and a German philosopher, she had separated herself from the more pious fraction of her family* to surround herself with a coterie of poets and historians, who adored her ability and sought her protection as if it had been that of Margaret of Navarre. Alas! philosophy has little devotion to misfortune: poets sing successful princes and prosperous days, but how few remain faithful to a fallen cause! The Duchess of Orleans had become the central pivot of a regency combination, which was opposed to that of the Duke of Nemours; and ambitioned a higher degree of popularity—as if in times of revolution any regular result could be anticipated, or one of those struggles of princes and princesses could take place as in the times of the *Fronde* or of Louis XV. The revolution struck at the fundamental principle of the monarchy, and would always aim at substituting one idea for another, not an intrigue for a

power. Now there existed a real intrigue around the future regency. Many, wearied out with the long reign of King Louis Philippe, and what they called his obstinacy, sighed after a regency which would have given them something to do. This intrigue, concerning which I shall afterwards speak at length, existed in the Chambers, in which there were a great many parliamentary men, peers and deputies and men of letters, who were openly opposed to the regency of the Duke of Nemours.

The spirit predominant in M. Capefigue's work may be gathered from this passage. Not satisfied with tracing back the last of the revolutions for the time being to the Encyclopædists, the superseding of the church in the university, and the general inaptitude of the Roman Catholic religion, but he must add the complement to his argument by asserting that the only Protestant princess in the French court, and one who was acknowledged on all hands to be its noblest ornament—a pattern of domesticity—was not pious, and had surrounded herself by a troop of historians and of poets, for purposes of intrigue! This assertion is as absurd as it is false. The Duchess of Orleans's conduct ever since the death of her husband has been irreproachable. Besides, what does M. Capefigue mean by a coterie of historians and poets? Were not the most select of the ministry and of the parliamentary men under the last dynasty all men of letters or men of science? Do not Guizot and Thiers stand at the head of that class of which M. Capefigue constitutes a small joint in the tail? With a degree of inconsistency that would be remarkable in an historian of a higher order, M. Capefigue condemns the Duchess of Orleans for the sin of committing that which he equally vehemently condemns and ridicules the young princes of the same family for omitting to do. Instead of grouping around themselves the learning, literature, and science of the land, he says of them, "The young princes grouped around themselves a mere military party, and the Tuileries sparkled with uniforms—staff officers, excellent men on a field of battle, but totally ignorant of two things—the inclinations of their own soldiers, and that of the people before them."

This party, M. Capefigue goes on to say, devoted its whole time to studying the plan of Paris, and the strategy that was to be pursued in case of a sudden revolt. They closed one gate to an insurrection, and when the time came twenty others remained open to the rebels. This is certainly ridiculous enough, and there is much truth in it, but it is not the less illogical, to say the least of it, to condemn the duchess for doing that which the princes are upbraided for omitting to do. This is the manner in which history is written when the passions of society mix themselves up with the narrative of political events. "The character of this work shall be that of a great calm," says M. Capefigue, in his preface, "of an invariable and constant impartiality." Yet it suffices for the good, the pious, the affectionate Duchess of Orleans to be a Protestant, to be also stigmatised as a philosophical, irreligious intriguer! Historians like M. Capefigue are especially dangerous, and readers ought to guard against their influence. The world should be severe with them; because the unbridled license they give to passions, albeit with an assumption of superior virtue and truthfulness, ought not to be tolerated. It is fruitless to object that certain books and authors fall by the weight of their own absurdity, and that when error, paradox, and audacity exceed all allowable limits, the common sense of mankind is a sufficient bulwark against their ascendancy, and that they may be safely left unnoticed. We hold a different opinion; and seeing that, in the present

day, no imposture is too gross to be altogether devoid of a chance of success, that impudence and effrontery triumph where modesty and true merit are passed over, we deem it our duty to protest against M. Capefigue's unfounded conclusions and unscrupulous assertions, and to warn others against being misled by them.

Of a precisely similar character to this attack upon the unfortunate Duchess of Orleans—bold, eccentric, and unfounded as it is—is the assertion that in revenge of the Spanish marriages, the deceit inflicted upon Queen Victoria, and the diplomatic defeat of Palmerston and Bulwer, every thing was done by England to promote the revolution; and that Lord Normanby at once received instructions to abet all the elements of opposition and disorder in France. "The feeling of revenge," says M. Capefigue, "filled the heart of an irritated queen, and there was every thing to fear for the dynasty of Louis Philippe, whose main strength was England; and England never looks into the means which she employs, but into the ends which she proposes to herself!" But the part which the English ambassador had to play at Paris, opening his saloons to the extreme left, and subsidising the press, was a trifle compared with the propagandist duties imposed upon the minister in Switzerland by the wily Palmerston—he who in still more recent times supplied through Lord Ponsonby the Sardinian army with a general. According to M. Capefigue, the English minister in Switzerland not only visited the most democratic leaders, but actually frequented the public-houses of Berne and of Zurich to better effect his purposes! And, as if this was not enough, as the Countess of Landsfeld had taken the philosophical and anti-religious (anti-Roman-Catholic M. Capefigue means) party under her protection, to the minister in Bavaria was entrusted the delicate mission of promenading that lady, arm-in-arm, before an admiring public.

But it is impossible to follow this eccentric assailant in all his *exposés* of our foreign policy. Lord Palmerston has shone so brilliantly in his late feats of revolutionising France, founding a kingdom of North Italy, regenerating the dominion of the Magyars, befriending the Sicilian rebels, preserving peace in Scandinavia, surrounding his ministers at Vienna, Madrid, and Athens, with a halo of honour, and, with his colleagues, indemnifying rebels at the expense of the royalists in Canada; that the minor details of so tortuous, so un-English, and so untraditional a system of policy are really too painful to enter upon.

When the supreme moment of the rebellion came, the Duchess of Orleans, the soul of the anti-ministerial opposition according to M. Capefigue, stood in the way of all chances of accommodation. She had declared, and her followers now repeated, that Louis Philippe was too old and too obstinate to reign; that the Duke of Nemours, a proud aristocrat, covered a profound incapacity under a cold and reserved exterior; and hence the theme of the poets and professors who surrounded her was, that the Princess Helena should be regent. This, added to the great mistake made by Louis Philippe in not allowing Marshal Bugeaud to carry out the vigorous plan he had proposed, of marching the 20,000 men and sixty guns, at that moment at his disposal in the Carrousel and Champs Elysées, by the Boulevards and the Quays, as far as the Bastille, cutting Paris into two parts—and holding the river and the Boulevards till the 25,000 men in the environs of Paris could march to their assistance by the various gates of the city, and thus effect their junction with

the central body,—were the two great causes of the overthrow of a dynasty, and of a revolution which, according to the same writer, went even beyond what the revengeful Victoria and the wily Palmerston had intended!

M. W. Wellesley's work, the next on the list, is a French legitimist publication, so far as language is concerned; but the author bears a well-known English name. M. Wellesley takes a common-sense view of the Revolution.

Accustomed to take counsel only of themselves, the Republicans cried out, "*Vive la République!*" and were astonished to hear the cry repeated around them. The partisans of Henry V. shouted "*Vive la République!*" because that cry announced the fall of the royalty of July, and, before re-constructing, it is necessary to overthrow. The Communists and the Socialists exclaimed "*Vive la République!*" because they hoped, like the Legitimists, to have themselves the social and political reconstruction of the state. The bourgeoisie and the aristocracy of property shouted "*Vive la République!*" because they wanted a word which should lessen the chances of disorder and of civil war—a word which should represent the general consideration of the interests of all; and tradition gave in France that sense to the word republic. (M. D'Arlincourt says, that this word in the country is synonymous with disorder.)

The populace shouted "*Vive la République!*" as it would have shouted for any other form of government, so long as the said populace could have been induced to believe that it was by it that the new government was substituted for the ancient, which it supposed that it alone had been able to overthrow.

M. Wellesley attributes the downfall of Louis Philippe to his personal ambition, his family affections, and his cupidity. Now it is a curious fact that M. Capéfigue, more hostile to the ex-king than the Englishman, nevertheless treats this accusation of cupidity as a vulgar error. Louis Philippe was, on the contrary, he says, extravagant. He wished to restore the court of Louis XIV.; he spent large sums in embellishing Versailles, in erecting public buildings, and in protecting the Fine Arts. He was careless with regard to his private expenditure, and hence the origin of this unfounded calumny. But while accusing Louis Philippe thus far, M. Wellesley is far more inveterate against the minister Guizot. There is no political vice that he does not lay to the charge of this able, uncompromising, honest minister. Servility, baseness, corruption, falsehood, deceit, tergiversation, are all laid to the unfortunate ex-minister's account. "He has belied himself twenty times," he says in one place, "and has clothed himself alternately in the armour of impudence and in that of quackery." It is not for us to defend a character which stands so high as that of M. Guizot from this frenetic attack of a young partizan. It was the struggle of order against disorder, and M. Guizot was to the last the representative of order in a strict constitutional sense, and that with a host of difficulties to contend with; conspiracies abroad—an obstinate, almost a perverse, master—a hostile ministerial party—an active, unsparing opposition, and a parliamentary majority that was rather bought or influenced, than commanded by judgment and feeling. "*Les satisfaits*," M. Wellesley ironically calls them. How differently does M. Capéfigue, although equally hostile to the same party, speak of its leader!

The excessive love of legality which M. Guizot cherished in his heart, alone prevented him putting an end to the conspiracies going on around him by those preventive measures which could alone effect that end. M. Guizot believed earnestly in the happy issue of affairs; nothing gave him anxiety in the march of events; his peace of mind was perfect; the minister believed in the strength of a constitutional government and of representative institutions; master of the

majority of the Chamber, he thought that, as in England, therein lay the sole condition of political power, and that by that means he could walk legally and loyally in the path of ameliorations. Grave error!

M. Wellesley, however, spares no party. He labours to show that the various governments which have succeeded to one another in France have been all bad, and that good government is the only condition, the absolute condition, for the prosperity of France. Contrasting the working capabilities (including machinery) of England with France, as double in England to what it is in France, M. Wellesley says, "Such has been the result of English industry, nurtured by those individual liberties which the constitution of England, *founded by the English aristocracy*, has given to this country."

It is calculated that, of the 734 representatives returned at the late election, 514 hold inordinate, and 220 Socialist opinions; the total number at present not being made up, owing to multiplied returns. When we consider that this body of moderates comprises Legitimists, Orleanists, Regency-men, Napoleonists, and moderate and extreme Republicans, it seems not improbable that the Socialists enjoy the triumph of being the most numerous body in the Chambers; but not the strongest, because the moderates of all denominations ought to be expected to unite against anarchy. Such a result shows the utter infeasibility of universal suffrage. In the present state of civilisation it would be improper to say that the bad outnumber the good, but it is certain that the needy, the ignorant, and the easily misled are the most numerous, even in the most favoured countries. The consequence is, that under such a system, education, intelligence, and high principle, property, wealth, and industry, are not fairly represented; and if represented at all, will still always remain in the minority. It is well that such lessons come to us first from abroad. The mastery of the state must henceforth be a bone of contention between the lovers of order and the extreme Republicans and Socialists. If the Legitimists, Orleanists, or any other faction, were, to favour their own projects, to side with the anarchists, the lovers of order would be left in a still greater minority. If the "ambitious" (and we are told that Cavaignac and Lamoricière are ready to act in the ranks against a "strong government," of which Bugeaud and Changarnier would be the lieutenants) should really prove unfaithful to order, the struggle would be one of still greater imminence. The hopes which had been so confidently attached to this general election, as the natural fulfilment of that of the 10th of December, are now entirely destroyed. Nothing remains, except perhaps foreign war, or some of those strange amalgamations of which France has lately shown several examples, to save the country from another fearful and terrific struggle; but even that achieved, no Socialist or Communist Republic can live beyond the ordinary duration of a life of terror and plunder, and no strong government could be formed, even by a military despot, with universal suffrage demoralising the army as well as the people. It comes back, then, through conflict and suffering, to the result which presented itself to M. Charles Didier's mind, when he first addressed the existing representative of legitimacy. If France, exhausted by experiments, and with its resources gone, cannot find in the elective power ('universal suffrage' he should have said) the stability she pursues, where can she seek for it, except in the RESTORATION?

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER XIV.

A NEW SCHEME.

SOAPEY—the man who was “too much of a gentleman”—was now in pretty good feather; he had got a large price for his good-for-nothing horse, with a very handsome bonus for not getting him back, making Soapey better off than he had been for many a long day. Gentlemen of Soapey's *calibre* are generally extremely affluent in everything except cash. They have bills without end—bills that nobody will touch, and book debts in abundance—book debts entered with metallic pencils in curious little clasped pocket-books, with such utter disregard of method and regularity that it would puzzle even those eminent accountants, Messrs. Jay, Quilter, Crosby, & Co., to comb them out into anything like shape, as much as the celebrated Eastern Counties Railway accounts did after they had been “cooked” at Albert Gate.

Soapey, as we said before, was now in high feather; it is true, what he got from Mr. Waffles were bills—but they were bills with a good name on the back, and of such reasonable date, as the most exacting of the Jew tribe would “do” for twenty per cent. He ungratefully cut “Slaughter's,” and took up his quarters at the more fashionable Blenheim, in Bond-street. There he might be seen for a few days vacillating between the side-door and the front, or resting his chin on his arms on the trellis of the coffee-room window, looking very much like a gentleman in want of something to do. Mr. Sponge, however, was not in reality idle. Though he had a sort of fixed and vacant expression of countenance, and was seldom seen with anything but a newspaper or a volume of the “Racing Calendar” in his hand, still he was always planning or turning something or other over in his mind, trying it in different ways, after the fashion of the “Honourable Society of Blacklegs,” who are always hard at work at their arithmetic. The winter being the dull season for the betters, Mr. Sponge's attention was chiefly directed to turning a penny by the hunting season. He had made a pretty good start, and his object now was to follow up his advantage.

We have already shown how the brown horse, Hercules, found his way back to Mr. Benjamin Buckram's farm at Scampley, where of course he was again at the service of Mr. Sponge; and though the chestnut, “Multum in Pavo,” certainly had not conducted himself with the discretion to be expected from a horse of his age and staid appearance in carrying Mr. Sponge “nilley wiley,” as that gentleman called it, through Frippery and Flummery's plate-glass window, still Mr. Sponge bore in mind that Hercules had gone first, and that it was very possible for a horse to follow a comrade into mischief and yet be tolerably tractable when by himself.

Taking that into consideration, as also the fact that in all probability Hercules and Multum in Pavo would never meet in the hunting field, and also, that though Mr. Buckram had several worse horses, he did not seem to have any better ones, Mr. Sponge determined to start afresh with the old two, and a very magnificent pyeballed hack that Mr. Buck-

ram had just got from some circus people, who had not been able to train him to their work.

The question now was, where to manœuvre this imposing stud—a problem that Mr. Sponge quickly solved.

Among the many strangers who rushed into indiscriminate friendship with our hero at Laverick Wells, was Mr. Jawleyford, of Jawleyford Court, in —shire. Jawleyford was a great humbug. He was a fine, off-hand, open-hearted, cheery sort of fellow, that was always delighted to see you, and would start at the view, and stand with open arms in the middle of the street as though quite overjoyed at the meeting. Though he never gave dinners nor anything where he was, he asked every body, at least every body who did give them, to visit him at Jawleyford Court. If a man was fond of fishing, he must come to Jawleyford Court, *he must, indeed*; he would take no refusal, he wouldn't leave him alone till he promised. He would show him such fishing—no waters in the world to compare with his. The Shannon and the Tweed were not to be spoken of in the same day as his waters in the Swiftley.

Shooting the same way. "By Jove! are you a shooter? Well, I'm *delighted* to hear it. Well, now, we shall be at home all September, and up to the middle of October, and you must just come to us at your own time, and I will give you some of the finest partridge and pheasant shooting you ever saw in your life; Norfolk can show nothing to what I can. Now, my good fellow, say the word; *do* say you'll come, and then it will be a settled thing, and I shall look forward to it with such pleasure!"

He was equally magnanimous about hunting; though, like a good many people who have "had their hunts," he pretended that his day was over, but that he was a most zealous promoter of the sport. So he asked everybody who did hunt to come and see him; and what with his hearty, affable manner, and the unlimited nature of his invitations, he generally passed for a deuced hospitable, good sort of fellow, and came in for no end of dinners and other entertainments for his wife and daughters, of which he had two—daughters, we mean, not wives. His time was about up at Laverick Wells when Mr. Sponge arrived there; nevertheless, during the few days that remained to them, Mr. Jawleyford contrived to scrape a pretty intimate acquaintance with a gentleman whose wealth was reported to equal, if it did not exceed, that of Mr. Wyndey Waffles himself. The following was the closing scene between them:

"Mr. Soapey Sponge," said he, getting our hero by both hands in Culeyford's Billiard Room, and shaking them as though he could not bear the idea of separation; "my dear Mr. Soapey Sponge," added he, "I *grieve* to say we're going to-morrow; I had hoped to have stayed a little longer, and to have enjoyed the pleasure of your most agreeable society." (This was true; he would have stayed, only his banker wouldn't let him have any more money.) "But, however, I won't say adieu," continued he; "no, I *won't* say adieu! I live, as you perhaps know, in one of the best hunting countries in England—my Lord Scamperdale's—Scamperdale and I are like brothers; I can do whatever I like with him—he has, I may say, the finest pack of hounds in the world; his huntsman, Jack Frostyface, I really believe cannot be surpassed. Come, then, my dear fellow," continued Mr. Jawleyford, increasing the grasp and shake of

the hands, and looking most earnestly in Soapey's face, as if deprecating a refusal; "come then, my dear fellow, and see us; we will do whatever we can to entertain and make you comfortable. Scamperdale shall save our side of the country till you come; there are capital stables at Lucksford, close to the station, and you shall have a stall for your hack at Jawleyford, and a man to look after him if you like; so now, don't say nay—your time shall be ours—we shall be at home all the rest of the winter, and I flatter myself, if you once come down, you will be inclined to repeat your visit; *at least, I hope so.*"

There are two common sayings; one, "that birds of a feather flock together;" the other, "that two of a trade never agree;" which often seem to us to clash and contradict each other in the actual intercourse of life. Humbugs certainly have the knack of drawing together, and yet they are always excellent friends, and will vouch for the goodness of each other in a way that few straightforward men think it worth their while to adopt with regard to indifferent people. Indeed, humbugs are not always content to defend their absent brother humbugs when they hear them abused, but they will frequently ~~box~~ *box* each other in neck and crop, apparently for no other purpose than that of proclaiming what excellent fellows they are, and see if any body will take up the cudgels against them.

Mr. Soapey Sponge, albeit with a considerable cross of the humbug himself, and one who perfectly understood the usual worthlessness of general invitations, was yet so taken with Mr. Jawleyford's hail-fellow-well-met, earnest sort of manner, that, adopting the convenient and familiar solution in such matters, that there is no rule without an exception, concluded that Mr. Jawleyford *was* the exception, and really meant what he said.

Independently of the attractions offered by hunting, which were both strong and cogent, we have said there were two young ladies, to whom fame attached the enormous fortunes common in cases where there is a large property and no sons. Still Soapey was a wary bird, and his experience of the worthlessness of most general invitations made him think it just possible that it might not suit Mr. Jawleyford to receive him now, at the particular time he wanted to go; so after duly considering the case, and also the impressive nature of the invitation, so recently given, too, he determined not to give Jawleyford the chance of refusing him, but just to say he was coming, and drop down upon him before he could say "no." Accordingly, he penned the following epistle:—

"Blenheim Hotel, Bond Street, London.

"DEAR JAWLEYFORD,

"I purpose being with you to-morrow, by the express train, which I see, by Bradshaw, arrives at Lucksford a quarter to three. I shall only bring two hunters and a hack, so perhaps you could oblige me by taking them in for the short time I shall stay, as it would not be convenient for me to separate them. Hoping to find Mrs. Jawleyford and the young ladies well, I remain, dear sir,

"Yours, very truly,

"SOAPEY SPONGE.

"To — Jawleyford, Esq., Jawleyford Court,
"Lucksford."

"Curse the fellow!" exclaimed Jawleyford, nearly choking himself

with a fish bone, as he opened and read the foregoing at breakfast, "*Curse the fellow!*" he repeated, stamping the letter under foot, as though he would crush it to atoms. "Who ever saw such a piece of infernal impudence as that!"

"What's the matter, my dear?" inquired Mrs. Jawleyford, alarmed lest it was her dunning jeweller writing to say he would arrest her spouse.

"*Matter!*" shrieked Jawleyford, in a tone that sounded through the thick wall of the room, and caused the hobbling old gardener on the terrace to peep in at the heavy-mullioned window. "*Matter!*" repeated he, as though he had got his *coup-de-grace*; "look *there*," added he, handing over the letter.

"Oh, my dear," rejoined Mrs. Jawleyford, soothingly, as soon as she saw it was not what she expected. "Oh, my dear, I'm sure there's nothing to make you put yourself so much out of the way."

"*No!*" roared Jawleyford, determined not to be done out of his grievance. "*No!*" repeated he; "*do you call that nothing?*"

"Why, nothing to make yourself unhappy about," replied Mrs. Jawleyford, rather pleased than otherwise; for she was glad it was not from Rings, the jeweller, and, moreover, hated the monotony of Jawleyford Court, and was glad of anything to relieve it. If she had had her own way, she would have gadded about at watering-places all the year round.

"Well," said Jawleyford, with a toss of the head and a shrug of resignation, "you'll have me in gaol; I see that."

"Nay, my dear J.," rejoined his wife, soothingly; "I'm sure you've plenty of money."

"*Have I!*" ejaculated Jawleyford. "Do you suppose, if I had, I'd have left Laverick Wells without paying Miss Bustlebevy, or given a bill at three months for the house rent?"

"Well, but my dear, you've nothing to do but tell Mr. Screwentight to get you some money from the tenants."

"Money from the tenants!" replied Mr. Jawleyford. "Screwentight tells me he can't get another farthing from any man on the estate."

"Oh, pooh!" said Mrs. Jawleyford; "you're far too good to them. I always say Screwentight looks far more to their interest than he does to yours."

Jawleyford, we may observe, was one of the rather numerous race of paper-booted, pen and ink landowners. He always dressed in the country as if he were bound for Saint James's-street, and his communications with his tenantry were chiefly confined to dining with them twice a year in the great entrance-hall, after Mr. Screwentight had eased them of their cash in the steward's-room. Then Mr. Jawleyford would shine forth the very impersonification of what a landlord ought to be. Dressed in the height of the fashion, as if by his clothes to give the lie to his words, he would expatiate on the delights of such meetings of equality; declare that next to those spent with his family, the only really happy moments of his life were those when he was surrounded by his tenantry; he doated on the manly character of the English farmer. Then he would advert to the great antiquity of the Jawleyford family, many generations of whom looked down upon them from the walls of the old hall; some on their war-steeds, some armed cap-à-pie, some in court-dresses, some in Spanish ones, one in a white dress with gold brocade breeches and a hat with an enormous plume, old Jawley-

ford (father of the present one) in the Windsor uniform (an old two-penny postman's coat with leathers, top-boots, powder, and pig-tail), and our friend himself, the very prototype of what now stood before them. Indeed, he had been painted in the act of addressing his hereditary chawbacons in the hall in which the picture was suspended. There he stood, with his bright auburn hair (now rather badger-pyed, perhaps, but still very passable by candle-light)—his bright auburn hair, we say, swept boldly off his lofty forehead, his hazy grey eyes flashing with the excitement of drink and animation, his left-hand reposing on the hip of his well-fitting black pantaloons, while the right one, radiant with rings, and trimmed with upturned wristband, sawed the air, as he rounded off the periods of the well-accustomed saws.

Jawleyford always dressed for these occasions by the picture; and each succeeding rent day, as he looked affectionately at it, and felt the hirsute crispness of his well-tended whiskers reaching low on his chin, and the more ample development of his manly frame, he thought that the painter had hardly done him justice; though, even as he was, he believed that future beholders would exclaim, "What a devilish handsome fellow that must have been!" Still as he looked at it, he could not help thinking sometimes, that if he had it to do over again, he would have been painted in the mulberry-coloured coat and velvet collar and white waistcoat in which he was depicted in the *Kit Cat* in the drawing-room, instead of the bright olive-coloured coat and corded silk vest in which he was there attired.

Jawleyford was on capital terms with himself. Indeed, we believe the majority of men would have admitted that he was "not a bad looking fellow" (which is as far as ever they go), if he hadn't claimed to be a good-looking one. He was tallish, and made the most of his figure, even to the paltriness of wearing high-heeled boots. His features were good and regular, his well thrown back head was finely shaped, he was scrupulously exact—we might almost say a dandy in his dress—while there was such a cordial sincerity in his oratory that it was almost impossible to believe that he was not in earnest. No wonder the gouks of farmers were deceived; especially when we add, that though the Jawleyford family was of great antiquity, the tenants on the estate were anything but old ones, a farm under Mr. Jawleyford being generally looked upon as the last step before entering the workhouse. Still, strangers as they were to him, Jawleyford could not resist the pleasure of haranguing them, and hearing the rafters of the armorial-embazoned roof re-echo to his name, and prosperity to the house of Jawleyford. Then Jawleyford would rise, overpowered with his feelings, draw himself up to portrait figure, flutter his wings, and crow like a cock on his own dunghill, pouring out words upon words, and indulging in profession after profession, till a stranger would have thought him the most frank, liberal, praiseworthy person under the sun. So he would go on boasting and flourishing, and promising, till having exhausted his flummery, he would at length retire, and, ringing the bell of his study for coffee, would say to the butler, "Get rid of those drunken brutes as quick as you can." If any of the poor deluded fellows, on the strength of his overnight professions, called the next day to have a little talk of equality with him about repairing their buildings or lowering their rents, they were handed over to Screwentight.

Poor Screwentight had no easy berth, what between pacifying them and satisfying the voracious maw of Mr. Jawleyford's purse. Knowing nothing about land, Jawleyford had an idea that it would stand anything; and always hearing it spoken of as the best investment, he couldn't see how a thing could be the best investment that didn't pay at least five per cent.; so he never could bring himself to think that he had justice done him by his agents. Fully impressed with that conviction, he was always changing them, and Mr. Screwentight was the seventh he had had since he came to the property—now some eighteen years. We need hardly say that each succeeding change saw him getting worse, and Screwentight (an unfortunate name, but a very true one) found everything in such a state of utter destitution, that nothing but the inability to get a better place could have induced him to take it. Just as he came, the railway mania broke out, and Jawleyford, who always had a monstrous opinion of his own sagacity, and thought all the world pretty nearly asleep except himself, dashed at them in such a spirited way as could not fail to make either "a man or a mouse of him." The repeal of the corn-laws following atop of all, seemed ready to hasten the decision; for though Jawleyford had an immense tract of land, it was all of the most impoverished, worked-out order, like a weakly patient, ill able to stand further depletion.

Jawleyford looked upon land solely with reference to its extent. If he could ride a stranger round a great tract, or take him on to an exceeding high hill, and say, "All you see around is mine," he was indifferent whether the land was growing gorse or grass, wheat or weeds. The extent was the same, whatever was on it; and its boundaries were pretty definable to the practised eye by the worn-out character of the soil, the poverty-stricken appearance of the tenants, and the dilapidated state of the farm-buildings. The hedges were wild, the roads were dangerous in summer, and utterly impracticable in winter. There wasn't a gate on the many miles over which the estate extended that would open without getting off; but as Jawleyford always rode with a groom (a groom dressed in a silver-laced hat, with divers scraps of tinsel daubed on the collar and cuffs of his sky-blue coat, as if his master had more money than he could get into his pockets), whose business it was to dismount and undo the knotted rope-ends with which the gates were tied, or roll away the great boulder stones with which the shaking, clattering things were barricaded, Jawleyford didn't care, or perhaps never observed that they were otherwise than as they should be.

This rather extensive digression will have let the reader a little into the history of the family whom Mr. Soapey Sponge purposed honouring with his presence; and will have partly explained the cause of the outbreak that Jawleyford indulged in on receiving Soapey's letter. Independently of having invited half Laverick Wells the same way—indeed, of having gone on inviting people in that fashion the greater part of his life without ever having been "bit," Jawleyford, at the outset of the railway mania, was so satisfied that he was going to make an immense fortune (he did get hold of some 2,000*l.*, which, however, soon went, taking no end of good money after it), that in a solemn conclave with his wife and daughters, after duly expatiating on the antiquity of the Jawleyford family, he announced his ability to make them matches for the first nobles in the land, and conjured them to hold up their heads and shake

off all the Tom Smith and Jack Brown sort of suitors; which the dutiful girls most willingly agreed to, and wrote off for such a lot of finery as would become the rank of life in which thereafter they meant to move.

It was not to be expected that a man of Jawleyford's excessive vanity would like to proclaim that he had either been out in his reckonings, or that he could bring himself to invite his daughters to return to the sort of suitor he had so recently requested them to "ignore," as Mr. Thackeray would say.

It may, therefore, be easily supposed that the present was rather an unfortunate time for Mr. Sponge to meditate a descent; for though Mr. Jawleyford had every reason to believe Sponge was rich, still the shortness of the notice did not give him time to get things up in the becoming way for a suitor on his first visit, for Jawleyford knew that his daughters' hospitality was so great, that they would think it incumbent on them to fall in love with him as soon as he came.

Jawleyford, like a good many people, was very hospitable when in full fig—two soups, two fishes, and the necessary concomitants; but he would see any one at the devil before he would give him a dinner merely because he wanted one. That sort of ostentatious banqueting has about brought country society in general to a dead lock. People tire of the constant revision of plate, linen, and china.

Mrs. Jawleyford, on the other hand, was a very scrimmaging, rough-and-ready sort of woman, never put out of her way; and though she constantly preached the old doctrine that girls "are much better single than married," she was always on the look-out for opportunities of contradicting her assertions.

She was an Irish lady, with a pedigree almost as long as Jawleyford's, but more compressible pride, and if she couldn't get a duke she would take a marquis or an earl, or even put up with a rich commoner.

The perusal, therefore, of Soapey's letter, operated differently upon her to what it did upon her husband, and though she would have liked a little more time, perhaps, she did not care to take him as they were. Jawleyford, however, resisted violently. It would be most particularly inconvenient to him to receive company at that time. If Mr. Sponge had gone through the whole three hundred and sixty-five days in the year, he could not have hit upon a more inconvenient one for him. Besides, he had no idea of people writing in that sort of a way, saying they were coming, without giving him the chance of saying no.

"Well, but my dear, I dare say you asked him," observed Mrs. Jawleyford; (the reader, having been conducted over the estate, being now requested to return to the breakfast-table.) "I dare say you asked him," observed Mrs. Jawleyford.

Jawleyford was silent, the scene in the billiard-room recurring to his mind.

"I've often told you, my dear," continued Mrs. Jawleyford, kindly, "that you shouldn't be so free with your invitations if you don't want people to come: things are very different now to what they were in the old coaching and posting days, when it took a day and a night and half the next day to get here, and I don't know how much money besides. You might then invite people with safety, but it is very different now, when they have nothing to do but put themselves into the express-train and whisk down in a few hours."

"Well, but confound him, I didn't ask his horses," exclaimed Jawleyford; "nor will I have them either," continued he, with a jerk of the head, as he got up and rang the bell, as though determined to put a stop to that at all events.

"Samuel," said he, to the dirty page of a boy who answered the summons, "tell John Watson to go down to the Railway Tavern directly, and desire them to get a three-stalled stable ready for a gentleman's horses that are coming to-day—a gentleman of the name of Sponge," added he, lest any one else should chance to come and usurp them—and tell John to meet the express train and tell the gentleman's groom where it is."

CHAPTER XV.

JAWLEYFORD COURT.

TRUE to a minute, the hissing engine drew the swiftly-gliding train beneath the elegant and costly station at Lucksford—an edifice presenting a rare contrast to the wretched old red-tiled five-windowed house called the Red Lion, where a brandy-faced blacksmith of a landlord used to emerge from the adjoining smithy to take charge of any one who might arrive for that part of the country.

Gentle reader! when your memory reverts to the old coaching days—the cramped insides—the box-laden, basket-crowded roofs—the exposure to summer suns and winter's rains—the tedious prolixity of a journey—the walkings up hill, and gallopings down—the slang familiarity of the impertinent coachman—the saucy extortions of himself and guard—the scornful inattention of the innkeepers and their menials by the way,—be thankful for the introduction of railways, whose worst third-class accommodation is far better than the old coaches' best; nor bear too hard on the man to whose sanguine intrepidity we are greatly indebted for so great a luxury. But to our traveller.

To people well acquainted with a country, it often seems absurd for the porters and people to make such an outcry, as they do on the arrival of a train, of the name of the station; and many would think that writing it up in such capital letters as they do would insure every purpose of publicity; but strangers well know the advantage of having it proclaimed; and we believe that, in spite of all the noise and clamour, and all the publicity, there are stupid people constantly getting carried forward miles and miles beyond where they want to be. So it would have been on this occasion with our old friend Mr. Leather, who was so busy astonishing the minds of some simple countrymen with accounts of his grandeur, that all the LUCKSFORD! LUCKSFORD! LUCKSFORD! ANYBODY FOR THE LUCKSFORD-STATION HERE? that were hallooed and repeated and reiterated along the line, almost into his very ear, failed to arrest his attention; and he would inevitably have been carried on—horses and all—had not Mr. Soapey looked him up, just as the green-and-gold guard was putting the whistle to his lips to signal the engine away. All hands then rushed to detach the horse-box, and in less than a minute the last joint of the train's tail was cut off, and the valuable stud stood motionless in their box on the line. Away went the train; and the late excited railway staff having duly watched her out of sight, returned to disembark the horses. They had come down well; indeed, if horses can

only be got into the boxes, there is no fear of them after, for they are built as it were into the walls. Besides, they soon get used to it, and it was not Hercules' first adventure in that line, by many journeys, and the mountebank's pony had been used to much queerer tricks.

Just as the cavalry was about got into marching order, up rode John Watson, a ragamuffin-looking gamekeeper, in a green plush coat, with a very tarnished laced hat, mounted on a very shaggy white pony, whose hide seemed quite impervious to the visitations of a heavily-knotted dog-whip, with which he kept saluting his shoulders and sides.

"Please sir," said he, riding up to Mr. Soapey Sponge, with a touch of the old hat, "I've got you a capital three-stall stable at the Railway Tavern, here," pointing to a newly-built brick house standing on the rising ground.

"Oh! but I'm going to Jawleyford Court," responded our friend, thinking the man was the "tout" of the house.

"Mr. Jawleyford don't take in horses, sir," rejoined the man, with another touch of the hat.

"He'll take in *mine*," observed Mr. Sponge, with an air of authority.

"Oh, I beg pardon, sir," replied the keeper, thinking he had made a mistake; "it was Mr. Sponge whose horses I had to bespeak stalls for," touching his hat profusely as he spoke.

"Well, *this* be Mister Sponge," observed Leather, who had been listening attentively to what passed.

"Indeed!" said the keeper, again turning to our hero, with an "I beg pardon, sir, but the stable *is* for you then, sir,—for Mr. Sponge, sir."

"How do you know that?" demanded our friend.

"'Cause Mr. Spigot, the butler, says to me, says he, 'Mr. Watson,' says he—my name's Watson, you see," continued the speaker, sawing away at his hat, "my name's Watson, you see, and I'm the head gamekeeper. 'Mr. Watson,' says he, 'you must go down to the tavern and order a three-stall stable for a gentleman of the name of Sponge, whose horses are a comin' to-day; and in course I've come 'cordingly,'" added Watson.

"A *three-stall'd* stable!" observed Mr. Sponge, with an emphasis.

"A *three-stall'd* stable," repeated Mr. Watson.

"Confound him, but he said he'd take in a hack at all events," observed Sponge, with a sideways shake of the head; "and a hack he *shall* take in, too," he added. "Are your stables full at Jawleyford Court?" he asked.

"'Ord bless you, no, sir," replied Watson with a leer; "there's nothin' in them but a couple of weedy hacks and a pair of old worn-out carriage-horses."

"Then I can get this hack taken in, at all events," observed Sponge, laying his hand on the neck of the piebald as he spoke.

"Why, as to that," replied Mr. Watson, with a shake of the head, "I can't say nothin'."

"*I must, though*," rejoined Sponge, tartly; "he *said* he'd take in my hack, or I wouldn't have come."

"Well, sir," observed the keeper, "you know best, sir."

"Confounded screw!" muttered Sponge, turning away to give his orders to Leather. "I'll *work* him for it," he added. "He *shan't* get rid of *me* in a hurry—at least not unless I can get a better billet elsewhere."

Having arranged the parting with Leather, and got a cart to carry his things, Mr. Sponge mounted the piebald, and put himself under the guidance of Watson to be conducted to his destination. The first part of

the journey was performed in silence, Mr. Sponge not being particularly well pleased at the reception his request to have his horses taken in had met with. This silence he might perhaps have preserved throughout, had it not occurred to him, like a true-bred snob as he was, that he might pump something out of the servant about the family he was going to visit.

"That's not a bad-like old cob of yours," he observed, drawing rein so as to let the shaggy white come along side of him.

"He belies his looks, then," replied Watson, with a grin of his cadaverous giinnified face, "for he's just as bad a beast as ever looked through a bridle. Its a perfect disgrace to a gentleman to put a man on such a beast."

Sponge saw he had one of the right sort to deal with, and proceeded accordingly.

"Have you lived long with Mr. Jawleyford?" he asked.

"No, nor *will* I, if I can help it," replied Watson with another grin and another touch of the old hat. Touching his hat was about the only piece of propriety he was up to.

"What, he's not a brick, then?" asked Soapey.

"*Mean man*," replied Watson with a shake of the head; "*mean man*," he repeated. "You're nowise connected with the family, I s'pose?" he observed with a look of suspicion lest he might be committing himself.

"No," replied Sponge; "no; merely an acquaintance. We met at Laverick Wells, and he pressed me to come and see him."

"Indeed!" said Watson, feeling at ease again.

"Who did you live with before you came here?" asked Mr. Sponge after a pause.

"I lived many years—the greater part of my life, indeed—with Sir Harry Swift. He was a *real* gentleman now, if you like—free, open-handed gentleman—none of your close shavin', cheese-parin' sort of gentlemen, or imitation gentlemen, as I calls them, but a man who knew what was due to good servants and gave him it. We had good wages, and all the proper 'reglars.' Bless you, I could sell a new suit of clothes there every year, instead of having to wear the last keeper's cast-offs, and a hat that would disgrace anything but a flay-crow. If the linin' wasn't stuffed full of gun waddin' it would be over my nose," he observed, taking it off and adjusting the layer of wadding as he spoke.

"You should have stuck to Sir Harry," observed Mr. Sponge.

"*I did*," rejoined Watson, "I did, I stuck to him to the last. I'd have been with him now, only he couldn't get a manor at Boulogne, and a keeper was of no use without one."

"What, he went to Boulogne, did he?" observed Mr. Sponge.

"Aye, the more's the pity," replied Watson. "He was a gentleman, every inch of him," he added, with a shake of the head and a sigh, as if recurring to more prosperous times. "He was what a gentleman ought to be," he continued, "not one of your poor, pryin', inquisitive critturs, what's always fancyin' themselves cheated. I ordered everything in my department, and paid for it too; and never had a bill disputed or even commented on. I might have charged for a ton of powder, and never had nothin' said."

"Mr. Jawleyford's not likely to find his way to Boulogne, I suppose?" observed Mr. Sponge.

"Not he!" exclaimed Watson, "not he!—safe bird—*very*."

"He's rich, I suppose?" continued Sponge, with an air of indifference.

"Why, I should say he was; though others say he's not," replied Watson, cropping the old pony with the dog-whip, as it nearly fell on its nose. "He can't fail to be rich, with all his property; though they're desperate hands for gaddin' about; always off to some waterin' place or another, lookin' for husbands, I suppose. I wonder," he continued, "that gentlemen can't settle at home, and amuse themselves with coursing and shootin'." Mr. Watson, like many servants, thinking that the bulk of a gentleman's income should be spent in promoting the particular sport over which they preside.

With this and similar discourse, they beguiled the short distance between the station and the Court—a distance, however, that looked considerably greater after the flying rapidity of the rail. But for these occasional returns to *terra firma*, people would begin to fancy themselves birds. After rounding a large but gently swelling hill, over the summit of which the road, after the fashion of old roads, led, our traveller suddenly looked down upon the wide vale of Sniperdown, with Jawleyford Court glittering with a bright open aspect, on a fine, gradual elevation, above the broad, deep, smoothly-gliding river. A clear, bright atmosphere, indicative either of rain or frost, disclosed a vast tract of wild, flat, ill-cultivated-looking country, to the south, little interrupted by woods or signs of population; the whole losing itself, as it were, in an indistinct gray outline, commingling with the fleecy white clouds in the distance.

"Here we be," observed Watson, with a nod towards where a tarnished red-and-gold flag floated, or rather flapped lazily in the winter's breeze, above an irregular mass of towers, turrets, and odd-shaped chimneys.

Jawleyford Court was a fine old mansion, partaking more of the character of a castle than a court, with its keep and towers, battlements, heavily grated mullioned windows, and machicolated gallery. It stood, sombre and gray, in the midst of gigantic but now leafless sycamores, —trees that had to thank themselves for being sycamores; for, had they been oaks, or other marketable wood, they would have been made into bonnets or shawls long before now. The building itself was irregular, presenting different sorts of architecture, from pure Gothic down to some even perfectly modern buildings; still, viewed as a whole, it was massive and imposing: and as Mr. Sponge looked down upon it, he thought far more of Jawleyford & Co. than he did as the mere occupants of a modest, white-stuccoed, green-verandahed house, at Laverick Wells. Nor did his admiration diminish as he advanced, and, crossing by a battlemented bridge over the moat, he viewed the massive character of the buildings rising grandly from their rocky foundation. An imposing, solemn-toned old clock began striking four, as the horsemen rode under the Gothic portico, whose notes re-echoed and reverberated, and at last lost themselves among the towers and pinnacles of the building. Soapey, for a moment, was awe-stricken at the magnificence of the scene, feeling that it was what he would call "a good many cuts above him;" but he soon recovered his wonted impudence.

"He *would* have me," thought Soapey, recalling the pressing nature of the Jawleyford invitation.

"If you'll hold my nag," said Watson, throwing himself off the shaggy white, "I'll ring the bell," added he, running up the grand flight of steps leading up to the hall-door. A riotous peal announced the arrival.

THE DANISH CHURCH.

PART II.

THE present is a critical moment for undertaking to describe the state and position of the Danish church; for on the one side it would hardly be right to represent as such the state of things which, by common consent, has been doomed to be superseded; and on the other hand, it would be equally ill-judged to describe as if already attained, or as certain of attainment, that ideal of an ecclesiastical constitution, which, with happy unanimity, has been conceived by all the parties concerned. Were we to do this, it would at least be necessary that we should make the same proviso as the Germans did in 1848, when speaking of the united German empire as embodying every perfection—viz., “if it turn out such as it ought to be.” We think, however, that the best mode of proceeding will be to show what was the state of the Danish church at the moment when it was subjected to the shock, which in 1848 shook all the institutions of Denmark, and how it has borne this shock.

Subsequent to the Reformation, and to the establishment of the system of absolutism in Denmark, the church was placed in immediate subjection to the powers of the state, and was considered as the handmaiden of the latter. Her bishops, it is true, she retained (the apostolic succession, however, had been interrupted; the first Protestant bishop of Zealand, the Primate of Denmark, having received ordination from the hands of Luther's celebrated disciple, Bugenhagen, a simple pastor), but thenceforward this power has been purely spiritual, and exercised alone through the means of pastoral visitations to churches and schools. As regards the administration of their sees, they were subjected to the Board of Chancery, composed exclusively of jurists, and entrusted with functions of a most heterogeneous nature. This board, though invested with no ecclesiastical character, nevertheless, by a rigid system of centralisation, brought all matters relating to the church and to public instruction under its authority, and administered them without any regard to their chief object. Happily the Danish church, which was thus deprived of all authoritative support and guidance from high ecclesiastical powers in the state, was never under the necessity of entertaining dangerous struggles against hostile powers and tendencies from without. Of late years general discontent prevailed with regard to the state of things we have just described; Professor Clausen, senior of the Theological Faculty of the university of Copenhagen, and on whose career we shall dwell more fully in the sequel, had for many years advocated an independent administration of the church, of the university, and of public instruction in general. The clergy of the metropolis and of the several dioceses held meetings to discuss and promote this object among others. The universal desire for a reform in this direction was unanimously expressed in the assemblies of the provincial estates, and the late king, Christian VIII., gave his approval and promised his co-operation. Every attempt, however, remained fruitless, on account of the refusal of the rebellious party in the duchies to allow the latter to participate with Denmark in this reform. When, at length, the outburst of the Schleswig-Holstein insurrection broke the spell which had for a long time weighed

like a nightmare on all internal matters in Denmark, the whole system of government underwent a change; and Mr. Monrad, a clergyman, obtained a seat in the cabinet, as minister of ecclesiastical affairs and of public instruction. His nomination, though owing chiefly to political considerations, was hailed as of good augur for the Church, and the hopes raised were not disappointed. A ministerial circular of the 9th of May, 1848, promised a representative constitution to the Lutheran Church, as the national church of Denmark, and invited the clergy to send in propositions relative to the formation of a synod, to be composed of an equal number of clergymen and laymen; the former to be elected by the bishops, the Theological Faculty of the university, and the inferior clergy; the latter by the existing communal councils of the larger districts. To this synod is to be submitted all projects of laws relative to church matters, before the diet (Rigsdag) invests them with the power of law. This circular has met with universal approbation; the expression "National Church," which was therein substituted for the usual "State Church," is in particular approved of, as it was taken as an earnest that, at the same time that the church is emancipated from the state, and ceases to be a State-Church, in the former acceptation of the term, an intimate connexion will nevertheless continue to exist between the two; a state of things which may indeed, in this case, be considered natural, as the whole Danish people belongs almost exclusively to the Lutheran Church. The Theological Faculty, however, though fully approving the principal points in the circular, proposed some few modifications, but particularly insisted upon one point of great importance—viz., that the first synod should be convoked before the meeting of the diet, so that the wishes of the Church might be fully discussed and expressed before the future relation between Church and state should be determined by the new constitution, which this diet was to give to the realm. This request having been refused by the minister, the ecclesiastical convention in the metropolis issued a declaration against the ministerial decision, which was afterwards subscribed to by meetings of the clergy in the several districts of the island of Zealand, and which may be considered as expressive of the sentiments entertained by the whole ecclesiastical body. The names of the three men, Clausen, Grundtvig, and Martensen, who were selected to draw up the declaration, are of deep import; and to the position occupied by these three men in the Danish Church we shall therefore presently return. The declaration of the clergy remained without any effect on the resolution of the government, for the immediate convocation of the diet was, for political reasons, deemed absolutely necessary, and the previous convocation of a synod was thus rendered impracticable.

In the month of November, last year, a partial change in the ministry took place at Copenhagen, on which occasion Mr. Monrad resigned his *portefeuille*, and Professor Madvig took his place, while Professor Clausen also obtained a seat in the cabinet as minister without *portefeuille*. The new minister of ecclesiastical affairs, who is professor not of theology but of the classical languages, and who owes his new dignity to the parliamentary talents of which he had given proofs, soon obtained opportunities of expressing himself in the diet in a manner most satisfactory to all the friends of the church. A member of the party of the Left—which party must, in a certain measure, be considered as having formed itself after the model of parties

on the Continent, and as acting and speaking in conformity with the acts and speeches of its models, though placed in circumstances widely different—questioned the minister of public worship as to whether the government contemplated suppressing the bishoprics, in order to avail itself of the episcopal revenues for the amelioration and extension of public instruction. A question of this kind was utterly uncalled for in Denmark, where the emoluments of the bishops are by no means more than equivalent to their services, and where these ecclesiastical functionaries have always distinguished themselves by their zeal for public instruction, which, owing to their efforts, is on an excellent footing. To this question Professor Madvig replied, that no such suppression was contemplated, and that upon the whole no changes would take place in the internal affairs and organisation of the church without the wishes of its members being consulted, nor before the constitution had determined the relation which was in future to exist between the Church and the state. On being further questioned as to what he understood by the Church, he answered, that he considered the clergy and the congregations as equally representing the Church, and as having, therefore, equal claims to be represented in the future synods; but that as the wishes of the Church are most forcibly and most clearly expressed, and best understood, by the clergy, he thought that the government was, in consequence, bound to attend more particularly to the wishes of the clergy, especially in matters of the kind referred to, which concern them in particular. We cannot on this occasion refuse ourselves the pleasure of observing, that *although* the Duke of Argyle's supposition, "If all the citizens of a state were members of the same religious body," may be considered as essentially realised in Denmark, and *although* the Danish church does not make "any mystical distinction" between members of the clergy and laymen, but merely regards the distinction between the two as a human ordinance, in wise conformity with the nature of man and of the Church; yet, it has in Denmark always been acknowledged that the state and the Church ought to be distinctly represented, and that the clergy, in its capacity of clergy, ought to bear its part in the representation of the Church. The Danish Church has thus, since 1848, obtained from without, in the establishment of a ministry of ecclesiastical affairs, one of the two blessings for which she has long sighed, viz., an independent administration—and the promise of the second, viz., an independent representation; and by the uplifting of her own voice she has prevented any interference and changes in her internal organisation, until she shall have obtained a legal organ through which she may give utterance to her wishes and to her claims. When we add to this, that, in the midst of the unsettled state of things, which has been caused by the reorganisation of the state—during which so many of the ancient institutions have lost their prescriptive authority without being as yet superseded by new ones—no disturbing events have taken place; that the former admirable relation between the congregations and their pastors has not for a moment been interrupted; that no dissent, no new parties have come into existence (while, on the other hand, the few previously existing Protestant *ecclesiolæ*, Moravians and Baptists, and the Roman Catholic and Reformed colonies introduced from abroad, have obtained perfect freedom of worship and every right of citizenship); that the nation has sought and obtained from above, courage and strength to resist the dangers that threaten the state with destruction,—it will, we think, be generally admitted that there is reason to

hope, that the morn of a bright day has dawned upon the Danish Church.

The election, to which we have above alluded, of Grundtvig, Clausen, and Martensen to be the guardians of the Church, is a most interesting and remarkable fact, the deep import of which we will endeavour to render intelligible by a brief view of the character and activity of these three distinguished theologians. The names of the two first-mentioned of these men generally represent to the minds of those who know them the idea of a striking contrast; and yet it must be acknowledged that no selection could have been more judicious, for, in the three, every member of the Danish church is represented, and all the struggles and developments of the church within the last fifty years are personified. The last fifty, but more particularly the last thirty years have, indeed, been most significant in the history of the Danish Church, which during that period has assumed an independent attitude, and has consistently developed all its internal elements. Anterior to this period, the Danish Church was, in truth, nothing more than a local version of the Protestant Church in general, and especially of the German Church, in which but few distinctive peculiarities and isolated germs of a future spontaneous activity were discernible. We will here touch upon a few of these distinctive features, preparatory to taking a view of the more independent development of the latest period. During the reign of Roman Catholicism in the North, we may thus point to the protracted struggle of the Scandinavian Churches against the introduction of the law of the celibacy of the priesthood, which was in particular resisted by the clergy of Jutland, and which was never adopted in Iceland. The Reformation in Denmark was introduced entirely after the German model, the struggle which it led to being merely distinguished by greater moderation, which was a natural consequence of its being but a re-echo of what was going on elsewhere. The Lutheran doctrines were unanimously adopted throughout the North; but at the same time the sharpest points of difference which they exhibit relative to other churches were somewhat modified. While the strictly orthodox Lutheran party in Germany, by the introduction of more and more stringent symbols, was endeavouring to rivet more and more closely the fetters which bound its adherents, theological questions were freely discussed in Denmark; and the first amongst Danish theologians, Professor Hemmingsen, advocated liberty of mind with tongue and pen. His most celebrated work, entitled "*Pastor*," was honoured with a distinguished place among the books interdicted by the Pope. The German court divines endeavoured, at first in vain, by means of the influence of their respective courts, to impose silence on this dangerous opponent; for the Danish King Frederick II., and the Danish Church, remained long deaf to their remonstrances, or answered them evasively. At length, however, Hemmingsen was obliged to resign his office, and was even persuaded into issuing a partial retraction of his previously expressed opinions. The palatine of Saxony sent to King Frederick II. a present of a copy of the "*Formula Concordiæ*," richly bound in velvet and gold, with the request that he would force his clergy to subscribe to it, as the surest test of orthodoxy. The king having made himself acquainted with, and having reflected upon the subject, rose from his bed one night, rang his bell, and ordered the servant in attendance to light a fire, saying that "*he had caught a naughty devil, whom he meant to burn*;" and a few minutes

later the "Formula Concordiæ," which, according to the expression of the Jesuits, proved in so many cases a *formula discordiæ*, was committed to the flames. Denmark thus escaped at least the immediate influence of that mental despotism which weighed so heavily on Germany, and which ultimately called forth in that country a destructive and pernicious reaction. It is a remarkable fact, that the celebrated Calixtus, who was Professor in Helmstädt in Hanover, which country was then connected with England, and in consequence exempt from the yoke of the "Concordia," was a Danish Schleswiger by birth. May we not reasonably ascribe to his foreign origin, as well as to his intimate acquaintance with, and frequent residence in, foreign countries, those distinctive features in his character which placed him in opposition to all his German contemporaries, and upheld him in his constant endeavours to emancipate himself from the yoke of mental thralldom, in spite of the persecutions to which these subjected him?

Among the purely national products of the Danish church, the beautiful psalms used in its public worship deserve honourable mention. The authors who have distinguished themselves most in this kind of composition are—Bishop Kingo, +1703, the grandson of a Scottish weaver who settled in Denmark; Bishop Brorson, +1764; and Mr. Grundtvig, to whom we have repeatedly alluded. In the Danish church-service the psalms do not hold the same place which they hold in the English; hymns of more modern composition being substituted for the psalms of David, they are considered, not as the word of God to the people (this being given in the Epistle, the Gospel, and the sermon, which latter forms the central point of the service), but as the expression of the feelings of the congregation, as the subjective reply of the latter, as the embodiment of its praise, its thanks, and its supplications. These psalms are gathered under different heads according to their dogmatical contents, and also according to the different occasions for which they have been composed. The preacher gives out those which are to be sung on each occasion. It follows as a matter of course, that the authorised psalm-book, which as such is used in all the churches of the land, requires a renewal or a revision from time to time, so that new and meritorious compositions may be adopted, and old ones, which have proved unacceptable to the congregations, may be erased, and others, antiquated in form and language, be remodelled. The collection at present in use is from 1798; and though not as deficient as the year of its birth might lead one to expect, in which case it would long since have been superseded, yet its cold and prosaic character is far from giving a true idea of the merits of this branch of Danish literature. The appendix, however, into which the present distinguished Bishop of Zealand, Dr. Mynster, has introduced many of the most beautiful of the ancient psalms, after having subjected them to a most judicious revision, serves as it were as a commentary on the faults of the chief collection, proving these to consist chiefly in the adoption of weak and impotent modern compositions, in preference to the old psalms, so full of pith and raciness, though antiquated and inelegant in form.

But with few exceptions, such as the above, the Danish Church, upon the whole, was strongly influenced by the German Church; imitated its movements, and adopted first its severity, and subsequently its rationalism and freethinking. Laws and resolutions passed at ecclesiastical meetings—such as, for instance, the following from 1580: "No clergyman shall be

allowed to preach publicly, or to dispute in public meetings, upon the new theology of Germany which has been lately propounded in that country concerning the Lord's Supper,"—prove more in favour than against the existence of the general slavish imitation of the innovations of Germany.

It is within the nineteenth century only that the struggles of the Protestant Church have in Denmark assumed an independent character, and that the ecclesiastical and theological development of Germany has not only been deviated from, but has even been opposed in some of its consequences; such opposition having particularly been evinced with regard to that latest offspring of German rationalism, the school of Strauss. The resistance of the Danes to this movement, and the free and independent mode of thought adopted by them in matters spiritual, will become evident by a consideration of the activity and the mutual relations of the three above-mentioned theologians, Grundtvig, Clausen, and Martensen. A philosopher of the modern German school would at once designate the relation in which these men stand to each other, by saying that the two *ekler*, Grundtvig and Clausen, represent the correlative and equally true contraries, and Martensen the higher unity which combines and reconciles the two within itself. Against any such definition, however, we earnestly protest: these men are all three living personalities, and not abstractions whose relative position may be mathematically defined; and the life of each has been one of constant and consistent development.

Grundtvig, endowed with the spirit and power of the ancient prophets, is a prophet in modern history, for with Christian and patriotic enthusiasm he has preached faith and repentance to his people; and therefore by no other name can the marvellous zeal and activity which he has displayed be fully characterised. His influence over his fellow-countrymen has been, and is still, undefined; but he may be looked upon as the leaven in the great mass, and the future effects of his action upon it are therefore incalculable. Indeed, his words have often been so original, and so much in opposition to generally received opinions, that his voice was for a long time, and must still be in a certain measure, like a voice in the desert. During nearly half a century, every danger that threatened his religion and his fatherland has presented itself before his prophetic eye in all its menacing greatness, and his thundering voice has been raised to warn and denounce.

While prosecuting, at the University of Copenhagen, his theological studies, which were concluded in the year 1803, he made himself acquainted with the ancient Norse (now Icelandic) tongue, which was once the common language of the three Scandinavian countries; and attended the lectures of his relative the Danish naturalist, Henry Steffens, who afterwards became so renowned as Professor at the University of Berlin, and, who has exercised a remarkable stimulating influence on several of the most superior minds of Denmark. While tutor in a gentleman's family in the island of Langeland, Grundtvig subsequently studied Shakspeare, Goethe, Schiller, Fichte, and Shelling—but above all, the poetical productions of his fellow-countryman, Adam Oehlenschläger, which had then just appeared. From these last-mentioned works, in which the ancient heathendom of the North is so wonderfully reproduced, the mind of Grundtvig received a decisive direction; and as the modern school of

national poetry, founded by Oehlenschläger, is of much importance, not only with regard to the poetical but also to the religious feelings of the Danish people, we will dwell for a moment on the subject.

In Germany, Göethe, regarding Christianity as an antiquated stage in the historical development of the world, deigned not even to notice it; Schiller grieved that the ideal of beauty had fled from the world with the gods of Greece; Heine and other modern poets sung the hosanna of Pantheism and Materialism, and dwelt with pleasure on the classic antiquity of the South. In like manner, and perhaps in still greater measure, the poets of the North have sought a resting-point and elements of strength in the past; but they have sought these in the past ages of their own country. They have reproduced in its fulness the heathen antiquity of the North, which was so highly developed, and yet until then so little known. They have not only produced a living image of what it was, but they have also traced the influences which even at the present it exercises on the character and dispositions of the people. They have shown how the world of antiquity was doomed to give way to Christianity, and how by the true faith it was purified and sanctified, and raised to a new and higher life. This being the case, it is a fact of the utmost importance that the ancient religion of the North, unlike that of Greece, taught the perishable nature of this world, and the disparity between the actual state of things and the ideal. The central dogma of the ancient religion was, indeed, the impending destruction of the existing order of the world. The inhabitants of the North were a warlike race; their religion was, therefore, impressed with the same character, and they could not conceive of mental life and activity except in warlike combat. Even the life of the gods was believed to be spent in enterprises of a bold and heroic nature; their faithful worshippers were, after having died the death of heroes, rewarded with a constant renewal of their combats, in which those who fell rose again to renew the struggle. During the existing order of the world (such was the belief of the ancient Northmen,) the Asas, the good divinities who dwelt in heaven, such as the wise Odin,* the strong Thor, the self-sacrificing Tyr,† and others, were engaged in constant struggles against the powers of evil, the cruel and gigantic Jættes, and the treacherous and malignant dwarfs, who sought to injure and destroy the human race.

Thor, the god of thunder, with his mighty hammer, in particular, is represented pursuing the powers of evil into the very bowels of the earth, where they dwelt (evidently a symbolical representation of the struggle of the mind to subdue the powers of nature). Among men, valour was the first of virtues; those that fell upon the field of battle were, by Odin's warlike maidens, the Valkyries, conducted to the dwelling of the gods, where they were received as guests at the festive drinking bouts, at which Bragi, the god of the historians and the poets, sings to the sound of his harp praises of the heroic deeds of gods and men; and

* These three gods have given their names to three days of the week - Odin (Wodan), *Onsdag* (Wednesday); Thor, *Torsdag* (Thursday); Tyr, *Tirsdag* (Tuesday).

† This god placed his hand as a pledge in the mouth of the *fenriswolf*, while the other gods, making use of stratagem, bound the monster, their most dangerous enemy; and Tyr allowed his hand to be bitten off, rather than release the enemy of the gods and of man.

where they were allowed to be the fellow-combatants of the gods in their great struggle against the powers of evil. But this state of things bore the germ of destruction within it. Odin's son Balder, the tender and benevolent, had been put to death through means of a conspiracy of the evil powers. Ragnaroke, the destruction of the gods, was impending; at this period all the powers of evil were in concert to attack the gods; the *fenriswolf* was to break its chains and swallow Odin, but, before the gods fell they were to inflict mortal wounds on all the monsters. Thor kills the dreadful *midgaardsorm** (the world-serpent), but, nine steps from it, falls a victim to its poisonous sting. Heaven and earth are destroyed. But after this a new world is to be born, the good divinities are to revive, purified and sanctified, to a new life of innocence, and are to recover the draught-board and men with which they used to play before sin was introduced into the world; a superior race of men is to people the earth; the good are after death to dwell with Alfader, in Gimle, while the bad are doomed to suffer in the terrible Nastrond.

Of this belief the earliest Christian missionaries of course availed themselves, as an admirable link by which to connect the old and the new faith; and they represented the myth of Ragnaroke as a prognostication, the true meaning of which was the introduction of Christianity. In reality it was no doubt the expression of the correct views of the Northern sages relative to the historical development of the world, which is in truth an ever-recurring death, ever followed by new life. That is to say, all ideas develop themselves to greater purity through that apparent death which takes place when the spirit casts off the old and worn-out form, and clothes itself in a new. Doubts may, perhaps, be felt by some, as to whether views so deeply reflective were likely to have been entertained at so remote a period; but though we would not maintain that the deeper meaning of the myth formed part of the belief of the people in general, we think, from the evidence of some of the most ancient poems extant, that this interpretation was put upon it by some. Originally the divinities of the North were personifications of the phenomena of nature, but this origin was, in the case of most of the gods, utterly forgotten in the course of time; and Grundtvig is, therefore, in some degree right when he says, that the Greek mythology was the deification of nature, and the Northern mythology the deification of history; for the gods became ultimately the representatives of the life and struggles of the human mind, such as these are mirrored in history.

These systematic views of the ancient Northern sages have, as much as the history and enterprises of the individual gods, furnished subjects to the modern poets of Scandinavia. The latter have seen the ancient prognostication more fully realised even than did the missionaries; for they have seen the old myths of the gods, as a religion, superseded by the only true faith, but revived again in the national poetry, as the expression of the mind, the thought, and the activity of the North. But it is not only the Northern mythology, and its chief source, the Edda (the great-grandmother), a collection of poems more ancient than any

* This serpent was supposed to lie coiled round the earth, biting its own tail. When it writhed, the earth trembled and the mountains gave forth flames; and all earthly crime and suffering, every sinful and malignant feeling, was supposed to be caused by the writhings and pressure of the *midgaardsorm* around the earth.

history or chronology in the North, which has incited the poets to choose as their subject-matter, the fall of heathendom in the North before the revelation of the Almighty. This latter fact itself, as it was gradually accomplished in the course of about two centuries, has been recorded in ancient writings, which afford a rich source from whence the poets may draw. This subject has, therefore, been repeatedly treated by Oehlenschläger in his historical tragedies, and more particularly in that which bears the name of "Hakon Jarl" (the last heathen ruler in Norway); while the prognostications of old Edda are made the subject of his epic poem, "The Gods of the North."* The Swedish poet Tegner has likewise introduced into his celebrated poem, "Frithiof's Saga," allusions to the destruction of the gods, though these do not strictly belong to the Saga on which his poem is founded.

In the course of last year, a most important one in the history of the modern literature of Denmark, the poet Hauch† gave to the world a very attractive description of this remarkable struggle between the old and the new faith, in a form hitherto little used for such subjects. The work to which we allude, "The Saga of Thorvald the Traveller," is a novel, or rather a tale, which in form and contents approaches very near to the Icelandic Saga literature of the middle ages.

The powerful impression produced on the mind of Grundtvig by the mythological poems of Oehlenschläger, is manifested in his first literary productions; such as his essays on some of the poems of the Edda, "The Mythology of the North," published 1808, and "Scenes from the period of the Decline of the Heroic Life in the North," published 1809. While describing, in this last-mentioned work, the revolution which Christianity produced in the North, the author's religious mind was filled with Christian enthusiasm. That the heroic spirit of the North could never have bent before any other power than the irresistible might of Christianity, became one of the fundamental principles of his soul. He began to think that his having occupied himself so long with worldly wisdom was an apostasy from the only true God; and that he had committed idolatry with regard to the gods of the northern myths. The revolution which had taken place in his mind found an expression in the sermon of trial, preached by him previous to his ordination, in accordance with the rules of the Danish Church, which subjects every candidate for holy orders to a practical examination, that may be regarded as a supplement to the scientific examination of the university. In this sermon, the subject of which is given in the words, "Why is the word of God departed from his house?" Grundtvig made an eloquent but unsparing attack on the school of Rationalism, which had superseded the previously existing lifeless orthodoxy, but which being connected with a high degree of mental liberty and moral energy, exerted in the service of humanity, had been more successful in binding the congregations to the churches than any more orthodox school would

* Translated into English by W. E. Frye.

† This gentleman was, until the outbreak of the insurrection in Holstein, Professor at the University of Kiel, and he is one among the one hundred of officials whom the insurrectionary government has driven from their posts, for no other reason than their being sincerely devoted to the Danish cause; for the King of Denmark had allowed the officials in the duchies to obey the insurrectional government as long as it should be *de facto* in possession of power.

have been, during the period of agitation which followed the French revolution. Subsequently, however, this rationalism has in Denmark led to a certain degree of inanity and indifference as to religious matters, but has not, as in Germany, ended in a decided hostility to religion.

The clergy of Copenhagen were so incensed by the attack made by Grundtvig on the preachers of the day, that they were not satisfied until the latter had received a reprimand from the consistory of the university. Being thus placed under the interdict of rationalism, it was only through the especial protection of the Bishop of Zealand that Grundtvig, in the year 1811, obtained the situation as assistant-curate to his own father, who held a living in the country.* The change which had taken place in his mind was subsequently more forcibly developed; he even contemplated destroying his excellent poem, "Scenes from the Heroic Period of the North," and ultimately published it, according to his own declaration, chiefly for the purpose of "deriding and denying the power of the Asas." In another work, entitled "A succinct View of the Chronicles of the World," published in 1812—and which is the most one-sided of all his productions, but at the same time the one which bears the strongest impress of his genius—he summons the history of the world before the judgment of the Scriptures. But we must pass over several important points in his mental activity, and at once proceed to the principal event in the mental history of Denmark during the present century—namely, his struggle with Professor Clausen; to which, however, we can here but shortly allude.

Clausen's activity as a scholar, as teacher, as author, and as patriot, has been as comprehensive as Grundtvig's, and has hitherto even exercised greater influence; for it has been Clausen's mission to create, to construct, to collect, and to organise; while Grundtvig has felt himself called upon to attack all worthlessness, and to sow the seeds of a future harvest, which time alone can ripen. Grundtvig's soul is an abyss, in the depths of which there is a constant ferment; while the characteristics of Clausen's mind are lucidity, firmness, and classical repose, joined to a latent tenderness of feeling and an ever-active will. In the wonderful freshness of their minds alone, do these two men at all resemble each other. It will easily be understood that two natures so dissimilar could only meet in combat, and that a severe struggle must be carried on between them before peace could be concluded. In his early youth already, Clausen gave proofs of comprehensive and profound knowledge, of great lucidity of thought, and of a thorough logical culture—but more than all, of a richness and activity of mind seldom equalled. After having spent some time in foreign travels, during which he dwelt longest in the capitals of Protestantism and of Catholicism—that is, in Berlin, where he attended the lectures of Schleiermacher, and in Rome—he began in 1820, then only twenty-seven years of age, as teacher (docent) in the University of Copenhagen, a career of public activity which has until the present moment never been interrupted,† and which has been of the utmost importance to the Danish Church and to Danish science. The fruits of

* In Denmark all appointments whatsoever in the church, are made by government.

† Even as member of the ministry he continues to fulfil the greater portion of his duties as teacher at the university.

his first studies were given to the world in his great work, "The Constitution, Doctrines, and Rituals, of the Catholic and Protestant Churches," Copenhagen, 1825. While this work, translated into German, was received in Germany with marks of appreciation and esteem, even by Catholics, and gave a new impetus to the controversial literature of the two Churches, it met in Denmark with the most bigoted resistance. The old-fashioned orthodox party would see nothing but the most dangerous rationalism in his scientific investigation of the Scriptures, and his description of Protestantism as a church which never rests in self-complacent inactivity, but ever moving onward, strives with unrestrained liberty towards the goal; and they even threatened to form a schism in the Church.

Grundtvig, who had first been appointed to a living in a provincial town, and afterwards in the metropolis, placed himself, by a violent polemical pamphlet entitled "The Reply of the Church," at the head of the movement against Clausen, whom he designated as "an enemy of Christianity, and despiser of the word of God," who ought not to be tolerated as a theological teacher. Clausen was obliged to call Grundtvig to account before the competent tribunals, by whom the accusations of the latter were pronounced to be null and void; and the author was fined, and placed under a censorship, from which he was not relieved until 1838. Grundtvig, deeply wounded by this sentence, felt that he could not remain a teacher in the Church which tolerated Clausen, and therefore resigned his office; a step which he has, however, of late retraced. Upon this ensued a polemic conflict, in which Grundtvig maintained the Apostolic symbol and the verbal traditions as the true guides to the interpretation of the Scriptures, in opposition to Clausen's principle of making the Scriptures interpreted according to the spirit which pervades them, the foundation, the source, and the test of faith; a conflict which has subsequently gradually died away, but which cannot be said to be settled: nor has either of the combatants been conquered. This was the first scientific struggle of modern theology in Denmark; or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, that during this struggle the scientific spirit was introduced, for it may, in fact, be considered as a combat between critical science on the one hand, and ecclesiastical and traditional feelings and opinions on the other. During the conflict a numerous party was formed among the clergy and among the congregations, who looked up to Grundtvig as their chief, and as the defender of the true church and the true faith. This party, which was generally denominated "the Saints," or "the Pietists," and which met with frequent opposition from the public and from the judicial Board which governed the church, gradually adopted a more exclusive character, considering its members as alone representing the true Church, and all those who did not believe as they did, as enemies of the Church. Particular points of the ancient liturgy, which had become obsolete—no doubt principally because they were contrary to the rationalistic ideas of the clergy—were by the Pietists held fast as signs of the only Church of salvation, and every deviation from them was denounced as heresy. They brought forward again, and evinced the greatest attachment to, the old psalms of the church, which seem, indeed, composed in a more truly religious spirit than those that had succeeded them; they showed a leaning towards private devotional meetings, in preference to public worship in churches; and in many ways

distinguished themselves from the less orthodox members of the Church. Fortunately, however, no open schism took place, for this would only have led to the formation of a sect, in which life would soon have become stagnant; the party remained within the pale of the Church, and by degrees, as the latter has corrected those faults which caused its estrangement, the rupture has begun to heal.

Much scandal was at first caused, when the government, yielding to the importunities of the Pietist party, endeavoured to enforce the strict observance of the liturgy, which it had itself previously abandoned, and its orders were not, and could not be, attended to. Of late a desire has been generally manifested within the church itself, for an amelioration in the liturgy and the psalm-book; and there is every reason to hope that the latter object at least will soon be attained. The superficial understanding of the sacraments, and the exaggerated value placed upon the sermon on account of its instructive and rational character, which formerly prevailed in the church, and which repulsed the orthodox party, have also gradually disappeared; and it is to be hoped that when the whole mass has been leavened by the deeper religiosity of this party, it will at length throw off all reserve, and again amalgamate freely with the more numerous body of Christians.

While the contest was going on between Grundtvig and Clausen, the Rationalists, as will easily be understood, believing that the former participated in their views, looked upon him as their leader, and took part in the conflict against Grundtvig. Subsequently the accusations of rationalism brought against Clausen gradually died away. During a period of thirty years, this distinguished scholar has, as teacher at the university, gathered around him numerous pupils and auditors, to whom he has delivered his dogmatical and exegetical lectures; which have never been mere repetitions, but have always been adjusted to the requirements of the moment, and have proved an acquaintance with and a participation in every new, critical investigation. "The results of Clausen's studies in the branch of science to which he has particularly devoted himself, have, however, only within a very recent period been given to the reading public. His "*Hermeneutics of the New Testament*," a learned and ingenious exposition of the rules followed in the interpretation of the New Testament, and of their historical development, was published in 1840, and has been followed by another work, entitled "*The Principal Dogmas of the Christian Religion*," a reproduction of a course of lectures delivered to a more extended audience, consisting of ladies and gentlemen. In 1836, on occasion of the 300th anniversary of the Reformation, he in like manner delivered and published a series of "*Popular Discourses on the Reformation*;" and at a subsequent period, and after a protracted visit to Rome, he delivered popular lectures on the history of the Protestant Church. At the present moment he is publishing a *Commentary on the whole New Testament*, in which, besides giving evidence of that familiar acquaintance with the Scriptures, and the manner in which they have been understood throughout the past ages, which has always been so attractive to his auditors, he holds more particularly in view the numerous and various researches and assertions which have been made relative to this subject within the most recent period. Neither of these larger works has awakened that opposition with which his earlier work met; and if is

now not unfrequently said that Clausen has changed—that he was formerly much more of a Rationalist than at present. But, in our opinion, this is a mistake. Changed indeed he is, inasmuch as his mental life has never once stagnated, but has gone on developing itself without interruption; but harmony and lucidity have ever been the chief characteristics of his mind, and the life of no man can present a more beautiful picture of conscious consistency and indefatigable perseverance in endeavours to reach the goal held in view from the very commencement.

The truth is rather, that those who think thus of Clausen have themselves changed; but, more than all, that the spirit of the times has undergone a change. At the commencement of his career, Clausen had to encounter lifeless, unscientific, traditional orthodoxy; of late, on the contrary, his constant connexion with the younger generation, and his acquaintance with all the new movements in critical science, have made him feel the necessity of meeting in his works the negative tendencies which have originated in the modern school of German philosophy; and this has brought out more forcibly the differences which exist between him and the Rationalists.

Grundtvig has published sermons, some minor miscellaneous productions, and an excellent collection of psalms. In 1831 he began again to preach, and in 1839 he received a new appointment, as chaplain to a benevolent institution in Copenhagen. As an author, Grundtvig has also done good service to his country, in directions different from those to which we have already alluded; our space will, however, only allow us here to point to his popular translation of Denmark's old Latin Chronicler Saxo, and of the Icelandic Snorro's History of Norway, and to his translations of Anglo-Saxon poems. With Anglo-Saxon literature he is thoroughly acquainted; he has repeatedly visited England and Scotland, for which countries he feels the most lively interest; and during one of these visits, from 1829 to 1831, he contemplated the publication of several Anglo-Saxon works.

Before we take leave of the two remarkable individuals on whose career we have just been dwelling, we must not fail to observe, that they have rendered as great services, with regard to the development of the national and political life of Denmark, as to her church;—but in this direction they have met, not as opponents, but as fellow-combatants, both serving in the same cause, though fighting with weapons of a very different nature. They have both, for instance, bestowed their parental blessing, their powerful protection and their active co-operation, upon the endeavours of the students in the three northern kingdoms, to promote the mental unity of Scandinavia; Clausen as founder and president of the Scandinavian Society in Copenhagen, and Grundtvig by an oration delivered on the occasion of its first meeting. They are, therefore, both invited every year by the students of Copenhagen, to be present, as honoured guests, at the Northern Yule* Festival, which is annually celebrated on the 13th of January, at all the universities of the North, in commemoration of the enterprises undertaken in the world of mind during the past year; just as the heathen Scandinavians used, at

* This expression is derived from the Danish word *hjul* (a wheel); the festival being instituted to celebrate the annual revolution of the wheel of time.

their yule festival, to make honourable mention of the Viking expeditions and heroic exploits of the past year.

Grundtvig and Clausen have also both evinced a lively sympathy in the endeavours of the Danish Schleswigers to maintain their language against the oppression and usurpations of the Germans. Clausen, who descends from a Schleswig family, organised societies to support these endeavours; and Grundtvig attended the annual meetings held by the Danish Schleswigers, on the Skamlingsbanke, the highest point in the Duchy, and there spoke words which were re-echoed far and near. Clausen was an active member of the Provincial States of Denmark, and repeatedly presided over one of the four Assemblies; and both are now members of the Danish Diet, at present assembled, in which Clausen has exchanged his place as a simple member for a seat on the ministerial bench, while Grundtvig distinguishes himself most by his warm sympathies with the faithful Schleswigers, who are suffering under the oppression of the insurrectional party.

In turning our attention towards *Martensen*, the third of the three theologians of whose mental activity and intellectual influence we have undertaken to give a sketch, the mind is no longer diverted in so many different directions; but the difficulty of giving in a few words an adequate idea of his intellectual significance is not therefore less. In the outward world Martensen's significance is less felt, and his activity more restricted than that of Clausen and Grundtvig; and this, not only because he is still young, and his intellectual labours extend over no more than the last decennium, but still more, because his researches and inquiries are all carried on in the inward recesses of the soul, and because he has himself sought strength in limitation. The different intellectual movements in his country have, no doubt, exercised considerable influence on his development, but he did not place himself in any relation to the earlier movements, nor has he taken an active part in the later ones, except when they have been of a purely ecclesiastical character. When, about ten years ago, he commenced his public career as teacher (docent) at the university of Copenhagen, the public was prepared to find in him a disciple of Hegel, and to see him thoroughly introduce into Denmark the philosophic system of this remarkable man. And so, indeed, it has been. While in Germany the profound and learned Hegel is already almost forgotten, and his teachings have been supplanted by the theories of his superficial and conceited disciples, who are devoid of all originality, Martensen has in Denmark vindicated the great truths in the philosophy of this profound thinker with a warmth and a persuasive force, which only the profound conviction of a mind that has passed through the same experiences can inspire.

But though Hegel's system has undoubtedly exercised a most important influence on the development of Martensen's religious views and intellectual faculties, yet the latter has by no means proved himself a blind follower of the German philosophy. He is fully aware of its equivocal character; he has perceived that it has two paths, one leading to the right and one leading to the left, though he has himself never stood undecided on the crossway; and he has beheld with pain the numbers who have followed Strauss in the path to the left. His greatest merit, indeed, is his having prevented the introduction of Strauss's principles into Denmark, and his having even called forth a decided opposition to them.

This is the first great intellectual movement in Germany which has not speedily found a representative and followers in Denmark; for the few disciples Strauss has gained in that country are of so little importance, that their number and character rather prove his defeat. It gives us great pleasure to be able to add, that the principles of Strauss have met with as little success in Sweden, in which country, however, they at first threatened to take root.

Upon the whole, Martensen is, in spite of his admiration and adoption of Hegel's system, more of a divine than of a philosopher; and this, not because he is professor of theology, but because his mental life has in equal measure drawn nourishment from another and a purely Christian source. With this source he makes us acquainted in a work of his, entitled "Master Eckhart; a Contribution towards the Elucidation of the Mysticism of the Middle Ages. Copenhagen: 1840." In this inquiry into the real principles and feelings which guided the Mystics—the true monks of the middle ages, who, rising above the spiritual destitution of the times, held immediate communion with God, feeling that it was by their life in Christ, and Christ's life in them, that they were members of the true Church, and thus at one and the same time prepared the way for the reformation of the church, and, with indulgent placability, overlooked the ruin which the age they lived in was bringing upon it;—in this inquiry, we say, which bears evidence of its being a labour of love, we recognise a kindred spirit; and we learn to understand that such a spirit, though, in order to participate in the life of its own times, it must start from and adopt the prevalent logical and historical principles, yet it can neither be bound nor ensnared by the mode of thinking prevalent in modern times.

In another short publication on the subject of Baptism—chiefly called forth by the appearance in Denmark of some English Baptists, who endeavoured to make converts there—Martensen has furnished us, as it were, with the objective complement to his "Master Eckhart." For while in the last-mentioned work the possibility of the soul living in God and in Christ, in spite of all outward obstacles, and even without the aid of any outward medium, meets us throughout as the ever-recurring fundamental thought; in the treatise on Baptism the author represents the profound significance of the sacraments as the necessary conditions of the church, and as institutions on which Jesus has bestowed his divine promise, that in them he will be present, and in them those who seek him will find him.

Martensen's lectures at the university are greatly admired, and have assembled round him a numerous audience of old and young, and of students of every branch of science. He has published a succinct system of ethics, which bears upon it the stamp of genius; and an exposition of the Christian doctrines is shortly expected. In 1845 he was appointed preacher to the court, and commenced in this capacity a new career of public activity, as blessed in its consequences as have been his exertions as teacher at the university. As preacher to the court he has no parochial duties to attend to, but merely preaches in the royal chapel alternately with the other clergymen who hold the same position as himself. His sermons, which have all been published, and which always appear as the word spoken in right time, extend their influence over a wide and important circle. We only deplore that the Danish language is so little

known that we cannot say, "Come and judge for yourselves;" for we feel assured that all nations would acknowledge that Martensen's earnest words not only prove a deep insight into the secret workings of the mental life of the times, and point out its weaknesses and its deficiencies, but that they contain at the same time an antidote and a healing power.

It has been observed in Denmark, that, proportionally to its numbers, the Danish nation has, during the present year, raised a greater military force than any mentioned in modern history; and that a people capable of such exertions and sacrifices cannot be doomed to destruction. We would fain add to this, that a people whose mental life is so active and so sound, and among whom the word of God is preached in such a manner and is received in such a spirit as is the case in Denmark, must, as a nation, have received the promise contained in the admonition, "Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul."

That Germany has the power to crush the political body, Denmark—if the Almighty wills it, not otherwise—there can be no doubt, and of this every Dane is aware; and it is, therefore, only trusting in His help that Denmark has ventured to resist her gigantic enemy, Germany; and this trust will not prove vain.

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

An Enigma and its Solution—Lepeintre *aimé chez lui*—Popular Parisian Airs. *Le Ruska*; *Drinn-drian*—The Ruling Passion strong in birth—A talking *Dan-seuse*—The Louis-Napoleon Polka—Madame Caroline Trévost—"L'Âne à Baptiste"—A hazy Epigram.

"WHAT are your plans for this evening?" inquired a young provincial the other day of his Parisian friend and lioniser.

"*Tu vas voir*," was the reply. "I have a surprise in store for you. You have read the *mille et une nuits*?"

"Who has not? *Après*?"

"Very good. I will show you something more marvellous, more incredible than Sindbad himself ever fell in with."

"The editor of *Le Peuple*, or Madame Jeanne Derouhi?"

"*Merci*, I bar politics."

"Darcier, the vocal phenomenon of the Café Estaminet?"

"No; I leave him to M. Berlioz."

"A disinterested Republican?"

"I told you that was forbidden ground. Come, come, no more guessing, but trust to me. You shall know all in good time."

Shortly after this conversation the two friends were comfortably seated together in the stalls of a commodious and handsome theatre, listening to a well-written and fairly-acted comedy. In the course of the piece the Parisian glanced occasionally, and with a furtive smile, at his companion, who was evidently both interested and amused. During an *entr'acte* the Mentor quietly remarked that the house was full.

"No wonder," replied his young friend. "It would be unaccountable if it were not. Clever dialogue, good actors, and pretty women, particularly the *jeune première* who plays *Nathalie*. Who is she?"

"I've a poor memory for names. Let me see. Madame—Madame—ah, I shall think of it presently."

"I should like to be manager of this concern," pursued the provincial. "Capital speculation it must be! By-the-way, who is the manager?"

"Hush, my dear boy, the fifth act's beginning," whispered the other, hastily relapsing into an attitude of the profoundest attention.

"*Bravo! très-bien!*" exclaimed the youth, vigorously enacting the part of an amateur *claqueur*, as the curtain fell on the last scene of the comedy. "Never saw a piece better played. It quite put your marvel out of my head. *Apropos*, when am I to make its acquaintance?"

"You have done so already," answered Mentor.

"Ah, bah! *Vrai?*"

"*Vrai*. Do you know where you are?"

"Not I. At the Français perhaps, or the Historique. No! where then?"

"At the Odéon," replied his companion, with an air of comic solemnity:

"*Allons donc!*" said the provincial. "No tricks on travellers. No, no; even we know better than that. This the Odéon! why, the Odéon is a desert, with the grass growing between the benches, and the few who journey thither take provisions for ten days—so says Fiorentino in the *Corsaire*."

"Unquestionable authority, indeed," rejoined Mentor, smiling. "However, if we leave the ten days' journey and the grass an open question, I think I may admit that the Odéon was once *almost* a desert. If not exactly inaccessible, its approach was, to say the least, uninviting; but mark the change a few weeks have effected. Where but lately, according to your friend Fiorentino, grass, scarcely so green notwithstanding as the idlers few and far between, who wandered hither in quest of amusement, ventured to dispute with the ever-accumulating dust and dirt a share of the desolate *parterre*, may now be found, night after night, a sufficient number of *chaussures*—from the delicate *botte sernie* to the solid high-low—to obliterate every remaining trace of vegetation; and this result is attributable to the exertions of two potent enchanters."

"*Savoir?*"

"Madame Roger Solié, the pearl of the Faubourg St. Germain, and the very lady you were admiring just now; and her able coadjutor, and my good friend, Bocage, once more chosen lessee of the Odéon; who may now proudly march side by side with the most fortunate of his *confrères*, and exclaim with the *Prophète*,

Victoire! je suis l'élu!"

"And the clever piece we have just seen?"

"Is by Moléri, a young author of great promise, and bears a title which has become the watchword of every anti-Socialist in the land—'*La Famille*.'"

Whenever I hear—and that is pretty frequently—an old playgoer descant on the present degenerate condition of the stage, the dearth of talent, &c., &c., &c., I cannot, for the life of me, help wondering, not that we have (I speak as a cosmopolite, not confining myself to England) so few actors of first-rate merit, but that we have any actors at all. Were it not for the peculiar *prestige* with which the theatrical profession always has been, and probably always will be, invested by its votaries, the supply, far from increasing in proportion to the demand, must long since have ceased altogether. In other words, if every young actor, at the outset of his career, were to reflect on the extremely unsubstantial and meteoric nature of the celebrity to which he so ardently aspires—a celebrity dependent for its very existence on that most fickle of all contingencies, popular favour; could he but foresee the coming struggles, mortifications, and disappointments, and—unkindest cut of all—the indifference and neglect over manifested by the public to its most cherished idols, when once their power to charm is gone, he would pause before embarking his hopes in so profitless and thankless a venture, and own—sadly, perhaps, but with a deep and earnest conviction—that *le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle*.

For, after all, on what rests the comedian's claim to the admiration of posterity? On the mere verbal or written testimony of his contemporaries, unsupported by a shadow of *proof*. Must not we ourselves take for granted all we are told of the genius of a Garrick or a Siddons, of a Lekain or a Dumesnil; even as those who come after us must rely on our appreciation of a Rachel or a Jenny Lind? The poet, the philosopher, may die, but their works survive them; the actor passes away, and with him his glory, nay, almost his very name. What now remains to us of many, whose society was once courted by the proudest and most illustrious of their day? Too often, a few brief pages in some unremembered volume, with perhaps, here and there, a portrait or autographical fragment jealously preserved in the cabinet of a collector.

Were the dead alone forgotten, *passe encore*, for such is the common lot; but the same fate, alas! awaits the living, and then is the cup indeed bitter! Once the hour of retirement sounded, once the farewell look exchanged between the actor and those who come to gaze on him for the last time, and he is heard of no more! His name no longer forms an item in the small-talk of the hour, nor are his sayings and doings, his comings and goings, industriously chronicled by the admiring penny-a-liner. Other names, other interests usurp the place his were wont to occupy; and his only consolation is the reflection, that they for whom he is neglected will in their turn be forsaken for some other caprice of the moment—now borne triumphantly aloft on the wings of fashion; now rudely, and perhaps prematurely, consigned to oblivion!

But can this determined forgetfulness, this ungenerous readiness to blot out old recollections, be universal? I will not believe it. They who profess respect for the art can never so far deny their sympathy to the artist. It is impossible but that the very name of an ancient favourite must recall to their minds some joyous moment, some agreeable record of bygone days, perchance far happier than the present! To *them*, any reference to the posthumous career (if it may be so termed) of a once distinguished comedian cannot be unwelcome; nor will *they* be disposed to

find fault with the pen which may thus cause them once more to dwell on some long-forgotten pleasure of memory.

C'est avec cette douce croyance—as the French say at the end of their letters, when they wish to be particularly insinuating—that I venture to introduce to my readers a prospectus lately issued by one of the veteran performers of the Parisian stage, *Lepeintre aîné*, on the occasion of his becoming proprietor of the Hôtel Ventadour, in the street of that name. Now *Lepeintre*, though not actually on the list of retired actors, inasmuch as he still delights with his drolleries the laughter-loving frequenters of the Folies Dramatiques, is, if ever man was, fairly entitled from his long services to take his ease in his inn. But, bless your innocent hearts! that is precisely what he never thinks of doing. Ease! why, what with his two journeys a-day (for morning rehearsal and evening performance) backwards and forwards from the Rue Ventadour to the Boulevard du Temple—no stone's throw, I can assure you, when a man's legs are a trifle the worse for wear—what with the sedulous attention old *Lepeintre* never fails to bestow on those who honour his hotel with their patronage—what with one thing and another, the *garçon's* (I mean the deep-voiced individual's) post at the Café de la Rotonde in summer-time is a sinecure in comparison. But the worthy fellow shall speak for himself in the words of his own prospectus—a *profession de foi*, which, believe me, deserves more credit on the score of *sincerity* than those of one half the citizen candidates for the Assemblée Nationale.

After briefly touching on the position and advantages of his new abode, *Lepeintre* continues as follows:—"Puissent ceux que j'ai quelquefois amusés en prendre le chemin. Ils ont vu avec quelle indignation bien sentie je dénonçais dans la pièce de la 'Carte à payer,' la mauvaïse foi d'un hôtelier qui donnait un *coq* pour un *chapon*, et de la Piquette pour du Bordeaux; ils doivent croire que je n'imiterai point des exemples que j'ai si publiquement flétris; puisque les citations sont permises et habituelles aux comédiens, je dirai comme le personnage d'une comédie moderne,

Vous trouverez bon feu, bon lit, et bonne table,

Bon visage surtout, compagnie agréable.

Et de plus, ô mes anciens et très-aimables spectateurs, une vieille figure de connaissance, qui, débutant dans un rôle tout nouveau, peut obtenir, grâce à vous, un de ces succès d'argent, dont les hôtels ne peuvent plus se passer que les théâtres.

"Dans l'attente de votre bonne visite, agréez, mes chers futurs hôtes, l'assurance du profond respect

"De votre obéissant serviteur

"LEPEINTRE aîné."

Such a programme carries with it its own recommendation, and promises not merely abundance of good entertainment, but also overflowing houses. The first of these items may, I think, be safely left to the liberality of mine host himself, but the *second* rests with the public. *Aviz à qui de droit.*

Paris may be not inaptly styled the hot-bed *par excellence* for popular airs; nowhere else do they spring up so rapidly or thrive so luxuriantly.

Nor is their vogue confined, as is generally the case with us, to barrel-organs and butcher-boys; the term *popular* has there a wider and more universal signification, and refers not to the few but to the many. Let but a tune be stamped with the fiat of public approbation, and you are sure to hear it, go where you will; it becomes as inevitable as the Armenian in the "Ghost Seer," or a row in an Irish election: any criticism on its merits would then be superfluous; it is at once recognised as part and parcel of the national music, and is forthwith accommodated with its own little niche in the memory of every amateur within and even without the barrier. The theatres adopt it; Musard takes it under his especial protection; and the great Strauss himself does not disdain to embroider its principal *motif* with his most exquisite and brilliant variations. However short-lived it may be, its triumph is at least, while it lasts, undisputed and indisputable; from the Faubourg St. Germain to the Descente de la Courtille, from the Chaussée d'Antin to the Bal Morel, it is to be met with here, there, and everywhere. But its peculiar stronghold is the Opera in Carnival time; there it is given the post of honour in one of the noisiest, and consequently most vehemently applauded quadrilles; or if its melody be unusually inspiring and *entraînant*, it is even admitted to the more exclusive honours of the *galop infernal*.

Among the favourite airs of late years may be cited the still forgotten "Messieurs les Etudiants," and the equally evergreen "Tra la la," and "Larifa, fla, fla;" Bérat's "Lisette de Béranger," which Virginie Déjazet has made her own; the famous choruses in the "Bohémiens de Paris," and the "Canal St. Martin;" and the two newest candidates for popularity, "Le Rafla" and "Drinn-drinn."

The first of these is by Henri Potier, the composer of "Il Signor Pascariello," and was, I believe, originally introduced to public notice in the "Foire aux Idées," at the Vaudeville; its interpreters being a select half-dozen of rather *décolletées* ladies in velvet jackets and the curtest possible petticoats. Besides being a brisk, lively, and melodious air, it possesses another scarcely less indispensable element of success—viz., simplicity of construction; the words and the music dovetailing into each other with equal harmony and facility.

As for "Drinn-drinn," its popularity defies description. From its *début* at the Variétés, in one of Léon Gozlan's most indifferent pieces, "Le Lion Empaillé," to the present day, it has been gradually, and after the slow but sure fashion of the snowball, increasing in importance; and still appears as profoundly imbued with the "go-ahead" principle as Mynheer von Clam's cork leg itself. Everybody sings or hums, and, what is more, adapts his own words to it. Yes, gentle reader, everybody; for even your old friend the *habitué* has caught the infection, and submits to your notice the following rudely-sketched history of "Drinn-drinn."

Lorsqu'à Paris, par suite d'anarchie,
On s'ennuyait, un malin* s'avisa
De remplacer "Mourir pour la Patrie"
Par du nouveau, et vite il inventa,
Drinn-drinn, &c.

* Narpot, leader of the orchestra at the Variétés.

Cette chanson si leste, si joyeuse,
 Fut par Lafont mis à la mode un jour ;
 Ell' détrôna la "tulipe orageuse,"
 En attendant qu' du monde elle fit le tour.
 Drinn-drinn, &c.

Elle inspira mainte foule légère
 Soit au Prado, soit au Jardin d'Hiver,
 Et l'on prétend que mêm' à la Chaumière
 On pince encor des p'tits cancans sur l'air.
 Drinn-drinn, &c.

Et, si plus tard, quelque chanson nouvelle
 Sur le "drinn drinn" hélas ! doit l'emporter,
 A moins qu'ell' n'ait une vogue éternelle,
 On reviera un beau jour à chanter,
 Drinn-drinn, &c.

Not a hundred years ago, a certain clever actress of the Jewish persuasion was, for the first time, practically initiated into the pains and pleasures of maternity. The new-born babe, though healthy, was so extremely diminutive in size and weight as to excite the undisguised astonishment of one of the invalid's lady friends.

"Dis donc," said she, taking the papa aside with the gravest possible air, "dis donc, tu le vois bien, il n'y a vraiment pas moyen avec ces Juives-la ; elles trichent toujours dans le poids !"

It is a fixed idea with some people that a *danseuse* can do any thing but talk. They will give her every credit for bringing her right foot to the level of her right eye, as if she were presenting a musket—for standing on one leg like a fakir—and in short, for twisting her elastic limbs into every conceivable and inconceivable shape ; but on the express condition that she is to be as speechless as the "Dumb Man of Manchester," or *Myrtillo* in the "Broken Sword." She may charm with smiles, but not with words ; eloquence may sparkle in her eye, but Harpocrates must keep a strict and perpetual watch over her tongue. At home, as well as on the stage, she must make known her wants and wishes in mimic show ; she must ask for her breakfast as if she were in the last stage of exhaustion on a desert island, and scold her maid with three distinct stamps and a toss of the head, after the manner of Mlle. Maria, in the "Diable à Quatre."

Then, and not otherwise, will these good people be perfectly satisfied. But once hint to them the possibility—mark, I only say the *possibility*, of Mlle. This or That being able to make herself understood without throwing her legs and arms about, and they will be furious. Judge, then, what must have been the expression of their countenances, some three weeks back, while perusing the *affiche* of the Vaudeville, which ran as follows :—

LA POLKA EN PROVINCE.

Mlle. PLUNKETT remplira pour cette fois seulement le rôle de
Claudine.

If to one-third of incredulity you add equal portions of stupefaction and horror, the result will be a faint and diluted reflection of the human face divine as it appeared on that memorable occasion. *Claudine* ! had

it even been *Ninette*, in the "Vieux Pêches,"—an amphibious kind of character after all, with a slight touch of the *danseuse* about it—she would only have done as Delphine Marquet did before her; or had she been advertised to sing a song in the *coulisse*, like Carlotta in "Les Cinq Sens," why, anybody might have sung it for her, and the public never have been an atom the wiser; but no, Miss Adeline, forsooth, must needs play a *soubrette*, an impertinent, saucy, coquettish little chatterbox of a *soubrette*, as if she absolutely gloried in her apostasy! Well, she shall be hissed down, that's one comfort. We'll take care of that!

And did you take care of that, irascible old gentleman? Did you hiss her down when she came tripping on, carrying the bust of Hippocrates—*celui qui a inventé les sangoues*—as lightly as if it had been a feather? Not you! And did you not applaud her when she danced her Cracovienne, until she could dance no longer without treading on the flowers which were fast transforming the stage into one bed of blossom? Your very hands witness against you: I question if they have done aching yet.

I am afraid that, what with General Oudinot abroad and general discord at home, the worthy Prince President has been so long in hot water as to have slightly forgotten his dancing. It would be hardly reasonable to imagine that, while his ministers are being *chassés* by the Montagne, he himself should quietly indulge in a *chassée-croisée* in the *ci-devant* Elysée Bourbon; or that in so critical a moment as the present, when steadiness of principle is everything, he should venture to turn and turn again, even though it be only in the seductive mazes of the waltz. But if his motto should be, like *Robin's* in the "Mémoires du Diable," "Après les affaires, les plaisirs," why then, Miss Glascock's "Louis-Napoleon Polka" will be on the Paris barrel-organs before the world is much older.

For, even were the polka in question the dullest, tamest, and most soporifically common-place production that ever jingled on the keys of a pianoforte, it would have found salvation—like more than one hard-up member of our Upper House of Legislature—in its title. But Miss Glascock's new inspiration happening to be one of those brilliant ear-haunting melodies which

By any other name would sound as sweet,

its claim to popularity in France becomes twofold. In England, it is following closely on the track of its mysterious predecessor, the "Sea Serpent." *C'est tout-dire.*

A pretty scion of a good old stock, Mademoiselle Caroline Prévost, has just made a promising *début* at the Opéra Comique in "Les Diamans de la Couronne." Nature has done much for the young lady, but art has yet much to do: her voice and method of singing are good, but the artistic finish, the quiet self-confidence, which only stage-experience can give, are still wanting. One of the *feuilletonistes*, speaking of the *débutante*, says:—"Elle a des cheveux du plus beau blond qui se puisse voir;" this repeating, word for word, the description given of that amiable creature, *Milady*, in "Les Trois Mousquetaires." "Comparisons are odorous," says Mrs. Malaprop. "Un peu," say we.

"Clairville, mon vieux," said the jovial M. Bouffé, manager of the Vaudeville, the other day, handing over the *libretto* of the "Prophète" to his habitual *faiseur*; "parodiez-moi donc ça!"

"On my eyes be it," said Clairville.

A fortnight after, the deed was done, and the *affiche* reinforced by the pompous announcement of "L'Ane à Baptiste, ou le Berceau du Socialisme."

"Now for a laugh," said the good-natured public, thinking of "La Foire aux Idées," and rubbing its hands in gleesome anticipation.

"Now for the first of a hundred-and-one representations," chuckled the treasurer, who had *not* seen the rehearsals.

"Dites cela, et buvez de l'eau," gruffly remarked one of the *pompriers*, who *had* seen them.

Alas! before the second act was over, the jaws of the public, instead of expanding merrily into a grin, became temporarily dislocated by not one yawn but many. And small blame to them! Fancy a step-by-step parody of Meyerbeer's *chef d'œuvre*, *minus* the music, *minus* the poetry, and *plus* nothing! Not one grain of wheat amid a barnful of chaff! not even a solitary joke blushing to find itself in such bad company! The very personages of the original ignobly vulgarised:

Jean de Leyde	tortured into	Jean de Lettre.
Zacharie	" "	Sac-à-Riz.
Jonas	" "	Jaunasse.
Mathisen	" "	Ma tisane.
Berthe	" "	Bêtasse;

while *Fidès*, the sublime creation of Madame Viardot, is represented by a donkey (probably introduced as a type—not altogether visionary—of the author) and animated by two unfortunate *figurants* for the small consideration of a franc a night each. Oh, Arnal! great, almost superhuman, are the energies displayed by thee in behalf of this miserable hodge-podge; and oh, Madame Octave! sweet are the smiles lavished by thee on the little world before the footlights; but you are both overweighted, even your talent and your beauty must succumb to the log M. Clairville has laid upon you. Yes, even you—however confident you may be in your own strength—must perforce allow—for experience is a rude undeceiver—that there is but one Meyerbeer, and Rogers is his prophet.

Our pretty Irish *prima donna* has been so accustomed, while in Italy, to flowers and madrigals, that use has probably long ago become to her a second nature. It would require a stronger arm than mine to hurl a bouquet from where I now am on the stage at Covent Garden; but I would not on that account deny myself the pleasure of offering some tribute of admiration—humble though it be—to my gifted country-woman. I wish it were worthier of her.

While hailing with delight
Fair Cath'rine's rising fame,
We marvel star so bright
Should have so dull a name.
Yet must in future days
Th' anom'y still exist,
For present, she'll be haze,
And absent, she'll be mist."

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Not many pictures that strike, and dwell with an isolated distinctness in the memory, but on the whole a very good exhibition, this exhibition of 1849. Maclise, indeed, seems to be in a state of abeyance, but generally the old Academicians cleave firmly to the walls, and there is no want of rising talent.

Edwin Landseer, who goes on telling infinite stories of animal life and death, and who this year bids us mourn over the corpse of a lion in the desert, and feel refreshed at the sight of a party of brisk little fawns rejoicing in the sense of brute babyhood—and who would fairly send us into sympathetic sleep with his drowsy dogs in the Scotch church, did he not insert among them one very wakeful little dog to produce a wholesome counteraction,—Edwin Landseer, we say, is ambitiously followed by Ansdell, who, for the last two years or so, always contrives to occupy a good broad space in the third room. In animal texture he follows closely the steps of the great master, but there is an appetite for ferocity, and a love of the large and bold, which gives him a distinctive character. The two “Fighting Stags” who seemed pounding each other to pieces, in 1847, introduced the artist with startling effect; and a savage “Wolf-Contest” keeps up his character this year. Sidney Cooper is an artist of an entirely different school. He does not, like Ansdell and Hering, date from Edwin Landseer, but he has established himself on an old Dutch basis; and his clear sunny landscapes, and highly finished cows are luxuries to look upon. He has such a feeling for a harmonious entirety, that we always regret to find Mr. Lee painting his backgrounds. And we say this without the slightest disrespect to Mr. Lee, for whose leafy trees that spread so richly over his pathways, allowing them to be mottled with sparkling light, we have an especial love—almost equal to that which we feel for the soft haze of Mr. Creswick; but Mr. Cooper knows so well how to produce a landscape in perfect keeping with his cattle, that we like to leave to his whole and sole management the pictures to which his name is attached.

Stanfield’s skies are still lustrous; Stanfield’s waves are still rolling in all their fresh lustihood; in short, Stanfield is himself, unapproachable in his kind. Danby is more than himself, for he frequently allows his strong feeling for powerful effect to lead him into strange ways. His view this year of the “Lake of Zurich” is a masterpiece of warm, luscious repose, finished to the last degree of perfection. The vigorous and often eccentric painter seems like a giant at rest. Linnell is also sobered down, but retains all his sunny brilliancy and his power of colour; while Redgrave, straying from the subjects to which he is accustomed, forces one absorbing sense of solitude into an effective landscape. There are some painters who almost personify natural scenery, and can find in trees and stones fit vehicles for the utterance of human thought. We always feel, in the presence of Linnell’s pictures, that the *anima mundi* is talking to us from the clouds and mountain masses; and this year Redgrave gives a sensation of the sort. One scarcely knows whether to consider Roberts as the painter of landscape or history, so much historical feeling is combined with the sense of atmosphere and the fine execution of detail in his large picture of “Jerusalem.”

Turner, as usual, has sought nature for fantastic combinations of gorgeous colours. A bold contrast of the sombre and cold with the dazzling and hot is the object of his sea-view, which charms all who delight in a dream of indistinct magnificence, and repels those who seek for sober clearness. What infinite degrees of difference would there be in a scale with Stanfield at one end and Turner at the other! Of an early picture by Turner, of a totally opposite kind, in which, representing "Venus and Adonis," he has even imitated the effects of age upon painting, we are not specially enamoured.

Etty goes on splashing away in his old powerful style, producing rough humanities that are marvels of colouring, and the very reverse of those smooth harmoniously tinted ideals which Eastlake polishes off to such a perfection of softness. Frost is no follower of Etty in the production of scantily draped females. His ladies are delicate, refined creatures, gracefully placed, and finished even to an effeminate sense of completeness. Etty with a little more care and grace, and Frost with a little more vigour, aye, and with a little of the junior Pickersgrill's composing talent—there would be a brace of excellent men!

The large historical does not seem indigenous to our soil, any more than sculpture; and, with all due respect to the talents of Messrs. Behnes, Marshall, and Bailey, whose works stand among the best specimens of plastic art, our sculpture-room remains but an unattractive spot. Mr. Patten's "Destruction of Idolatry" is a clever piece of conventionality. Mr. Watts, reposing from his cold, hard strength, illustrates, not very poetically, the transient nature of human possessions by masses of very solid human flesh. Mr. Lucy, who shows Mrs. Claypole's death-bed, has force indeed, but his view of the impressive is somewhat grim and prosaic. There is a want of inspiration in our large historical attempts, that always leaves a cold and unsatisfactory impression. But what fire can our artists exhibit in other departments! What an epic grandeur, for instance, is there in the "Destruction of Jerusalem," by Roberts, in which landscape painting is raised to its highest point of sublimity! How does Landseer use his dogs and horses as so many oracular images through which he may express the deepest and truest sentiments!—how does Turner fix upon canvass his vision of bright hues before the gorgeous dream has left him!—how do Danby and Linnell breathe poetically through their landscapes! But our large historical pictures look but surface-work, with little of deep meaning.

Even Herbert, one of our rising men, with the simplest and most rigid taste, who, eschewing a crowd with something of a religious antipathy, loves to employ the smallest possible number of figures, and to give each the greatest possible distinctness,—even Herbert is fixing himself in a mannerism, rather than emancipating himself from its toils. His "Scene from King Lear" has not the simple grandeur of his former scriptural subjects, but it has more than his usual Teutonism, and we find in it more of skill than of intensity. Cope seems shrinking from elaborate historical compositions into subjects of a less pretentious character. Shall we look with hope to young, very young Millais, as a star destined to shine in the sublimer region of Art? Your figures are uncouth, maybe, young genius; your visions appear not to be of lovely forms; your attitudes—pardon the irreverend smile they may provoke: but you evidently think for yourself; you have a juvenile power in you, which

is yet uncurbed, but power it is. You draw firmly and vigorously, and you are so replete with the knowledge of expression, that it somewhat runs over. *Macte virtute esto.* Smooth and highly-finished as are the historical pictures of Elmore and Egg,—great as is the amount of refined taste and manipulative skill which they display,—we look with more interest on your very odd creations, O young Millais. Poole is another man who goes his own way. That also is rather an odd way sometimes, but this year he is less extravagant. Hart, as usual, distinguishes himself by his rich, voluptuous feeling for colour, and his canvass glows with brilliancy.

As for the pictures of humour, of town life, of country life, of sword-and-snuff-box life, we have them in abundance, and our artists show no lack of talent. There is no one who can tear a leaf out of "Don Quixote" and turn it into a picturesque group, full of animation and mirth, like Leslie, impelled as he is by the nicest feeling for the expressive in countenance and the picturesque in costume. Webster lives with the heartiest enjoyment among a mob of saucy boys; and with all the eloquence of colour, records the pleasures and perils of slide and seesaw. Mulready—stop! Mulready no longer puts one of his old subjects on his favourite place on the wall, but gives instead a lady in Eve's costume. We suppose the praise bestowed on him last year, when he exhibited his studies of naked figures at the Adelphi Gallery, induced him to become faithless to his sportive boys and his Wakefield episodes; and lo! here he is in a field where he is no match for Etty or for Frost. Frith is in greater force than ever. Look at his picture of a rustic jollification: admire the finish of the work, the inventive power which has devised such a multitude of figures, the skill in composition which has arranged them all so effectively—and, above all, the true English heartiness expressed in the peasant throng, and the true English sentiment depicted in the countenance of the aristocratic dispensers of the festival. Ward junior rejoices in the costume of the pert bookseller, to whom he opposes the poverty-stricken Defoe. No one loves a court of the 18th century, with all its ornament and consequential stiffness, better than E. M. Ward. Now and then he likes to give a tragic meaning to the most artificial school of attire, and with something of a Hogarthian feeling hangs frippery over the naturally ghastly. Not so this time; he neither touches the physical calamity of the London Fire, nor the moral calamity of South Sea Speculation; but confines his expressive power to Defoe's interview, and a juvenile subject from the life of Benjamin West.

There are several good portraits in the collection; and we are glad to find Mr. Hollins as one of the most liberal contributors to this department, by the side of Grant and Knight.

We repeat—Not much to strike excessively—nothing to brand itself on the memory—but still a very good exhibition.

THE WATER-COLOUR EXHIBITIONS.

THE two exhibitions which stand at opposite extremes of Pall Mall represent two opposite principles, viz., the conservative and the progressive.

The good old society which has raised the fame of English Water

Colour to a point before supposed unattainable—which, by moving within a certain limited sphere of subjects, has elaborated that sphere to the highest possible perfection—and which sees its gallery thronged by the most select people in the land—what reason can it find to bestir itself, and to strike into new paths? The department of soft landscapes, melting into the most delicate hues, is occupied by Copley Fielding; David Cox has monopolised the art of conveying a bold, striking effect, by a slashing, careless style; De Wint is unrivalled in his sober but not very cheerful truth; Prout has on perpetual lease all the clean architecture of Europe; Cattermole and Rayner are unrivalled in the faculty of roughening what is already rugged; Nesfield is an acknowledged designer of the most poetical skies, and has at his command the most luminous little clouds; while, in producing a neat group of animals with the most free and unembarrassed manipulation, none can excel Frederick Tayler. Each of these magnates sits like a governor in his little domain, and there are enough of them to constitute a very strong federal government, which every year can produce a very good exhibition. The present collection in the Old Society's gallery is, as usual, perfect in its kind. The masters of the art have all worked well in their several departments, and there have been no attempts at novelty.

In the New Society the tendency to throw off time-sanctioned limits is as visible as ever. As a whole, this exhibition is far less perfect than that of the elder body; but there are certain men of might who are constantly bestirring themselves, and coming out with wondrous force. No one has brought brilliant solid colouring to such a point as Haghe, who evidently resolves to be the Rubens of *aquarelle*. Young Corbould, who unites a talent for depth and power of colour, with the finish of the most dainty miniature-painter, is another of those geniuses who vow that there shall no longer be a boundary between water and oil, just as Louis XIV. declared that the Pyrenees were at an end. Then comes the stern Wehnert, master of sorrowful themes, who uses his art as a vehicle for gloomy utterances. Nay, we are going rather too fast. Wehnert this year has dropped his dismal captives, and celebrates the joyous reign of Peace upon earth. Be again melancholy, we implore thee, Wehnert!—thou seemest encumbered by this appearance of happiness, and thou wouldst gladly return to one of thy old dungeons.

If we cast a glance over the whole world, in the East we find permanence—old institutions that no one dreams of disturbing—Celestial Empires who look upon the creation of the globe as an event in modern history; while in the West we find that all is movement; that monarchies break into republics, that colonies become independent, and that one sort of civilisation is banished by another. Can we not fancy that we behold a small symbol of this state of things when we see the Old Society with its Prout in Pall Mall East, and the New Society with its Haghe in Pall Mall West?

THE OPERA.

THAT Mademoiselle Alboni is one of the most perfect vocalists who ever trod the boards of a theatre, is well known to everybody. Nothing can exceed the full voluptuousness of her voice, or that finished execution, which often gains an additional effect by the appearance of listlessness, which accompanies it. The precision with which she throws off her passages, the unerring certainty of her notes, seem more like the result of some admirable piece of machinery than like that of a fallible human organ. There she stands, firm as a rock, her throat warbling forth a shower of round, perfect notes; and herself, apparently, obeying some internal necessity of her being.

We have said more than once that the ease with which Mademoiselle Alboni has vanquished difficulties, has caused the difficulties themselves to be undervalued. When we see some Sisyphus puffing and blowing as he gives an up-hill impetus to the down-rolling stone, we have ocular demonstration of the weight of the material; but when a northern giant takes a dozen falling mill-stones for the particles of sand falling into his eyes, we allow the ease with which the giant endures the attack to efface our notion of its formidable character. Mademoiselle Alboni goes through marvels of execution, but she herself is ambitious of concealing them.

The machine-like accuracy of her singing has led to the opinion that something likewise of the soullessness of the machine has attended the vocal perfection of the exhibition. Mademoiselle Alboni could never sing a note out of tune; it would be a thing foreign to her nature; there is every variety of light and shade in her passages—all is perfect—perfect—perfect; but, the uneasy question has more than once suggested itself—

“Has Mademoiselle Alboni a heart beneath this rich, this polished surface; or is it merely a superb talent that delights to sport itself before us, while the artist herself is in a state of passionless repose?”

By her *Ninetta* in “*La Gazza Ladra*,” Mademoiselle Alboni has nobly answered the question. There she is no longer the calm artist rejoicing in the effortless display of a vocal proficiency, but she enters thoroughly into the spirit of the part; and the passionate grief and despair which she exhibits in the trial scene may be ranked among the finest achievements of the lyric stage. The audience, who were accustomed to hear their comfortable, plump Alboni roll out her notes as if she did not care whence they came nor whither they went nor what they signified, were perfectly amazed when the beautiful contralto flung aside her quiet nature, and stood transformed into a living, breathing impersonation of the strongest feeling. It was the story of Pygmalion over again; and the audience were transfixed with wonder.

Those who have not seen Mademoiselle Alboni in “*La Gazza Ladra*,” are yet unacquainted with her capabilities.

“*La Favorita*” did no good for Mademoiselle Parodi. There was not sufficient demand for those histrionic displays which are the chief element of her success; and her vocalization, which was more than usually uncertain, thus occupied the exclusive attention of her hearers. In “*Semiramide*” she has retrieved herself again. The dignity of the Assyrian queen is finely depicted in her statuesque poses, and in her objurgations of *Assur* she makes her native energy tell with full effect. For force

and histrionic intelligence there are few artists who can rival Mademoiselle Parodi. Her countenance seems expressly formed for strong emotions, and the simplicity of her gesticulation is as remarkable as its decided character. If her vocal performance were but equal to her dramatic talent, she would be one of the first artists that ever trod the Italian boards.

Taking a general survey of the artists at her Majesty's Theatre, we shall find a very great amount of talent. Besides the perfect Alboni, and the energetic Parodi, there is Madame Giuliani, a pleasing singer with a very nice voice, very well trained, and decidedly the best *Adalgisa* that has been seen for some time. The illness of Gardoni has indeed somewhat interfered with his power, but the company has a valuable acquisition in the person of the new tenor, Calzolari, whose voice, naturally made for expression, has been most carefully and judiciously disciplined. Among histrionic vocalists few can rank so high as Coletti. He is, *par excellence*, a safe singer; and when his dramatic powers are not called into action, he always gives weight to the *ensemble* by the soundness of his voice, and the steady correctness of his execution. But when there is a demand for passionate expression,—when singing is to be made the vehicle for strong emotion, he really becomes great, and his manly pathos goes at once to the heart. His representations of the old *Foscari* and of *Ninetta's* father will always remain impressed on the memory of the *habitués*, as displays of deep, truthful, unexaggerated feeling. In the attention he pays to the making up of his characters, he reminds one of Fornasari, but his acting, while equally pathetic, is less pretentious, and his singing is infinitely more certain.

Belletti is another valuable man, with a good voice, capable of performing any part up to a certain level. As for Lablache, so well is he established in public favour, that it seems almost superfluous to give him even a word of commendation. He combines all the qualities of a great artist except one—the vanity which is so often the curse of art. That he plays the august *Oroveso* and the eccentric *Bartolo* on two successive Opera nights, or perhaps in one evening if it be a “long Thursday,” is a great proof of versatility—of marvellous versatility, when we consider how excellent he is both in the tragic and the comic. But when we find that he moves not only from grave to gay, but from higher to more humble parts,—as, for instance, when we see him in such a character as *Oroe* in “*Semiramide*,”—we must acknowledge another quality than that of mere versatility—namely, that feeling for a *whole* performance, which submerges everything like selfish, petty pride. But in this, as in all other cases, virtue has its reward. Lablache does not lower himself by playing parts of less prominence; but by the weight which he gives them he raises them to his own level of importance.

The fascinating Carlotta Grisi has, alas! quitted our shores, and leaves Carolina Rosati and Marie Taglioni unrivalled potentates in the *ballet* department.

THE THEATRES.

EXCEPTING an admirable version of Latour's “*Virginie*,” by Mr. Oxenford, in which the lovely Mrs. Mowatt reaps new laurels at the Marylebone—and a clever but weak tragedy, called “*Calaynos*,” in which nobody reaps any laurels at all, at Sadler's Wells—there has been little to mark the past theatrical month.

L I T E R A T U R E.

MRS. TROLLOPE'S "LOTTERY OF MARRIAGE."*

A BREAKFAST table in a fine old country mansion in the west of England serves to introduce the hero of this story with a minuteness of detail which attests at once a skilful and an experienced hand. At a well-spread table sat two young men, first cousins :

"Did you ring, Mr. Augustus?" said a servant, opening the door; and presuming, as it seemed, that it was the elder cousin who had summoned him, from his being still standing near the bell.

"Yes, William," was the reply. "I am going to ride immediately, and you must order Jacob to saddle Polka for me. I shall be ready in half-an-hour, and I must not be kept waiting, remember."

The servant retired with an obedient inclination of the head, but without speaking.

"And what shall you do with yourself, Ju?" resumed Augustus, returning to the table in order to conclude his breakfast by a glass of water. "You can ride too, you know, if you like it. There is not the least objection to your riding Mufti to-day; he is in perfectly good order again."

"Is he?" said Julian, abstractedly, and without raising his eyes from a little note-book in which he was busily scribbling.

"Yes," said Augustus, "I really think he had better be rode than not, but of course you will be careful with him. Trot him out gently, but don't let him get into a gallop. I'll tell Jacob to have him ready for you."

At seven o'clock the two cousins again found themselves *tête-à-tête*, but now it was in the dining-room instead of the library. The dinner had given place to the dessert, when Augustus thus addressed his cousin :—

"It was Brighton, Julian, was it not, that we meant to set off for on Monday?"

"Yes, to be sure it was," replied Julian. "What can make you feel any uncertainty about it, when it was yourself who decided the point when it was in doubt?"

"I know it—I know it, my dear fellow—I have not forgotten it, the least in the world, I assure you," replied Augustus—"But what I was going to say now, had nothing to do either with forgetting or remembering what I said before—I only meant to ask you if you did not think it would be exactly the same thing if we went to Dover?"

"Why, yes, Gustus, as far as I am concerned, I certainly think it would," replied the other. "I should like to enjoy a little yachting before starting for Norway; but whether our small craft be ordered to wait for us off Brighton or off Dover, I don't care a straw. I thought, however, that you told me you had some very particular reasons for preferring Brighton?"

"So I had, when I told you so," rejoined the other; "but I have changed my mind. The Thorntons are going to Dover, and I should like to meet them. I only mentioned Brighton on account of the Buckhursts. But I shall prefer meeting the Thorntons, and therefore we will go to Dover, if you please."

"To Dover be it then," said Julian, pushing the claret to his companion. "I shall like to go to Dover with you even better than to Brighton, because we shall not find so many people there."

"In general, I should scarcely think that an advantage," returned the other, "but now, perhaps, I do. I really wish to see a good deal of the Thorntons. Ring the bell for me, my dear fellow, will you? I must have some soda-water."

It is possible the reader may suppose that it was the elder of the two Oglevies who was at home, and the younger was his guest; but if he does he is mistaken, for it was not so. But it is not the reader alone

* The Lottery of Marriage. A Novel. By Mrs. Trollope. 3 vols. Henry Colburn.

who is liable to such a mistake ; for no sooner at Dover, than Mr. Augustus was, by a little dexterity on his part, added to his never-failing assurance, taken at the Ship for "the Oglevie;" and the fame of his arrival was almost instantaneously spread throughout the town by Mrs. Codrington, a fair widow, whose great characteristic was to keep a grown-up and beautiful daughter in pinafore, trousers, and very short frocks, that the fair Ethel, the young lady in question, might not *empiéter* on her mother's domain—that of incessant flirtation. The direction in which the mistake was destined to work the greatest results was, however, with the Lauries—a little water-side party, consisting of two persons, Lady de Laurie and "her very distinguished-looking daughter" Cassandra. The manner in which this intriguing mother and daughter win Mr. Augustus over from the pretty little Fanny Thornton, to whom he has actually proposed, induce him to elope with and wed the pennyless, imperious, and unprincipled Cassandra; and the terrible discovery that follows, that Augustus is not "the Oglevie," and that both have been alike deceived, is one of the best worked up sketches ever depicted even by Mrs. Trollope's clever and satirical pen. There is a more sentimental bye-story of a philosopher's love for a young governess, and a philanthropic Lord Wigton, who abets the union of the two, which must be considered as a kind of literary sacrifice made to the prevailing sentiment of the day in favour of governesses. Nor is the quiet, retiring Julian—the real Oglevie—let off scot-free, for he falls in love with, and ultimately marries, the little girl in trousers; placing the widow, to her infinite annoyance and discomfiture, fairly on the shelf; Lord Wigton at the same time marrying the repudiated little Fanny. Altogether, the "Lottery of Marriage" is shown to be one in which there may be blanks, but in which there are also prizes; and while Mrs. Trollope can exhibit the former in a most ominous and terrifying light, she can also depict the latter in such inviting and seductive colours, that the most lasting impression is to take a ticket: and perhaps her book is the safest investment in that way.

O'DOHERTY'S MAXIMS.*

"WHEN a man is drunk," says Sir Morgan O'Doherty, in his Twenty-sixth Maxim, "it is no matter upon what he has got drunk."

He sucks with equal throat, a sup to all,
Tokay from Hungary, or beer the small.

But although the gusto of claret is prominent:—"port,² three glasses at dinner—claret, three bottles after: behold the fair proportion and the most excellent wines,"—still it is overtopped by a decided flavour of punch. To begin, however, with the more innocent beverage, and the wit that sparkles in it.

Tap claret tastes best out of a pewter pot. There is something solemn and affecting in these renewals of the antique observances of the symposium. I never was so pleasantly situated as the first time I saw on the board of my friend Francis Jeffrey, Esq., editor of a periodical work published in Athens, a man for whom I have a particular regard, an array of these venerable concerns, inscribed "More Majorum." Mr. Hallam furnished the classic motto to Mr. Jeffrey, who is himself as ignorant of Latin as Mr. Cobbett; for he understood the meaning

* Maxims of Sir Morgan O'Doherty, Bart. William Blackwood & Sons.

to be, "more in the jorum," until Mr. Pillans expounded to him the real meaning of Mr. Hallam.

The leaven, however, manifests itself even when speaking of divine Bordeaux. What real appreciation of the genuine grape-juice can a tippler have who could recommend, "In drinking claret, when that cold wine begins, as it will do, to chill the stomach, a glass of brandy after every four glasses of claret, corrects the frigidity!" (See Maxim Seventy-fifth.) Claret, however, O'Doherty admits to be the great improver of complexion; and we must quote his opinions at length upon these more striking effects of tippling.

There are *two* kinds of drinking which I disapprove of—I mean dram-drinking and port-drinking. I talk of the drinking of these things in great quantities, and habitually; for as to taking a few drams and a few glasses of port every day, that is no more than I have been in the custom of doing, for many years back. I have many reasons that I could render for the disgust that is in me, but I shall be contented with one. These potables, taken in this way, fatally injure a man's personal appearance. The drinker of drams becomes either a pale, shivering, blue-and-yellow-looking, lank-chopped, miserable, skinny animal; or his eyes and cheeks are stained with a dry, fiery, dusky red, than which few things can be more disgusting to any woman of real sensibility and true feminine delicacy of character. The port-drinkers, on the other hand, get blowsy about the chops, have trumpets of noses, covered with carbuncles, and acquire a muddy look about the eyes. *Vide* the Book of the Church, *passim*. For these reasons, do not, on any account, drink port or drams, and, *per conversum*, drink as much good claret, good punch, or good beer, as you can get hold of, for these liquors make a man an Adonis. Of the three, claret conveys perhaps the most delicate tinge to the countenance; nothing gives the air of a gentleman so completely as that elegant lassitude about the muscles of the face, which, accompanied with a gentle rubicundity, marks the man whose blood is in a great proportion *vin-de-Bordeaux*. There is a peculiar delicacy of expression about the mouth also, which nothing but the habit of tasting exquisite claret, and contemplating works of the most refined genius, can ever bestow. Punch, however, is not without its own peculiar merits. If you want to see a fine, commanding, heroic-looking race of men, go into the Tontine Coffee-room of Glasgow, and behold the effects of my friend Mr. Thomas Hamilton's rum, and the delicious water of the *Arns* fountain, so celebrated in song; or just stop for a minute at the foot of Millar Street, and see what you shall see. Beer, though last, is not least in its beautifying powers. A beer-drinker's cheek is like some of the finest species of apples,

—"the side that's next the sun."

Such a cheek carries one back into the golden age, reminding us of Eve, Helen, Atalanta, and I know not what more. Upon the whole, I should, if called upon to give a decided opinion as to these matters in the present state of my information and feelings, say as follows: Give me the cheek of a beer-bibber—the calf of a punch-bibber—and the mouth of a claret-bibber—which last, indeed, I already have.

N.B.—Butlers should be allowed a good deal of port, for it makes them swell out immensely, and gives them noses *à-la-Bardolph*; and the symptoms of good eating and drinking should be set forth a little *in caricaturâ* upon the outward man of such folk, just as we wish inferior servants to wear crimson breeches, pea-green coats, and other extravaganzas upon finery. As for dram-drinking, I think nobody ought to indulge in it, except a man under sentence of death, who wishes to make the very most of his time, and who knows that, let him live never so quietly, his complexion will inevitably be quite spoilt in the course of the week. A gallon of good stout brandy is a treasure to a man in this situation; though, if I were in his place, I rather think I should still stick to my three bottles of claret and dozen cigars *per diem*; for I should be afraid of the other system's effects upon my nervous system.

These racy maxims, which appeared some five-and-twenty years ago in *Blackwood's Magazine*, were chiefly written by the late Dr. Maginn, but we suspect that Mr. Lockhart had a finger in the pie.

CRICHTON.*

MR. HABLOT BROWNE's illustrations to this new and carefully revised edition of "Crichton" are no less than eighteen in number, and are as remarkable for their spirit and execution as they are for exquisite correctness in reference to time and place.

SEVEN TALES BY SEVEN AUTHORS.†

SEVEN is a mystical number. It is used in Scripture as the number of perfection. It is also used in the religion of the Jews to set forth a number of events and mysterious circumstances. But if we have not here the strength of the seven walls of Ecbatana, neither have we the seven heroic assailants of Thebes personified, and still less the seven plagues, we have seven excellent stories related by seven writers, good and true, and these "seven champions" have united to do battle in common for a lady and a young family in want of their assistance. Times are now changed; battle is not done by the lance but by the pen; and we sincerely hope that the pleasant contributions of Mr. G. P. R. James; Miss Pardoe; Dr. Martin Tupper; the authoress of the "Maiden Aunt;" the editor; and the lady for whose benefit the work is published, will do more substantial good for the lady in question, than ever sword or lance performed for persecuted damsel or unprotected widowhood.

R I Z Z I O.‡

MR. JAMES has shown no small amount of courage in thus ushering before the world a work written by the clever but unprincipled William Henry Ireland, the notorious fabricator of Shakespeare autographs, but also the author of "Vortigern and Rowena," and of "Henry II.;" both, plays which abound in passages of great excellence, and which were attempted to be palmed off upon the public as if written by the great bard himself. Even in the work now before us, Mr. James is in doubt whether the author did not intend to pass it off as an authentic autobiography of David Riccio, or Rizzio.

Mr. James is far too experienced a writer, far too much accustomed to place his confidence in public taste, as opposed to that of carping critics, not to feel that that public will, now that the effervescence of the moment is gone by, accept "Rizzio" upon its own merits, without regard to the delinquencies of its author. Mr. James, indeed, does battle bravely with those critics of the day whose talent lies in disparagement and detraction, and whose abilities, like those of the scolds of Billingsgate, are only called forth by altercation and abuse. Having intimated that "the most minute and trivial minds are best fitted to detect errors, and are almost sure of applause in finding them out—for the gracious world in which we live generally finds amusement or consolation in the follies and

* Crichton. By William Harrison Ainsworth, Esq. Third Edition, revised. With Illustrations by Hablot K. Browne. Chapman and Hall.

† Seven Tales by Seven Authors. Edited by the Author of "Frank Fairleigh." George Hoby.

‡ Rizzio; or Scenes in Europe during the Sixteenth Century. By the late Mr. Ireland. Edited by G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

faults of others"—and having further added, that on examining these plays, and reflecting on the history of their production, he (Mr. James) "feels the same sort of regret which he experiences in reading the works of the lady known by the name of George Sand; that abilities of so remarkable a character should have found none to direct and guide them in a just course to worthy and noble objects,"—the pluck-feather critic exclaims, "Why was George Sand selected, of all people 'under sun and moon,' when the purpose was to lament over the blackness of a resolute literary mystification unscrupulously carried out?" The purpose was not merely to lament over the imposture practised, but, as Mr. James says clearly enough to any other understanding but that of the critic, to express regret that so much talent was employed in so pitiable a manner; just as the undoubted ability of George Sand is devoted to the least creditable of literary avocations. Few persons have brought more literary talent to present evil doctrines in bright colours than George Sand; few persons ever brought greater literary ability to sustain a literary imposture and mystification than William Henry Ireland. In both cases the misapplication of ability is glaringly manifest to any one but a critical dullard.

But Mr. James, who can repudiate that which is despicable in any shape, can also afford to be generous when occasion demands it. His apology for William Henry Ireland—based upon the boy's extreme youth, his evident primary desire to please his father, his simple idea of amusing himself by passing upon the old gentleman a spurious autograph, and the other errors which a first fault led him to commit—will come home to all just and benevolent hearts.

Literary forgeries (says Mr. James) are undoubtedly highly discreditable, and have often seriously affected the truth of history; but if Mr. W. H. Ireland committed a very great error, he suffered for it most terribly; and I cannot help thinking that he was pursued with an acrimony and vehemence very different from the calm assertion of the truth. Petty and malevolent passions directed the scourge that chastised him; and the object evidently was to punish and to crush, rather than to correct and guide. I think he has clearly shown in his "Confessions," that he was not tempted by any greed of gain. That which began in a boyish frolic was carried on, under the influence of vanity, to acts which hardly stopped short of crime; but it is more than probable that, at his early period of life, he did not know the gravity of his fault till the punishment fell upon him, nor see the inevitable consequence of his errors till they had become irretrievable.

- It is sincerely to be hoped that "Rizzio," as edited by Mr. James, will leave an impression of simple literary ability upon the public that will supersede, to a great extent, the bad odour in which its author's name has been hitherto held." It is a work in every way calculated to be popular; it contains life-like sketches of many of those personages who illustrated the times, of Francis the First, of our own bluff Harry, and of the inflexible Elizabeth; and although the great incident by which Rizzio is generally known, and the stains of which are still pretended to be shown at Holyrood, as well as his connexion with the unfortunate Queen of Scots, form but a small portion of the adventurer's experiences, these include far too much that is strange and characteristic, as well as successfully descriptive, not to charm readers of every class. ~

THE DEAN OF YORK'S "NEW SYSTEM OF GEOLOGY."*

THERE are now upwards of a thousand printed works existing on the subject of geology in the different languages of the world, and these works contain upwards of 100,000 facts, collected by different observers upon which to found the superstructure of the science. The worthy Dean of York would pull down an edifice so laboriously raised, and erect a new one in its stead, in a slim octavo of about sixty pages. The means are wondrously inadequate to the purpose proposed. Geologists have ascertained three great facts which are common to the earth's structure wherever it has been studied. These are, first, that there are rocks of igneous or volcanic origin. Secondly, that there are rocks of sedimentary origin, derived chiefly from the detritus of the former; that these rocks are superimposed one upon another, like the steps of a ladder, and that, both by their nature and by the order of their superposition, they attest successive deposition, or that the lower steps were deposited before the higher. Thirdly, that these different sedimentary deposits reveal within them the relics of formerly existing creatures and plants, which must have lived for some time to have attained full growth, to have fed, and to have left behind them various other traces of their existence, besides their own diminutive or bulky selves; and that the nature and character of these creatures differ in the different sedimentary deposits or steps of the ladder. These are the epochs of geology.

In the face of these great facts, elicited by the searching and studious inquiries of hundreds of men of first-rate intelligence, Dr. William Cockburn declares the deductions of the masters of the science to be absurd, and that there was but one "great commotion, whereby the poles of the earth were moved—terrific and oft-repeated volcanoes burst forth from under the sea"—"the fountains of the great deep were broken up,"—at the same time an immense deluge of rain, poured by an irresistible hand, covered the existing earth, and carried everything upon its surface into the sea; among other things, great quantities of the old red sandstone, which formed a stratum of considerable thickness above the Silurian rocks, which the doctor supposes to have been previously formed by the bursting up from under the sea of a few submarine volcanoes, a cause easily to be shown, if particulars were to be entered upon, to be as inadequate to produce the supposed results as the reverend dean's book is to upset the foundations of geological science.

It is obvious that, to establish the worthy doctor's hypothesis, the facts as yet gathered together must be got rid of. Dr. Cockburn labours under a strange mistake when he imagines that geology has to rely upon some hasty conclusions drawn from imperfect data by the original masters of the science. Geology has neither to depend upon a Werner, nor a Hutton, nor a Cuvier for its existence, any more than it has upon a Sedgwick, a Murchison, or an Owen. It stands upon its own basis of great and immutable facts, legible as the pages of a book to all who will consult them, eloquent as the monuments of the olden time of man, to those who carry their inquiries to the age that preceded his advent. These monuments must be controverted to overthrow geology, not the

* A New System of Geology. By the Dean of York. Henry Colburn.

dicta of this master or of that. It must be shown that each sedimentary deposit occupies only its own geographic district, or that, as such undoubtedly lie upon one another, there was time in the "one great commotion" to form successive great deposits, and then again to break them up, and pile up upon them other great deposits of their own materials gathered up under a new order of circumstances. It must be shown that the marine reptiles, and other animals characteristic of the lias, lived at the same time as the gigantic land reptiles and flying reptiles, and other animals characteristic of the oolitic and wealden formations; he must show that the palæotheria and anoplotheria of the supra-cretaceous formations lived at the same time as the great pachydermatous animals—the dinotheria and mastodons—of anti-historic periods; and then, again, that the two later epochs of creation were contemporaneous with the two former. There are no Sedgwicks or Bucklands to get rid of here, but the great monuments of primeval epochs of creation, ready to speak for themselves in the halls of our national museum. Instead of undertaking so laborious a task, the anti-geological dean relates that he knew two brothers once very much alike; the one became a curate with a large family, the other a London alderman. If the skins of those two *pachydermata* had been preserved in a fossil state, there would have been less resemblance between them than between an *asaphus tyrannus* and an *asaphus caudatus*! Would there also have been as little resemblance as between a *plesiosaurus* and an elephant, between a *pterodactyl* and a man?

MABEL CARRINGTON.*

THE situations in this new novel are effective and dramatic, the narrative is well followed up, and the incidents are numerous and startling. There are one or two critical quidnuncs who, having pronounced Mr. Newby's establishment to be a revival of Leadenhall-street, invariably detract from the merits of all works bearing his *imprimatur*. Only the other day was made a most ungenerous attempt to put down a young *débutante*, and to condemn a new novel—"Family Failings"—on the plea that the attempt to read more than one volume had been fruitless; yet the novel in question contained many very clever sketches of society, and some domestic scenes most truly and happily conceived. It is obvious that if the numerous first, second, and third-rate performances of Acton and Currer Bell, of Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel, Mrs. Crowe, Miss Lynn, Julia Addison, and the anonymous authors of the "Hen-pecked Husband," the "Gambler's Wife," "Lady Granard's Nieces," &c., &c., are to be set down simply by inducing the public to believe that they are unreadable, then the same fate would await them, that once befel a redoubtable critic's own great performance; and which total failure it was that induced him to devote the rest of his life to the task of bringing down all other works to his level, and occasionally to the still more desperate game of involving them in the same fate.

* Mabel Carrington. A Novel. In 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

THE PROTESTANT LEADER.*

LIKE all M. Sue's works, this romance has faults of art; and, in the present instance, to these peculiarities are to be added the drawback with the Protestant reader, that the Frenchman has naturally taken throughout the most unfavourable view of the character and principles of John Cavalier. As to the charge of "hideous conceptions and revolting details" on the part of the so-called "Epileptic school" (every writer is now-a-days the head of a school!), the execrable cruelties inflicted by the Abbé de Chayla and Captain Paul are asserted by the editor to be related even with greater minuteness in authentic works. In regard to reality of personages, it is also worth while mentioning, upon the same authority, that the original of Ephraim—a personification of that party among the Camisards who correspond to the party of Burley and Macbriar among the Covenanters—may be found in an authentic hero of the insurrection, Henri Castanet de Mossavanges. The fair Isabelle was also a real character, as was the Marquis de Florac. But Toinon la Psyche, and the whole story of the influence of her personal charms on the events referred to in this work, are, on the other hand, wholly imaginary; and the compassionate will rejoice to learn that there is no authentic record of the existence or sufferings of Celeste and Gabriel.

JULAMERK.†

THE proposed object of this work—that of exciting a warmer interest in the welfare of the steadfast and persecuted people of whom it treats—is so laudable, that we should have been inclined to overlook many minor errors, and pass over many ordinary deficiencies. But Mrs. Webb has not given herself the trouble even to get hold of the true state of the case. She has blindly adopted the absurd theories of Dr. Grant, as to the Jewish origin of the Nestorians; an hypothesis which was for ever set to rest by the mission sent to these mountaineers, some years back, by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and the Royal Geographical Society; and she, most inopportunistly, reproduces this hypothesis at a moment when Layard's rich discoveries of Assyrian antiquities have cast an additional interest on those whom that distinguished traveller, like his predecessors, looks upon as the only existing descendants of the Assyrians or Chaldeans of old.

Few finer fields for romance lay as yet untrodden than these few followers of a primitive Christianity. Their patriarchal manners—the simplicity of their habits—the antiquity of their faith—the chaste ceremonies of their church—their hardy lives, and the wondrous country in which they dwell—unrivalled in the magnificence of its mountain scenery—afforded materials of the most available character. Then, again, their persecutions, down even to the slaughter of the men, women, and children in that horrid cave near Lizan, as described by Layard, were surely within the domain of the author's proposed objects; instead of which, we have a story, partly of a sentimental and partly of a pious character, of a Nestorian lover and a Jewish maiden, with some brief allusions to Mar Shimon and Nurrulah Bey, the murderer of Schultze, and some still fainter attempts at description; but all of which are rather calculated to have the effect of wearying the reader with the already too much neglected Nestorians, than of interesting him in their cause.

* *The Protestant Leader*. A Novel. By Eugène Sue. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

† *Julamerk*. A Tale of the Nestorians. By Mrs. J. B. Webb. Author of "Naomi." 3 vols. R. Yorke Clarke & Co.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

THE MODERN JEW'S PROGRESS.

CHAPTER I.

WHICH TREATS OF THE EARLY AVOCATIONS OF THE HEIR TO THE HOUSE OF SOLOMON.

ON the first day of the month Schebat, in the year of the world 5560—which corresponds nearly enough for our purpose with the close of the last century of the Christian era—an individual of the Jewish persuasion, named Jonah Solomon, first saw the light—that is to say, as much of it as found its way into the low dusky chamber in Holywell Street where his mother accomplished her travail.

Had the young Hebrew been of the most illustrious Norman descent, his birth could scarcely have caused more satisfaction than, coming from the stock he did, it excited in the breasts of Jacob and Rebecca, his parents; for, until this event happened, the loving pair, wedded for many years, had been childless. Neither could any newly-born babe, Jew or Gentile, have given more convincing assurance of strength of lungs, than the little unbaptised Jonah, when the searching mists of a London winter told him, in terms not to be mistaken even by an infant, that the world he had come into was at the best a very cold one. If he did not, like the great Gargantua, at once cry out for drink, he uttered sounds which his respectable sire, who sat watching for customers in the doorway of his shop, and calculating, by way of pastime, the interest on two or three little bills shortly to be renewed, interpreted as prophetically as the *bonhomme Grandgousier*; and he rubbed his hands joyfully while he shaped those shrill notes into "Clo'! clo'! clo'!" the professional war-cry of his race. It was an omen, old Jacob thought, of favourable augury; and, with a lighter spirit than when he sat down, he rose and ascended to the bed-room to administer words of comfort to the wife of his bosom. The custom of the Thracians, to weep when a child was born, did not obtain, as we have already observed, in the family of Jacob Solomon; and the first act of young Solomon was probably a source of as much pleasure to those who heard him, as any by which he made himself conspicuous in the course of his subsequent career. It may be that Rebecca, the wife of Jacob, did not construe her infant's wail in the same characteristic sense as her husband; but visions of the future prosperity of her boy shed no less a golden gleam athwart the murky chamber, and stirred her maternal heart with joyful emotions.

The profession of the elder Solomon has perhaps been inferred from the nature of his day-dream when the voice of his son first greeted his ear, and it will be no disparagement to that gentleman if we frankly admit that he was a dealer in cast-off garments. This calling, however sedulously plied—and the remotest thoroughfares of the metropolis could attest that old Jacob was never idle, that he did not, like Issachar, couch

between two burdens, deeming that rest was good—was but one of the many pursuits by which he added shekels of silver to his store ; but all the rest were unknown save to a few of his co-religionists, and in the eyes of the world he was simply looked upon as a needy old-clothes man.

Yet, in the little parlour behind his shop, when the Sabbath shutters were up, or the business of the ordinary day was over, transactions of monied value took place which, had they been applied to dealings in broadcloth, might have equipped whole armies ; in that dingy den, the seeming abode of poverty and wretchedness, bargains were made, and schemes of wealth were planned, which had their influence in all the courts of Europe. Nevertheless, old Jacob Solomon held on his course untiringly and without change—a well filled bag over his shoulder, and a triple diadem of hats on his head, showing, as he wended back to Holywell-street on every working day throughout the week, that his object in sallying forth was far from purposeless, and quite as far from being unrewarded.

There are many classes of gold worshippers. Jacob Solomon was one of those who bent the knee to the idol, not for its glitter but its substantial value. No circumstances of his life might require, nor any accident compel him, to subtract from his hoard ; but he liked to enjoy the consciousness of wealth, and he did so all the more, from knowing that he was generally believed to be as poor as his outward appearance and manner of living denoted. The secret of his money-power was dear to him on account of its secrecy ; and he suffered none to know it who were not as much interested as himself in keeping quiet on the subject. For this reason, as well as from feeling that he could not have borne to see his heap diminished, he never intimated to his son, when the boy became old enough to understand the uses of money,—and that was almost as soon as he could speak—that he was other than a hard-working labourer in the dusty, cinereous vineyard of rags and patches. Fortune, like the marshal's *bâton* in the French soldier's havresac, might be concealed in the old-clothes bag, "But s'elp me God, Jonah," he used to say. "I've never yet set eyes upon her." That he did not long succeed in hoodwinking his child as to the real state of the case is most probable ; for young Solomon soon became knowing enough to reflect, that if his father constantly bought articles for infinitely less than their value, and sold them again for much more than they were worth, he was at all events in a fair way of making the fortune which he professed not to have found.

The infancy of Jacob Solomon alternated as evenly between the doorstep and the gutter as is customary with the children of the London poor. This *al fresco* kind of life, though perhaps not advisable for all persons, has its advantages for those who are destined to pick up a living in the streets. It familiarises them with accident, instructs them in the free use of the vernacular, and lays the foundation of that valuable possession—IMPUDENCE—without which it is not so easy a matter to work your way upward. In the case of Jonah—and the same may be said of all his tribe—this foundation had been prepared by nature ; but a course of street-education greatly improved the original bent of his genius, developing what was latent and perfecting what was incomplete ; so that, at the age of ten years, young Solomon had no difficulty in outfacing an Irish applewoman, or slanging a hackney-coachman off his stand. His father had an idea of bringing him up to the profession of the law—and

there was nothing to militate against his success at the bar in this mode of training; but it is desirable to explain that Mr. Jacob Solomon's definition of "the law," meant only the exercise of its functions in the matter of *capias*, whether of goods or persons. To qualify him for this position, no university degree was necessary; all that his son stood in need of learning might be picked up in free intercourse with his kind—unexpensively, but no less certainly. It may, perhaps, be more correct to say, that the notion of giving the youth a legal education of this description belonged rather to his mother than his father; for something like pride whispered in the ear of Mrs. Solomon, that it would be rather a fine thing to hear her son spoken of as "an officer," his connexion with the sheriff being quietly dropped.

Such a destiny was, however, as yet only prospective, and in the mean time young Solomon was provided with other pursuits. Before he was inducted into the mystery of THE BAG, he figured in various capacities; the lemon-net, the orange-basket, the sponge, and the black-lead pencil line, affording scope alike for his eloquence, his ingenuity, and his perseverance—not at all to the repression of that native propensity to which we have already referred. In the exercise of these arts, he grew up, like Saul, "a choice young man and a goodly," with the blooming cheek, the long dark eye, and the curling black hair, which make a picturesque object even of a vagrant London Jew-boy. It is true that he may not very strictly have obeyed the Levitical commandment, "Just balances, just weights, a just ephah, and a just hin shall ye have;" that is to say, "You shall not suck your oranges and blow them smooth again; you shall not artfully construct a large round sponge out of twenty ragged pieces; neither shall you manufacture black-lead pencils with only a little bit of plumbago at one extremity;" he may have deemed these restrictions to free-trade a bar to his genius, and therefore refused to let them fetter him: but, whether he followed the ancient law or adhered to the modern practice, one thing is certain—he managed to thrive upon whatever trade he drove for the time being. He prospered, indeed, so well, that ninety-nine out of a hundred in his situation would have begun to entertain serious thoughts of setting up for themselves in business, though he was barely in his teens; but Jonah Solomon had more than one reason to deter him from taking this step. In the first place, thrive as he might, he had as yet no capital; his utmost ingenuity being unequal to the task of enabling him to secrete a single halfpenny out of the proceeds of the day's sale, the value of which old Solomon knew to the nicest fraction; in the next, his credit was only good upon the strength of his father's responsibility; and in the last place, this hopeful son of Israel had a shrewd idea that it would be better for him in the end if he stuck to the old man, submitting patiently to the exigencies of his position, and sacrificing present simple gains for future compound interest.

He reaped his reward sooner than he expected—not exactly by succeeding to the wealth which was hived in scrip and stock, but by being called upon to share in the labours that led to it. Oranges and lemons, sponges and black-lead pencils, were no longer henceforward to form the stock-in-trade of the heir to the house of Solomon: the basket, the net, and the tray were to be replaced by the all-absorbing bag.

Jonah took kindly to his new *métier*—if that can be called new which

he had been in contact with all the days of his life ; but then he had only a theoretical knowledge : the fruits of experience were now to be gathered.

But before the elder Solomon actually carried out the intention which he had announced, he thought it advisable to get up a kind of private dress-rehearsal of the part he expected his son to play in public ; to witness which, only a very select few of the friends of the family—dealers in the same description of ware—were allowed to be present. The spoils of the day, accumulated by his sire, were severally displayed, that the youth might exhibit his capabilities for appraisalment. It was an interesting scene ; and had Rembrandt been living, and a spectator of it, he would not have rejected the subject as one altogether unworthy of his pencil. Imagine some six or seven of the frowsiest Jews in London, unwashed, unkempt, and unshaven, huddled together around a pile of garments of every hue and fashion, examining each article as it was held up to the light with a glance which declared that nothing could mystify *them* as to its real value—then pausing, with a sinister smile, to see if the young Hebrew rightly understood his vocation—and finally raising their voices in one unqualified gabble of commendation, as the acuteness and intelligence of their colleague's offspring made themselves apparent in what a painter would call the freedom of his handling, the delicacy of his touch, and the breadth of his general treatment. Although he stood among friends, Jacob Solomon knew his judges to be impartial ; and when he heard them declare unanimously that he was worthy, in the matter of old raiment, to be called his father's son, his spirit rejoiced exceedingly. It was high commendation : for of the elder Solomon it might be said, with a slight alteration of the words of Dryden,

In Israel's courts no broker e'er was seen
With more discerning eyes or wits more keen.

Jonah thus went through the ordeal with *éclat*, and at the very outset was pronounced *passé maître en fait de vieille friperie*, even to the phraseology—which is of some importance in the trade. The skill to depreciate an article when you want to obtain it, and to discover its latent virtues when you seek to dispose of it, is not among the least of the qualifications of a successful dealer in such commodities ; neither is it without its uses when applied to purposes of more consequence : the diplomacy of the old-clothes man is no bad introduction to the weightier affairs of life.

And Jonah Solomon reaped the fruits of his discovery of this fact.

CHAPTER II.

WHICH SHOWS BY WHAT PROCESS THE GRUB BECAME A BUTTERFLY.

To doubt that the bag was a lucky one in the hands of Jonah, would be to throw discredit on the fame of "the people," to say nothing of the slur on his hereditary professional ability which it would imply. He cultivated this entertaining branch of trade for a considerable period, acquiring not only pecuniary profit but no slight knowledge of the world in his various transactions ; and his father's age and increasing infirmities compelling the patriarch to attend chiefly to the duties of the home department, the

circle of his observation grew wider and more productive. This knowledge confirmed him in many of the wise precepts which had been imparted on the maternal knee at home, and at the paternal elbow in frequent peripatetic discourses. A prominent feature amongst them was the advice to get money, after the high Roman fashion, by every means in his power; making use of his calling as the stalking horse, under cover of which a very pretty stroke of business might very often be done.

"The clo' line isn't a bad 'un of itself, Jonah," his sire more earnestly than grammatically would frequently say, "but it's what it leads to as you must look at. It's a poor kind of house where one door doesn't open on to another."

Accordingly young Solomon fixed his eye on the remoter portal, resolved to keep it in that direction till he had penetrated into the very *Schatz-kammer* where Fortune lay concealed. It was by dint of doing so that he made his first *coup*; for happening, in the course of "a deal" for some waifs and strays from his master's wardrobe with the *valet de chambre* of the honourable Mr. Pelican, to come in contact with that gentleman himself, and thereby learn that the Hon. Mr. Pelican was, as he forcibly said, "infernally hard up," Jonah was enabled to do a little bill for him; which let in the thin end of the wedge, and the rest easily followed.

This accomplished, the bag was ostensibly dropped, though the business of the firm of Solomon & Son was still carried on by trustworthy agents; and young Mr. Solomon, with the facility which the modern Hebrew employs in gliding from one name to another without the clamour and ostentation of the queen's letters patent, embarked in upper life as a wine merchant, under the slightly altered designation of Salaman. Now came the fulfilment of his mother's hopes; for no man, particularly if Jewish blood circulates in his veins, can be a wine-merchant and a money-lender at the same time, without superadding the functions of a sheriff's officer. The ancients had a prejudice against a person with three names, the "*homo trium literarum*" being a synonyme for thief; with greater reason we object to the individual with three professions, when those professions happen to be the three just alluded to. Plain thievery is nothing, to the wrongs inflicted on the community by a Chancery-lane Cerberus. To sell adulterated port and sherry, doctored claret and champagne, is bad enough; to make those liquors the representatives of cash, is something worse; but worst of all is the arrest that follows close upon the bill given for a very little money and an "intolerable deal of sack."

Mr. Salaman, "the officer"—a captain at least in his mother's estimation—became somewhat celebrated in his way. His clients brought him luck; but it is unnecessary to add that, in a *clientelle* of this description, the luck is invariably on one side. In the stout, well-whiskered man of thirty, with the thick curved nose and full red lips, dressed in the height of the fashion as it is interpreted by the Hebrews—who stick at nothing in the shape of gold chains, ruby pins, and turquoise rings—it would have been difficult to have recognised either the pretty slim boy who once sold oranges and black-lead pencils at the White Horse Cellar, or the shabby clothesman of only a year or two before, while in his transition state of voluntary starvation. Still less would any one have believed, who had not studied the genus minutely, that any thing so gorgeous and flourishing as Mr. Salaman had ever crawled on his hands and knees in the kennel of Holywell Street.

In the legitimate exercise of his "triple talent,"—the very reverse, however, of that for which Henri Quatre was distinguished,—Mr. Salaman was steadily winning his way to the Schatz-kammer, when the key of it was suddenly, though it can scarcely be said unexpectedly, put into his hands by the demise of old Jacob, who, full of years and money, was gathered unto his fathers. Master of much three-per-cent stock, it was no longer necessary for Mr. Salaman to represent the majesty of the law, —personal dignity holding a higher place in his opinion; and he therefore sent in his resignation to the Sheriff of London and Middlesex; for the same reason he parted with all his valuable stock of choice wines, and, with a self-denial beyond all praise, reserved none for his own private cellar. He also removed from Chancery Lane to Piccadilly, and throwing his baptismal appellation overboard, after the example set by the mariners of Joppa towards his namesake the prophet, delicately substituted a surname which bore to it a tolerable resemblance; and a bright brass-plate—

—at ille robur æs triplex,—

informed the public that the house next door to the Duke of ——— was tenanted by Mr. Salaman Jones, who had no difficulty in saying that he came of very old Welsh lineage, and had changed his name for an estate.

But neither the estate, nor the antiquity of his high descent, were of force enough to control the creature, custom. Mr. Salaman Jones had been taught to make money, and, like Shylock, had bettered the instruction; he could not have foregone the practice if he would, and—what is as much to the purpose—he wouldn't if he could. There was only one way, he said, in which a private gentleman could indulge in that pastime, and fortunately for him the amusement had already been his business; he still lent his cash at a hundred and twenty per cent, not indeed by charging that amount directly as interest, but by throwing in the usual makeweight, a little varied in its form. Since Mr. Salaman Jones migrated to the West End, he had become as a matter of course—or rather had developed the latent quality of being—a man of taste; and that which was formerly wine "after its kind" was now converted into something about as *genuine* in the way of pictures.

He did no violence to the harmony of his nature by this change, for the trade of a picture-dealer is but an imperceptible gradation from that of a wine-merchant, when bill transactions are the staple on which the barter is conducted. Sweet, it has been said, are the uses of adversity; it was by familiarising himself with it—in the persons of others—that Mr. Salaman Jones acquired the habits of a connoisseur. How often, when "in possession," had his eye wandered from the Gainsborough over the chimney-piece to the Rubens on the opposite wall—from the Claude above the sideboard to the Vandyke between the windows; the aforesaid eye being, however, not so utterly engrossed by the charms of art, as to be incapable of making a mental inventory of every object in the room at the first glance. Once to see a thing, was, with him, to remember it for ever: an old coat with a new set of buttons—an old picture with a fresh coat of varnish—or an old sponging-house acquaintance in any costume, old or new—were infallibly detected for what they really were. But it was not in "high art" alone that he came out so strong. His extensive practice in "executions" and "captions," to say nothing of

the national propensity to dabble in "jewels of silver and jewels of gold," such as his ancestors of yore spoiled the Egyptians of, had given him a smattering of knowledge as to articles of *virtù*, a quality which it is the fashion of modern auctioneers, in their catalogues, to confound with French *vertu*, and not always without reason. His *forte* lay chiefly—as was most natural—in coins, and their semblance—medals; but an enamel by Petitot or Zinke, a salver by Cellini or John of Bologna, an antique cameo, a Limoges plate, a tazza of fine (sprawling) Majolica, a malachite snuff-box, an onyx ring—anything, in short, that had a value in the market, found in Mr. Salaman Jones an apt admirer. Bijoux of this description, many of them, could be worn on the finger, or carried in the waistcoat pocket; they were not only ornamental but useful, being always ready in the nick of time to assist any pecuniary transaction. Whenever a question suddenly arose of doing a little bill—and such propositions are often got up in the most impromptu, off-hand, careful, well-considered manner—"the sweetest little thing in the world accidentally about me—a mere chance that I had it to show," came to the aid of Mr. Salaman Jones, in arranging the terms of accommodation. It was worth while to be provided with such *objets*, and equally worth while to cultivate the refined taste which led him to appreciate them.

It is not always an easy thing to distinguish between a dealer and a collector, especially if the former manages his affairs discreetly, and only yields—like a young author—to "the request of friends." It is, moreover, a "strictly gentlemanly occupation," and worthy of being alluded to as such in the advertising columns of the *Times*, without reference to the profit accruing from it. In leaving off business, therefore, Mr. Salaman Jones only left off just as much as suited his inclination; he threw away the husk, but kept the kernel. As far as external indications could be relied on, he was a gentleman (in Chancery-lane he used to be called a "gent") who lived in the affluence to which he had always been accustomed; and any one who accidentally called at No. 295, Piccadilly, and found him breakfasting at midday in a superlative Persian shawl dressing-gown very much turned over at the wrists, with slippers on his feet of corresponding brilliancy, and rings of unexampled splendour on each of his fore and little fingers, would at once have subscribed to the same opinion; adding mentally, perhaps, that his family must have been addicted to smoking ever since the introduction of tobacco; and, to judge by the odour, which pervaded the place, had always indulged in that luxury in the same apartment.

This was the first impression; the second, after a very brief conversation, convinced the visitor that the Persian shawl dressing-gown of Mr. Salaman Jones enveloped an individual whom it was impossible for any kind of customer to *do* in any possible shape or manner.

CHAPTER III.

THE MAN OF TASTE AND THE MAN OF FAMILY.

WITH no less eagerness in the pursuit of money than his deceased parent had always manifested, Mr. Salaman Jones made an opposite use of it when it was in his clutches; or rather, he established this difference between them—that whereas old Jacob Solomon put every penny out to im-

mediate interest, reserving nothing for personal gratification, he permitted self-indulgence to go hand in hand with gain. But, after all, it was that description of self-indulgence which never loses sight of the main chance, even in the midst of pleasure. Thus, if he apparently gratified a costly whim, or suffered his magnificent taste to betray him into some princely expense, he knew very well that, if he watched his opportunity, he should eventually dispose of his purchase at a handsome remunerating profit, with the satisfaction, moreover, of having been the possessor of a coveted object;—temporarily, it is true; but then where is the collector whose gems of art are not scattered sooner or later,—if not by himself, of a certainty by his executors? Mr. Salaman Jones became in this respect his own executor, with the additional pleasure of being his own heir.

With regard to other enjoyments, they served him as auxiliaries in his great scheme of self-aggrandisement. Though in his former capacity of wine-merchant he had been in the habit of selling the most execrable stuff, he was extremely partial to good wine; a *recherchee cuisine* was also a luxury he was fain not to deny himself; he was fond of riding and driving—a taste for gigs having grown with his growth as a sheriff's officer, it being a passion with that class; dress was a justifiable hobby, no man knowing so well as a Jew how to set off a coat to advantage. If he had a weakness, it was his *penchant* for a cigar; but as this failing is the common lot of humanity, it need not be made a matter of reproach to Mr. Salaman Jones. On the contrary, he rather merits commendation for the discouragement he invariably showed, in his own practice, to the weed of British growth: it was, perhaps, a case of conscience with him, now he was able to smoke on his own account; for he remembered that during the orange and lemon period of his history he had been in the habit of selling the very primest Havannahs manufactured out of the most indubitable cabbage-leaf. If he ever reconciled himself to this fraud, which is not likely, it must have been by the reflection that it had taught him discrimination. These things, therefore—good living, the pleasures of the field and the road, a stylish if not an elegant *mise*, and a few concomitants of the like nature—were the self-permitted pleasures of Mr. Salaman Jones; but in his justification it must be said that, somehow or other, the friends to whom he so kindly lent his money were in the end the people who paid for the dinners, whether he gave them at home or ordered them “down the road.” It happened occasionally that the gentlemen who partook of his hospitality would insist—as young men will do, in spite of what you tell them to the contrary—on diversifying the amusements at No. 295, Piccadilly, by playing “a quiet rubber,” as folks say. Mr. Salaman Jones “never touched a card,”—so he said,—“unless he was positively compelled to do so;” and certainly when he did yield he was rewarded for his virtuous reluctance. This will appear less surprising when the fact is known that he was a member, though he made no boast of it, of the famous Stratford-upon-Avon Club, at the corner of ——— Place, in ——— Street; and that he gave points to the best players there at piquet and *écarté*, the only games he “absolutely knew anything at all about.” He called whist gambling, and could not by any persuasion be induced to sit down to it in mixed company,—for the simple reason, however, that the sins of the bad player are visited on his partner, while in single-handed games he had only himself to blame for any mistake—if ever he

made one. None of these young men knew, while they admired his forbearance and wondered at his luck, "which," they declared, "was a proof that he was a beginner," none suspected that he was something more than a sleeping-partner in the splendidly-furnished suite of rooms over the hatter's in St. — street, where hazard and roulette were played with impunity on the safe side of oaken-doors well lined with iron, whose sanctity no enterprising body of police had ever had the hardihood or good fortune to violate. Mr. Salaman Jones figured in this establishment neither as croupier nor banker, agents on whom he could rely performing those functions; and if ever he did make his appearance there during the small hours, just to see how things were getting on, a convenient disguise effectually secured his incognito.

With so many irons in the fire, and all of them dexterously managed, it is little wonder that his wealth increased, awaking with its increase ambition.

Though in a fair way of acquiring consideration *à force d'être riche*, he yearned for distinction on other grounds, not however by the sacrifice but by the assistance of that which he had made. But to obtain it, it was necessary that he should change the scene, and re-appear under a new aspect. He, therefore, "quietly," as people say, disposed of all his pictures and curiosities—of course at an immense sacrifice—sold the lease of his house; and the *Morning Post* of the day announced among the departures, that of "Salaman Jones, Esq., on a lengthened tour to the continent."

His route might have been traced by any one curious to learn it, and willing to follow his footsteps, by examining the *Livre des Étrangers*, the *Fremde-Buch*, and other records of that description, at the various hotels; for in every one of them the inevitable fact was set forth, that Salaman Jones, Esquire, "Gentilhomme de Londres,"—"Edelman aus Piccadilly"—with a condescension that was quite princely, expressed himself "perfectly satisfied with the accommodations and the person of the house, which he begs to recommend to future travellers in this hotel." This testimonial, though slightly ungrammatical, and perfectly useless to any one already housed, was always pointed to with great pride by mine host of the "Soleil d'Or", "Der rüthner Löwe," and of a hundred other French and German caravanserais; for there was an air about Salaman Jones which made them feel that he was somebody altogether out of the common way.

He travelled quite *en prince*—in greater style, indeed, than princes travel now-a-days; and, preceded by an Italian courier hired at Frankfort, who was entirely ignorant of his master's antecedents, and accompanied by a French *valet de chambre*, who styled him "Milor," Mr. Salaman Jones made a very pleasant tour of a couple of years; not, like Goldsmith, "dragging at each remove a lengthening chain," but becoming a greater cosmopolite at every stage. He crammed himself, of course, with the heterogeneous knowledge which a continental traveller picks up, which pictures, couriers, music, distances, hotels, churches, palaces, deer-hunts, glaciers, gondolas, the Vatican, Vesuvius, and the Palais Royal, are all mixed up with the brilliant confusion of a kaleidoscope; and having given himself the last finishing touch at Paris, prepared for his return to England, in his own estimation a most accomplished gentleman. If the world were not entirely of the same opinion, it was pro-

bably owing to the ineradicable taint of early associations, which can never altogether be suppressed. There are moments when Nature will declare herself, in spite of the precautions and acquirements of Art. What the poet says of "the vase in which roses have once been distilled" held good in this instance; myrrh, aloes, and cassia, might have shed their perfume on the head of Salaman Jones, but "the scent of the clothes-bag would hang round him still." Moreover, the unmistakeable features of the Hebrew were always *en evidence*, though their owner tried to account for them in an off-hand sort of way as "the effect of a warm climate:" though it must have been a warmer climate than any we are yet acquainted with, which could convert a Christian countenance into a Jewish physiognomy.

A Christian, however, Mr. Salaman Jones was determined he should be taken for; and having, previously to his departure from England, invested a round sum in the purchase of an estate, and being thereby qualified to figure among "the landed gentry," he sent the requisite authority to the editor of "The Domesday Book of the Nineteenth Century," wherein the ancestral dignities of commoners are chronicled, and was gratified by seeing in print the following abstract of his genealogy, which is not the less authentic for being slightly abrupt, confused, and misty, nor on that account unworthy to take its place beside the most elaborate efforts of Debrett.

"The ancestor of Mr. Salaman Jones came over with the Conqueror. Alan, Lord of Oswaldestre, being rewarded after the battle of Hastings with seven hundred and fifty knights' fees, married Joan, the only daughter and heiress of Gilbert, Earl of Clare, High Sepeschal of Northumberland, who bore him three sons and one daughter: Roger, afterwards Earl of Neustria; Robert, who died in the Holy Land; Philip, from whom descended Baldwin de Courtenay, King of Jerusalem; and Maud, who married Thibault, Comte de Provence; after whose death, being killed in a tournament, she founded the Abbey of Saint Ursula at Lincoln, of which she became the abbess, and died in the odour of sanctity *circa* 1139.

"It will *thus* be seen that Salaman Jones, Esquire, (or, as the name was originally written, de Gonesse or Jonesse) of Chaffers, in the county of Kent, the present head of the family, is *on both sides* lineally descended from royalty. In the wars of King Stephen with the Barons, Algernon Earl of Warwick greatly distinguished himself; and being possessed of the feudal manors of Ospringe and Netterville, claimed as his reward the hand of Adeliza de Mowbray, heiress of the powerful house of Beauchamp. Policy acceded to that which timidity would have refused; and from this marriage sprang Peter the Savage, Vidame de Chartres, better known in Norman Chronicles as Piers li Ferox, or le Farouche, of whom Benoit de St. Maur gives the following brief but striking portraiture in the '*Roman de Dolopatos*':—

Mult amei li cuens Piers
 Proeces es preux chivaliers,
 Blond ot li poil, noir li vis,
 Prodons fiers onques ne vis
 Ki tant Sarrazins ha occhis;
 Paen i sueffrent grant ahan
 Le furent dextrier à lagan.

"History is silent as to the cause of this distinguished warrior's death ; but, from an inscription on his baldric, which was for many years preserved in Raby Castle; and a copy of which is supposed to exist in the public library of Breslau (see Carte. Orig. Duci Loth. cap. xi.) it may fairly be inferred that the monarch to whom he rendered *such essential service* was not backward in rewarding his faithful adherent, whose character, though disfigured by the cruelty which was the vice of the age, appears to great advantage in the domestic relations of feudal life. This formidable baron had three wives. The first, Adeliza de Bohun, died childless ; by the second, Alionore de Champagne, he had one son, Geoffry, who died in infancy ; but by his third, Guenever, heiress of Owain Prince of Powys, he had a numerous progeny ; and it is *probably in this direction* that we are to look for the immediate ancestor of the illustrious house of Jones, which became so famous in the principality that Hoel Dda was obliged to enact a very severe law, which is preserved in the triads of the Bardd Jenkyn ap Catlin, prohibiting any one from assuming that name who had not slain thirty wolves with his own spear. It was, we imagine, from this cause, that the jealousy of Edward I., who dreaded the rivalry of one whose claims to the throne were better than his own, visited the unconscious heir of the house of Jones with so much severity when Roger Earl of March, the last male heir of the seventh son of Guenever Fitz-Jones, or more correctly Ap Jones, surreptitiously espoused the noble Blanche de Salamanne, and thus acquired a double title to the affections of the people of England.

"Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that, circa 1476, their descendant was settled at Chyfferes, or Chaffers, in the county of Kent ; for, on the visitation by Rouge Dragon of that year, we find that he was granted an honourable addition to his family coat—a fromage *vert* impaling a crescent *or*—in consequence of his having saved the life of Edward IV. at the battle of Barnet. He married Sybilla, a daughter of Sir Payne Fitz-Payne, Knight of the Garter, and Governor of Calais, from whom

"John Jones, who was succeeded by his eldest son,

"Thomas, born the 13th of February, 1604, who took up arms in the royal cause, and fell at the battle of Marston Moor, leaving an only son, Conyers, one of the most accomplished cavaliers of his time.

"The civil wars brought ruin upon this noble house ; and the ingratitude of Charles II. completed that which the sacrifices made in the lifetime of his unfortunate father had begun. Feeling that his means were inadequate to support the dignity of his race, Sir Conyers Jones, following the example of many of the distinguished *noblesse* of France and Italy, resolved to lay aside the outward distinctions of his rank, and seek fortune by another road. He accordingly sold the remnant of his estate, and, turning his thoughts towards commerce, embarked in the Turkey trade, and, unwilling to be recognised by a name that had resounded throughout Europe, dropped the patronymic of Jones, and assumed the maternally ancestral one of Salaman. But in taking this step Sir Conyers was not unmindful of the rights of the '*future hominum proles*,' and took care to deposit in the Tower of London the archives of his family for a more fortunate descendant to claim. By his industry and enterprise the Turkey merchant laid the foundation of the renewed wealth of his house ; and it therefore excites no surprise to find that his

great-grandson, Jacob Salaman, of London, Esq., carried on extensive dealings in the promiscuous commerce which characterises the genuine British merchant. It was, we believe, chiefly owing to fortunate speculations in woollens and felts, less in the raw than in the manufactured state, that he was able to accumulate the large property which he bequeathed to his son, the subject of this memoir, who, in obedience to the dying request of his great ancestor, Ernulphus de Jones, has resumed the family name. Salaman Jones, Esq., was educated for the diplomatic service, in which he has already distinguished himself. He has not yet entered parliament."

In addition to this true and particular account, the family shield was thus blazoned by the editor of the "Domesday Book." Such an authority renders the heraldry unimpeachable, though we confess we do not quite understand it:—"He beareth quarterly of six on a field *azure* twelve alerions, naiant, rampant, regardant, *or*, in a border *fleury*, *gules* and *gobbons*, between three cross crosslets *fitchy*, *vairy* of the field, for Jones; on a field *vert* three lions *wavy*, *sable* of the third, for Mowbray; a canton charged with two martlets *cheeky* of the first, for Clifford; on a pile *gules*, a bend sinister *ingrailed sable* between three mullets counterchanged *argent*, for Stubbs; on a field *gyronny*, two cinquefoils in pale indented *ermine*, for Sidney; and on a chief *potent* six muscles *passant*, *pattée* of the first, for Bourchier. Over all on an *escudocheon* of pretence *or*, a manchon or sleeve *purpure*, for Salaman. Crest: a griffin embattled *gules* gorged with a ducal coronet in saltire *or*, langued *vert* and *azure*. Motto: *Avi numerantur avorum*—Many ancestors are my predecessors."

Having furnished Mr. Salaman Jones with a floating capital of the best gentility, we safely land him at Dover.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MAN OF FASHION AND THE MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT.

ON arriving in town, he drove, of course, to Mivart's—all foreign potentates do. He had been so long accustomed to continental dialects, that he experienced a difficulty at first in speaking his native language; nor did he, indeed, ever employ the vulgar tongue in addressing the people of the house, thereby raising himself immensely in their estimation. They tried to turn the matter to account, by laying it on rather heavily in his weekly bill; but as figures have a meaning of their own, which seldom require an interpreter, and certainly did not in the case of a gentleman familiar from his youth upward with every kind of currency, and who knew the meaning of *£. s. d.* better than most people, they only gave themselves the additional trouble of subtracting a tolerable percentage from the sum total.

Having remained long enough at Mivart's to identify himself as somebody, and after a few paragraphs had appeared stating that Mr. Salaman Jones was "still sojourning" at that fashionable hotel in company with the Envoy Extraordinary from the Sandwich Islands, the hereditary Prince of Patagonia, the Grand Duke of Abyssinia, and half-a-dozen ex-royalties on their travels, an announcement was put forth that he had taken an

elegant mansion in Tyburnia, where he intended to dispense his well known hospitality on his accustomed princely scale."

If the wording of this paragraph had been strictly interpreted, the "well-known hospitality" of Mr. Salaman Jones might have turned out a blank, "unknown" being the more legitimate phrase; but as everything must have a beginning, and as people rarely trouble their heads about the past when the present is to their liking, the intentions of the hospitable new-comer were accepted as a favourable omen by all the diners-out and party-goers.

Mr. Salaman Jones soon acquired friends in high life. For his first batch, indeed, he was indebted to some of the high-spirited youths whom he was formerly in the habit of "accommodating" at the rate we wot of, and who hoped now to obtain cash from him on easier terms; an understanding existing, that if certain passages of his early history were kept "dark," he would not object to "renew" some outstanding acceptances by way of set-off—the arrears of interest, however, not lost sight of. The young men swore, one and all, that "not a syllable of the matter should pass their lips;" and it must therefore be presumed that the fact of Mr. Salaman Jones being proclaimed not only a Jew but, as it was expressively said, "a d——d Jew," must have obtained publicity through some other channel. If he disquieted himself on the score of his origin it was unnecessary, for those to whom it was told contented themselves by putting their own construction upon it, and said that, provided he were "as rich as a Jew," it was nothing to them if he had even been born among the bulrushes. It is true, they sneered at him behind his back; and when he was proposed at the Travellers', facetiously declared their intention of voting for "The Wandering Jew," by which *sobriquet* he was afterwards known; but they did not on that account refrain from drinking his claret in Tyburnia, nor from giving him a lift in his endeavour to climb into high places by gracing him with the light of their countenances on public occasions.

What Mr. Salaman Jones's real politics were, is as much a matter of doubt as what was his religion; but as he gave out that "all the Joneses had always been Whigs" (which, if true, must have swamped the country with Whiggism), he was enlisted among the champions of the opinions which have by courtesy been called "Liberal;" the liberality of the party consisting in the very generous way in which they provided for themselves. The avowal of these opinions, and the rumour which reached the ears of the electors of Bribewell, through the medium of a skilful parliamentary agent, that a large quantity of sovereigns was to be handed over, *for purposes of charity*, to the care of those who had scruples about accepting a bank note traceable to the giver, procured Mr. Salaman Jones so favourable a reception on the hustings of that incorruptible borough, that the Conservative candidate, who either couldn't or wouldn't pay for his election, was so utterly beaten, that the return of Mr. Salaman Jones was looked upon as one of the most complete triumphs the Whigs had obtained since the settlement of the Bill of Rights; and when he took his seat in parliament there was, as the newspapers say, "loud cheering from all parts of the house." What the members cheered for, it is rather difficult to say: perhaps they were at a loss at the time for something to do—or perhaps because they anticipated that, like his countryman Samson, Mr. Salaman Jones would make sport for the Philistines. In this expectation, however, if it rested upon the supposed timidity or

gaucherie of the new comer, they were deceived; for the school in which that gentleman had been brought up, and the subsequent training he had gone through, had endowed him with the most perfect self-possession—not to give it, in this place, the harsher name of impudence that could outface anything. Nothing could abash, nothing restrain him; and as the popular quality in a debater of the present day is his mastery over slang (in parliamentary language, “brilliant and cutting sarcasm”), he soon became what is termed “a distinguished speaker;” was never coughed down, and always succeeded in catching the Speaker’s eye, when modester men, already on their legs, were within point-blank range of that functionary’s visual organs.

Mr. Salaman Jones did not live in Tyburnia for the mere purpose of giving dinners to fashionable folks, neither did he saddle himself with the responsibility of legislation solely for the *éclat* of being a member of Parliament. He aimed at fashion and notoriety; but while he gratified the longing which showed that, like the husband of the Spanish Dueña, he had “a soul above buttons,” his real purpose was to make both subservient to a larger measure of prosperity than he had yet achieved. The daughters of the horseleech, of whom he had doubtless read, were the types of his eagerness for gain, but he did not clamour for it quite so loudly as those vermicular damsels. On the contrary, he pursued the quiet, insinuating tack; made friends at his club, on committees, and—not the hardest task of the three—at his own table; became familiar with great men of various manners and degrees of greatness; and succeeded at last in getting himself everywhere spoken of as an agreeable, sensible fellow, with what the late Mr. Beckford used to call “a head on his shoulders;” one not too diffident of his abilities, and giving proof of them by a certain acuteness in matters of business, which, if practically applied, might, in the opinion of the censorious, have worn rather too sharp an edge. It is to such a man that Boards of Directors throw open their doors; and wherever the view revealed to him the fatness of the promised land, he did not suffer those doors to close till he established himself inside. To how many companies he became invaluable, it is impossible to say; they were more in number than any other individual would probably have committed himself to: but he, whose pursuits had from a child been so multifarious, and who had succeeded in all he undertook, was not to be deterred by ordinary difficulties. He had such a rapid way of calculating profits, and proposed such bold, infallible schemes, that people at once pinned their faith to his sleeve, and suffered him to lead them as he listed. Mr. Salaman Jones became a sort of walking premium, to whose skirts the speculating world were only too anxious to cling. In ordinary cases, the man who rises from nothing reserves society for his *coup de grace*; but our fortunate friend made society useful to remoter objects, when once he became identified with it.

The Ethiopian monarch who declared he *would* be happy, made scarcely a greater mistake than the man who said he was content. Mr. Salaman Jones had everything, the world thought, to make him happy, and for a time he thought so too; but that yearning which the Germans call the “*Wechsels-Sehnung*,” and which does not mean mere change of locality, whispered in his ear that something was wanting still. He puzzled himself to discover what it could be; it took away the relish of more than one bottle of Château Margaux, and cost him several sleepless

nights. One morning, however, the inspiration came, and at the moment when, if the goddess means to come at all, she, always makes her appearance—just as he was strapping his razor; that sublime moment—as the French say—when the daily penalty is paid by man for the enjoyment of whiskers. Is it because the intellectual faculties sympathise with the newly-sharpened steel, or does it arise from their concentration on the eventful act about to be performed, that the resources of the mind are more keenly developed during the operation of shaving than at any other period? Philosophers must decide this question;—we have not time to do so. All our concern with it at present is to describe its effect upon Mr. Salaman Jones. Dreamily pondering over the Inexplicable, he mechanically lathered his chin, and, poising the well-balanced instrument, passed it slowly over the surface of Mechi's invaluable discovery, pausing at every turn to solve the riddle which perplexed him. The last stroke did it. The thought shot into his brain like a ray of light into a dungeon cell.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed, not in Greek but in English, "I've got it! I want a wife—that's where it is."

Mr. Salaman Jones had all his life been so much in love with himself, that the love of woman had never entered his bosom. "A wife," said he, dwelling on the newly-awakened idea; "yes, a wife—with money."

He couldn't help it: it was so natural to him to think of money in connexion with every other thing, that he must be pardoned if he dreamt that the arrows of love are barbed with gold.

Again he repeated:

"A wife—with *lots of money!*"

Had Mr. Salaman Jones continued with creed and name unchanged, he would not have had far to seek for the golden bride he coveted. He might have aspired to an alliance with the aristocracy of Israel, and have taken unto himself a wife—if not of the daughters of Duke Dishon, Duke Kenaz, Duke Mibzar, or the other dukes of Edom, as set forth in the generations of Esau, at all events of the daughters of the dwellers in Duke's Place, which is over against the Minorities, and more to the purpose than Edom, being more accessible. But he had separated himself from his people; and it is not their habit to reclaim their lost sheep, should any seek—which, perhaps, has never yet been the case—to return to the fold.

However this might have been, Mr. Salaman Jones had other objects in view. He wanted a wife, and made it a point of honour with his unborn progeny that their mother should be a Christian; and not only a Christian, but a person of family—a real duke's daughter, if possible; of less equivocal position than the grandees whose names we have just now cited. There were plenty of fair ones in the market—let us rather say the circle in which Mr. Salaman Jones now moved—but intuition, or experience, told him that money was not so plentiful in high places as title; and the sad truth forced itself upon him, that where he sought the one he must banish all idea of the other. As long as the struggle lay between vanity and avarice, the balance was kept pretty equal; but a new element was accidentally added, which suddenly turned the scale. That event, which occurs at least once in every man's life—and which Mr. Salaman Jones believed an impossible one, because it had never happened to himself—at length befel.

CHAPTER V.

CLIMBING VERY HIGH AND TUMBLING VERY LOW.

A GRAND review took place on Wormwood Scrubs, and thither, with other gentlemen of high fashion, went Mr. Salaman Jones. Being well mounted, he pushed into a good place; and once there, it was not an easy thing to dislodge him. He enjoyed the scene extremely; and entered so completely into the spirit of the thing, that when the general salute took place he felt himself bound to acknowledge it as a personal compliment, by taking off his hat and bowing gracefully to the troops. The action caught the attention of a party of ladies who were in a carriage near him; and their curiosity was excited to ascertain who the distinguished individual might be who shared the honours paid to royalty. He was quick enough to perceive that he had attracted their notice, and vain enough to think that admiration of his person was not unmingled with the glances that were levelled at him.

It has not yet been stated in this veracious narrative that Mr. Salaman Jones was extremely short-sighted—we mean in the physical acceptance of the term—but to make amends for this defect, he sported the most gorgeous eyeglass that ever, perhaps, was seen. As he rode through the streets, with a loose stirrup, his toe pointed downwards, his right hand on his hip, his head thrown back, and his glass in his eye, it is no wonder that he was looked upon as a great personage, or that the youthful population of the metropolis, in whose bosoms respect for greatness holds so prominent a place, should have honoured him with peculiar demonstrations of their opinion. It was his favourite attitude on horseback, and into this *pose* he now threw himself, as he ogled the fair occupants of the carriage.

One lady whose veil was lowered in the most tantalising way, of course to preserve her complexion, at once fixed his gaze; he raised the inevitable glass, and got a glimpse through the gauze which quickened the current in his veins as if a fresh stream of vitality had been suddenly turned on. A tulip cheek, as it seemed to him, a pair of eyes of the description called “flashers,” and a display of dazzling teeth, were all he saw—and this but for a moment; for, in his surprise at this lovely apparition, the glass fell from his eye and was broken on the pommel of his saddle. Enough, however, had been revealed to allow imagination, in default of eyesight, to fill up the remainder of the picture. The truth is, he was smitten,—hit at last in that hollow muscle, the heart; and there he sat staring with all the power of his eyes on the cruel enslaver, who did not so much as raise her veil to comfort him for the privation he had just experienced. But he was near enough to hear her laugh merrily with her companions, though not so close as to discover that her laughter was excited by his moon-stricken appearance.

When the review broke up, he followed the carriage off the Scrubs, resolving to keep it in view, and ascertain whither it went to deposit its freight. A friend overtook him, the Honourable Augustus Tinhunter, a fast young man and a knowing—one of the old Piccadilly set.

“I’ve been looking for you, Sol,” said he, familiarly accosting the great man; “I was told you were on the ground;” then riding closer up, he added, “I want you to do me a bit of stiff, old boy.”

Mr. Salaman Jones looked round vacantly—he saw Augustus Tinhunter, but his thoughts were elsewhere.

"Stiff!" he exclaimed, "ah!—stiff and stark."

The ingenuous Augustus stared in his turn.

"Stark!" he retorted, "What the devil do you mean?—are you stark mad?"

"Mad!" returned Salaman Jones, "I believe I am; I never felt so queer before."

"I wish I was your next of kin," thought Mr. Tinhunter, "I'd soon have you under lock and key, and pay you off old scores." Then addressing him again, he said,

"What's it all about?"

"Do you see that yellow barouche?" asked Salaman Jones.

"To be sure I do: what's to hinder me? What then?"

"Whose is it?"

"That? Why, now I look closer, I ought to know it, I think. It's my Aunt Gunnersbury's."

"Do you know all the ladies in it?"

"Can't say," replied the Honourable Augustus, "haven't inspected yet. Soon tell you." And he was moving forward to reconnoitre when Salaman Jones laid his hand on his arm.

"Tinhunter," said he, solemnly: "never mind the rest—only tell me the name of the gal in the pink bonnet."

"I can tell you that without going any nearer," replied his friend; "that's my cousin Georgy—Lady Georgina Carmine."

"You don't say so!" cried Salaman Jones; "I admire her. Inter-dooce me."

"You admire her!" exclaimed the honourable Mr. Tinhunter; "you —" he was about to repeat the epithet to which he had formerly assisted in giving circulation, but he checked himself, his active mind at once discerning that the affair might be made profitable. "Sol," said he, looking at him with a very significant expression, "if I introduce you, what'll you stand?"

"I don't mind a pony," returned Salaman Jones.

"A pony be foundered!" returned the sprig of nobility; "she's single, remember."

"Well then, fifty," said Croesus.

"Come, make it a cool hundred *down*," pursued the honourable young gentleman, "and here goes."

"If I must," said Salaman Jones, taking out his pocket-book, and drawing forth a paper which he handed to his friend—"Here."

"What's this?" exclaimed Mr. Tinhunter, "why this is only an acceptance of mine for a hundred. You don't think I'm such a fool!"

"Yes, your acceptance," replied Salaman, gravely, "six months overdue, and no interest charged. It's as good as a Bank-note."

"The first time I ever was paid that compliment; but if it's all the same to you, I'd rather have the fimsy; we can settle this by-and-by."

Salaman Jones eyed his customer keenly; the old leaven was at work in his bosom, but he was no longer the same man. The passion of love had, like Aaron's serpent, swallowed up all its kin. He once more took out the pocket-book, and with something of a natural reluctance, which it was impossible altogether to control, handed over a hundred-pound note, and received Mr. Tinhunter's valuable acceptance back again.

In a few moments the two cavaliers were ranging beside the barouche; their hats were in the air, and the enraptured Hebrew was bending to

his saddle-bow while the ceremony took place of presenting "my friend Mr. Salaman Jones" to Lady Georgina Carmine.

When once a man has taken it into his head that a woman is handsome, there is no dispossessing him of the idea. We don't mean to say that Lady Georgina Carmine had not been a beauty in her day, but unfortunately her day had been gone by some time, though of course she was the last person to acknowledge it. Delicacy and discretion alike forbid us to hint how near she was to a certain age; but in describing her personal attractions we may be allowed less reserve. The bloom of youth was gone; but as Lady Georgina had always been remarkable for a high colour, she still kept up the appearance of it—how, let Atkinson tell! Her teeth were splendid—finer were never seen at Cartwright's. Nature had bestowed upon her a profusion of rich black hair—some people thought too profusely, as it is not every one who admires a female moustache. Her eyes were dark and large—so large, indeed, as to make even her own sex remark them, less perhaps in terms of approbation than censure, reproaching her for keeping them so wide open, and "always looking out of them." She was tall—too tall, her dearest friend said; and her figure was good—"that is to say," another friend would observe, "if you admire people on a large scale—I don't."

To this personal portraiture must be added one moral touch: she was an accomplished flirt, and had devoted herself so entirely to the amusement that all her admirers had married elsewhere. But, without having lost her zest for her original occupation, Lady Georgina was, in her turn, desirous of marrying; perhaps she had been so all along, and always missed her opportunity. She had now, however, reached a critical period; and critical it must indeed have been, when, after a brief but desperate siege, she accepted the proposals of a renegade Jew. A very handsome sum settled uncontrollably on herself was, perhaps, the determining cause, though her inclination may have been gently led by the splendour of the wedding presents, as, with a magnificence worthy of the Solomon whom he denied, her lover poured into her lap all sorts of "gold and silver and ivory and apes and peacocks," and treated her like a veritable Queen of Sheba, "giving unto her all her desire, whatsoever she asked." In brief, Mr. Salaman Jones had the distinguished honour of leading to the altar the "lovely and accomplished" (so said the papers) Lady Georgina Carmine, only daughter of the late Earl of Gunnersbury. The fair bride was *not* given away by His Grace F. M. the D—— of W——n, but in his stead officiated the Honourable Augustus Tinhunter, who did not perform that office gratuitously, as may be inferred from the fact that for a short time after the marriage there was less of his "paper" on town than had been the case since he came to man's estate.

Mr. Salaman and Lady Georgina Jones were, for a few weeks, as happy as two golden pheasants under a net, or in a gilded aviary. But after a time—how humiliating is the inconstancy of man!—each began to get a little tired—he, of the rapidity with which his money flew right and left; she, of the companion whom she eased of his cash. Having been brought up with high notions—with brilliant ideas of expense, but with no means of gratifying that taste; and having, moreover, been let into the secret—we will say nothing of her finding it out—that her husband was, to all intents and purposes, a Jew, she gave him credit for the fabulous wealth which the Israelites are supposed to monopolise. There was no doubt

that Salaman Jones was a rich man when he fell in love with Lady Georgina Carmine; but at the expiration of a twelvemonth from the date of his "happiness" (as the noosed ones say) he found it was necessary that he should bestir himself after the old fashion, unless he wished to see all he had disappear, as it were, in the melting pot.

While, therefore, Lady Georgina gave splendid parties at Mordecai House, and converted the lawns at Chaffers into little Vauxhalls, Salaman applied himself with unwonted energy to the task of making money. He had, as a boy, as we have already said, adopted the Horatian maxim of "*Quodcumque modo rem*;" and when the railroad fever was at its height he was not the man to pause. He relinquished all his steady-going insurance-offices, to blaze away at the head of North and South Junctions, Direct Trunks, and Indispensable Branches, with which the whole of Europe was suddenly *silloné*. Bitten by the mania till he became perfectly rabid, he embarked everything he had in the railway cause. Nothing could be so prosperous as every one of his schemes at the outset; he put himself so prominently forward in the matter that there was a talk of getting up a testimonial to him, and it was said at the clubs that the Whig government meant to make him either a baronet or a civil K.C.B.

It is possible that all these things might have happened if he had but been prosperous for a short time longer, but unluckily, before the money was subscribed for the testimonial, or the patent made out at the proper office, Mr. Salaman Jones went to smash. The railway bubble burst; the golden eggs were all addled; and the family seat at Chaffers, as well as Mordecai House in Tyburnia, were taken possession of by several gentlemen whose very black muzzles and very thick noses showed pretty plainly that they belonged to the race, if they were not even the near relations, of the unfortunate Mr. Salaman Jones. Lady Georgina bore the shock with the sensibility which distinguishes ladies of rank who have seen much of the world. She never could bear, she said, to see a person suffer whom she loved; and that she might effectually banish the afflicting spectacle, she removed at once to Boulogne, where, having a handle to her name, she very shortly led the fashion. Mr. Salaman Jones would gladly have followed her, but his friends prevented him—they provided for him elsewhere—in Whitecross-street.

About a week since we were turning the corner of Fitzroy-square on our way to the atelier of a distinguished artist to whom we are sitting for our picture, (which, when finished, will be engraved for the *New Monthly*) when we accidentally ran against a man with a couple of hats on his head and a black bag over his shoulder. We drew back hastily from the collision, and fixed our eyes for a moment on the face of the Jew—for such he was, beyond all question.

"Any cast off clothes to sell, sir? Give you a good price, sir—wait upon you sir, anywheres."

We scanned his features;—his face was seamed and his beard grizzled, but enough remained to enable us to identify the descendant of the noble Norman who came over with the Conqueror. We asked where he lived. His eyes sparkled at the thought of a customer. "No. 2, Holywell-street."

"What name?"

"JONAH SOLOMON."

The wheel had come full circle.

THE SPIRIT OF CHANGE IN SOUTHERN EUROPE

BY JAMES HENRY SKENE, ESQ.

CHAPTER I.

RISE OF THE REVOLUTIONARY SPIRIT AMONG THE ITALIANS.

THE year 1848 has been a momentous era in the annals of the Italians. It has been peculiarly remarkable for having brought to maturity the fruits which have long been ripening, and which, instead of being opportunely plucked, have been allowed to rot on the tree in the vain hope that they might thus become more perfect. The consideration of the manner in which they have grown involves a retrospective review of other times and circumstances; for the revolutionary movements which have taken place in the Italian states owed their existence to the condition of that country at a more remote epoch of its history than might readily be supposed; and in tracing these effects to their true causes, it becomes necessary to recall a period which, at the first glance, would seem to have little or no connexion with the incidents of the present day. But the fact is: that they have been the gradual results of the course of events during several centuries, and that they took their rise in the anomalous position of Italy when she first emerged from the barbarism of the middle ages.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century all the nations of Europe seemed to vie with each other in creating and enhancing the means of civilisation. The human mind appeared then to awake from the torpor and heavy sleep which had so long benumbed its faculties, and vigorously to throw off the incubus which had repressed its elasticity.

Germany propagated the diffusion of knowledge by Guttemberg's invention of the art of printing; Spain extended the known world by the discoveries of Columbus and his imitators; and Portugal opened a new route for European commerce with the East by the voyage of Vasco di Gama round the Cape of Good Hope. Roads were made and posts established, by which communications were accelerated; the internal administration of the greater states was consolidated by a novel principle of government, that of centralisation; and the art of war underwent a total change by the application of improved science to its purposes. All this was in favour of monarchy; for the new colonies multiplied the financial resources of dynasties, and the introduction of artillery was a death-blow to the feudal power of the barons, whose levies of chivalry were no longer irresistible, and whose moated castles were not then impregnable. Kings exulted in their augmented ascendancy; Maximilian conceived the wild idea of taking possession of Jerusalem and the Holy Land; Charles VIII. indulged in visionary schemes for the conquest of Constantinople, to which that of Naples should become a stepping-stone; the ambition of Spain was boundless, and the desire of domination was universal. The state of Italy, at this remarkable period still presented traces of the characteristics of the Roman empire when in its decline, whilst the germ of a necessary revolution was gradually rising into existence. These two principles per-

vaded every feature of her moral, social, and political condition. Past corruption and future advancement struggled for the mastery; and in every one of the thirty petty states of the Peninsula a latent hostility between the different classes of society foreboded an inevitable outburst.

The princes were casting off the chains of feudalism, the masses of the population were forming communities, and the nobles were organising a system of rebellion against their sovereigns and persecution of their vassals. At Venice neither a monarchy nor a democracy was possible, on account of the absorbing tyranny of an oligarchy; in Tuscany the great family of the Medici kept the state in subjection by means of their powerful political and profitable commercial relations; Milan was an unwilling prey to the ambition of her dukes, who aspired at royalty by involving Genoa in their intrigues and by threatening Florence with their mercenary troops; and Rome was the focus from which diverged all the designs for installing in the various miniature courts of Italy their puny princes, who, being solely dependent for their existence as such on the pleasure of the Pope and on the ambition of the nobles, rapidly succeeded each other, either in consequence of a new election by the Conclave, or by the more summary process of assassination at the hands of an aspiring rival. Thus Vitelli, Orsini, Oliveretto, Borgia, and many others, rose and fell with equal precipitation, for none could resist the anarchy of the great barons on one side and the manœuvres of Rome on the other. Naples alone stood firm, under a Norman race, which occupied the country by right of conquest, and governed it by their king: and in the midst of all these heterogeneous elements the papal throne was still erect; it was formidable in Italy, and powerful all over Europe.

The Condottieri were not yet extinct, for their existence was forcibly prolonged beyond its natural term, and they were then the last monument of barbarism and the dark ages. They were still necessary, in order that the princes might have the means of suppressing by violence the too grasping ambition of any one of their number who might rise for a time above his sphere; for all of them most ardently desired supremacy, and personal aggrandisement, in whatever manner it could be obtained, was then the soul of Italian politics. A sudden death, or the unexpected triumph of a faction, sufficed to alter in a moment the aspect of affairs; and this insecurity of tenure obliged them constantly to hold their defensive resources in readiness, whilst their insatiable thirst for power and dominion ever tempted them to make use of the weapons which they thus possessed for the purpose of raising themselves still higher. Prompt and active treachery, as well as crafty intrigue and chicane, was, consequently, requisite for the preservation of the equilibrium; and thus the unscrupulous, mercenary, and nomadic Condottieri acquired a degree of influence and importance which rendered them most valuable as secret agents or avowed allies. The petty sovereigns of Italy might, for instance, at one time be forced either to strike a bargain with these lawless bands, or to join in the conspiracies of Florence; at another, the alternative might lie between making use of them, and forming a league with some one of the turbulent nobles of Genoa, or perhaps becoming an accomplice in the crimes of a Borgia. The chronicles of this period of Italian history teem with iniquities, and they were, for the most part, perpetrated through them. This same Borgia, on one occasion, caused no less than four princes to be put to death together at Sinigaglia; but

he was shortly afterwards deprived of his throne, merely on account of his being confined to bed by sickness, and being thus unable for a time to direct his intrigues. Baglioni lost his life when travelling to Rome with a written pledge of safe-conduct from Leo X.; three popes died of poison; many of the princes owed their elevation to crime alone; and the empire of violence and murder was incorporated in the general order of events. Thus, when the corpse of the Duke of Candia was thrown into the Tiber, as represented in Lord Byron's "*Lara*," a spectator declared to the authorities of Rome that he had seen hundreds of dead bodies consigned to the river at the same spot without any questions having been asked on the subject, and that he therefore regarded the circumstance as being altogether unimportant. Assassination, indeed, was then considered to be a species of duel: the Duke of Urbino stabbed the cardinal of Pavia in the open streets of Ravenna in broad daylight; and even the Cardinal d'Este, the patron of Ariosto, waylaid the natural son of the deceased duke when hunting, and deprived him of his sight, merely because a fair lady had said that she preferred the fine eyes of the unfortunate youth to those of the savage dignitary of the church. The fiery spirit of the Italians still existed, but it was untempered by the chivalrous sense of honour which belonged to the feudal age, or by the civic honesty which distinguished the republics during the epoch when the municipal principle predominated.

When Italy was in this state of internal disorder and demoralisation, she suffered a foreign invasion. Ludovico il Moro, having determined to speculate on the ambition of France, offered Naples to Charles VIII., in the hope that he might himself obtain possession of the Duchy of Milan, and thus raise himself above the other princes of the Peninsula. Charles crossed the Alps; his march was one continued triumph; he was received at Chieri with pomp and rejoicing; Pisa invoked his aid against the tyranny of Florence; the Medicis gave up to him several of the Tuscan fortresses, and presented him with 20,000 florins of gold; and, finally, he was proclaimed the Father of Italy. As soon as he entered Romagna, all the barons rose against Borgia; the Pope begged to be allowed to capitulate, and he gave his son as a hostage. At Naples, the nobles united to invite the intervention of the French; one king died of fear; the next abdicated; and Charles VIII. took possession of the capital, amidst unequivocal demonstrations of attachment and enthusiasm on the part of its inhabitants. These brilliant successes were, however, of short duration. The Italians soon found out their mistake, and they formed a league against the French, who were enabled to make good their retreat only by means of the consummate skill and personal valour of their royal leader. Notwithstanding the favourable termination of these rapid incidents, they had unmasked the weakness of Italy, and Louis XII. renewed the enterprise of his predecessor. He satisfied himself at first with the conquest of Lombardy, without endeavouring to advance further towards the south; and he then negotiated with Spain, in order to entice her into an unjust and iniquitous compact for the appropriation and division of the kingdom of Naples. The intrigue succeeded, and the Neapolitan dominions became the province of a foreign country. Germany next interfered; and the league of Cambray was formed, by which Venice was threatened with the same fate as Milan and Naples. The Italian princes here again displayed the

old leaven, for Rome and Ferrara joined the three foreign powers against the Republic. The army of Venice was defeated, her continental territory was occupied, and her existence as an independent state was saved with the greatest difficulty, and solely through her able diplomacy. The rivalry of Charles V. and Francis I. produced further changes in Italy; and several of the smaller republics disappeared. The Italian princes were then obliged to manœuvre between the two great potentates; Naples and Milan eventually remained as Spanish provinces, and the predominance of foreign influence was thus definitively established.

This was a new phasis in the existence of Italy, and her subjection to Transalpine powers formed the fourth great era in her history. After the fall of the Roman empire, the whole country had been overrun by the barbarians for 300 years; and the Italians only reassumed an important rank in the scale of nations when they were again under the absolute domination of their sovereigns. This epoch commenced with the reign of Charlemagne, in the year 774, and it also lasted three centuries; for the institutions which were founded by that able monarch were in some measure preserved through the varied administration of his successors, and some of them have descended even to modern times. The feudal system characterised this period, as it was then first applied to Italy; and the lands were divided by him amongst his vassals, who were the ancestors of several of the most powerful families now existing to the south of the Alps. The illustrious Pope Gregory VII. appeared on the political stage in the year 1073, and his vigorous mind rebelled against the tyranny of the empire over the church. He threw off his forced allegiance, restored the ancient sovereignty of the Holy See, and established the municipal principle in Italy. States and cities were soon declared to be independent communities or republics; and a new era began, which continued during 400 years. This example, given by Italy to the world, was destroyed, as I have already briefly related, by the encroachments of foreign powers; and they have contrived, from that time forward, to exercise a paramount control over her destinies and internal condition. These form, therefore, four distinct periods of almost equal duration in the history of the Italians, the progressive action of which on the popular mind has produced the present era of change; for the contrast presented by their past glories, with the abject position which they have lately held, inspired them with the desire to imitate their ancestors by giving to the nation a voice in the government of their country. But they have overshot the mark; because, instead of founding municipal liberty, they have revelled in republican licentiousness.

The invasions of foreign armies had made a deep and powerful impression on the Italians. Their rulers were astounded and terrified by a close contact with such great monarchies; they became painfully alive to a sense of their own insignificance, and one and all of them trembled for the future. At first they seemed to be disposed to deceive themselves as well as their subjects, and to attempt to derive advantage from the alliances which had thus been forced upon them; gradually, however, the true position of the country became evident to all, and the dangers which menaced it were fully understood. The project of ejecting the strangers became the watchword of Italian politics; but the princes had neither confederations among themselves, nor national armies, by which means alone the common purpose might be effected. Two alternatives,

therefore, remained to them: the first, which was proposed by Venice, was to counteract the influence of one foreign nation by that of the other, and to neutralise the preponderance of either by means of their reciprocal jealousy; and the second, which was the scheme of the Pope, consisted in making use of one of the unwelcome occupants for the purpose of driving out and keeping out the other. This latter idea was an obvious fallacy; for neither Francis I. nor Charles V. could ever have been made to serve as a Condottiere; and, even had the result proved successful, the victorious stranger would probably have remained as a master, rather than as a protector or a friend. The Venetian project was, therefore, preferred; and active intrigues were set on foot to keep France and Spain at constant variance with each other, in the vague hope that Italy would thus be less interfered with by either. But the partial subjugation of the Peninsula also produced another effect: it roused the splendid though perverted genius of Macchiavelli. His dormant patriotism was awakened by the presence of the strangers, and their expulsion became his ruling passion, while his transcendental logic derived from it a motive and an aim. He was alarmed by the weakness of the Italian princes, by the helplessness of the republics, and by the military oppression of the turbulent Condottieri. For the first time he contemplated the glorious spectacle of a united people, guided by a king, and protected by a national army; and his vast mind conceived the ambition of raising in Italy a monarchy and a military force like those of France and Spain. He hoped that this novel scheme which he had imagined might be realised by the combined use of cunning and of violence; and his two great works were written in this spirit. "The Prince" was intended to point out to Borgia the means by which he might raise himself to be sovereign of Italy; and "The Art of War" was published for the purpose of exciting military enthusiasm among the people, whom he endeavoured in this manner to stimulate to take up arms against the usurping foreigners. "I contend," he writes, "that the first of our princes who shall adopt the system I propose will undoubtedly reign over Italy. His power will become like that of Philip of Macedon. That king had learnt from Epaminondas how to form and discipline an army; and whilst the remainder of Greece was languishing in inactivity, he became so powerful by means of his military institutions that he was enabled to subjugate the whole of Greece, and to leave to his son the means of conquering the world." But it was not possible to create a powerful monarchy by the force of a mathematical demonstration, or a national army by the point of a dagger; and no other result was obtained than the starting of a new idea, which has since spread and gained strength all over Italy. This then was the origin of that spirit which has slowly and secretly worked on the minds of the Italians for three centuries; and Macchiavelli may be styled the morning star of the past and future political struggles of Italy, as Wycliffe was of religious reform in England.

Italy, at this time, was apparently the rising country of the age. Her poets, her historians, and her artists were unrivalled in Europe. Her dynasties were gifted with perseverance and courage; for the Medicis, the Sforzas, and the Borgias, if not to be admired for their political morality, were at least deserving of the credit due to sagacity and bravery. Her citizens, also, fell little short of her princes, as she then

gave birth to Pescara, who aspired at a throne, and Doria, who restored liberty to a republic. So favourable, indeed, were the auspices under which she existed, that, had Italy been capable of taking up the cause of the Reformation, the tide of events might have turned to her advantage. Talents were not wanting, for she numbered among her sons the Socinii, who might have eclipsed Luther; but instead of striking, as he did, only at the rottenness of the root, they attempted to eradicate even what was sound, and they became the notorious founders of the Free-thinking school of the seventeenth century. Italy did not understand the great religious movement of the North of Europe; and her decline was simultaneous with, and proportionate to, the triumph of the new doctrines over Catholicism, which became, from that time forward, more and more corrupt. Gradually sinking for three hundred years, she reached at length that state of moral and political prostration from which she is only now endeavouring to emerge; and the baneful influence of her benighted priesthood mainly contributed towards the disappointment of those hopes which might have been raised. Religion had degenerated into superstition, and superstition had destroyed morality, without which no nation can advance; for the rites of the Romish church may glut the eye with pomp, and load the brain with dogmas, but they can neither ameliorate the heart nor enlighten the intellect; as no restraint on profligacy, nor check to immorality, can possibly exist, whether in public or private life, where absolution lies within the easy grasp of the ill-disposed and self-indulgent; and no incitement to instruction, nor encouragement to improvement, can ever be created where ignorance has become not only the paramount interest of the clergy, but also their own personal characteristic.

Trade, in the mean time, had attained so great a degree of development in almost all the countries of Europe, that it constituted the ruling principle of the day. It declared war and it made peace; it raised the most industrious nations to wealth and prosperity, and it consequently became the mainspring of politics. After the destruction of feudalism, everything was to be purchased; kings were obliged to pay their soldiers, national debts were contracted, and mercantile influence conferred greatness both on states and on individuals. All old institutions were thus shaken by the continual reactions of commerce; and they were finally overthrown at the end of the eighteenth century, when the social and political aspect of almost every country in the civilised world was totally changed by the French Revolution, which burst forth like a mighty volcano, whose overwhelming torrents of lava swept everything before them. Italy received the sudden impression in the deepest manner; and, as atheism followed in the train of evils, a vital question arose for her, inasmuch as the church of former times, which was now struck to the heart by this blow, soon rallied round its ancient head, whose seat was the centre of the Peninsula. The conflict between truth and impiety was fierce and violent. Christianity was regarded by the innovators as a tradition of the dark ages, which they declared to be abolished and obsolete, like the feudal system. Trade did not fail also in this respect to exercise its all-absorbing influence; for the Scriptures proscribe luxury and vanity, whereas commerce feeds on them and lives by them; and the predominant spirit of the age was thus enrolled under the banners of the enemy. For a time infidelity triumphed. Profane

comparisons were exultingly made between the holy Gospel and the Oriental superstitions and philosophy; the Sadder, the Vedas, and the doctrines of Confucius were preferred to it; the incarnation of our Saviour was blasphemously said to have been imitated from Budha, Krishna, or Samanacodom; the Pope was satirically likened to the Lama; the Bonzes and Brahmins were held up as the prototypes of the Roman Catholic hierarchy; and the Christian religion in general was called a plagiarism from Asia.

The physical sciences also engaged in the sacrilegious warfare. The cosmogony of Moses was attacked by the geologists, who attempted to prove that the earth was many thousand years older than it is stated to be in the Book of Genesis; comparative statistics were brought forward to refute the rapid propagation of mankind as related in the Old Testament; whilst the synchronism of Chinese, Indian, and Egyptian history, was quoted for the purpose of invalidating the received chronology. Not only the authenticity, but also the morality of Christianity was questioned; and, unfortunately, the chronicles of Popery furnished many weak points, which were accordingly exposed with the greatest and most taunting virulence. Thus it was keenly argued that the Pagans had never felt the horrors of a religious war or persecution, and that the Heathens had no Inquisition. In short, talent and ingenuity were brought into play in every possible manner for the ruin of the Church; and Voltaire, Saint Evremont, Maillet, Boyle, Bolingbroke, Swift, and many other writers of undoubted genius and great literary fame, became the champions of this polemic; but a reaction was soon produced to re-establish the supremacy of Christ over Socrates, which had been impiously denied. Thrones as well as altars were soon restored when the storm had blown over. Napoleon Bonaparte had fallen, and Italy tamely submitted to her princes, who returned with the support of foreign bayonets. The influence of Austria then rose on the ruins of the French preponderance in the Peninsula; and the era of Trans-Alpine predominance, which had commenced in the sixteenth century, was still continued. During the thirty-two years which followed the re-organisation of Europe by the Congress of Vienna in 1815, the spirit which had been awakened by Macchiavelli, and which had never ceased to ferment in Italy, acquired so high a degree of development, that it at length produced the recent political phenomena which have so greatly astonished and alarmed the more sober-minded of the statesmen of Europe. The ardent impatience of control, and the insubordinate opposition to legitimate authority, which invested themselves with the specious titles of the desire of national independence and the vindication of political rights, were chiefly fostered by the Carbonari, whose rise dated, however, from a much more remote period, and who had latterly increased in number most rapidly. In order that the political movements in Italy may be traced through the different phases of their preparation, it will be necessary briefly to sketch the history of these celebrated conspirators, in so far as it can be known—for much obscurity must naturally exist where secrecy and mystery were so assiduously studied.

CHAPTER II.

CONSPIRACIES OF THE CARBONARI.

POLITICAL opinions in Italy had long been divided between two distinct and opposite elements, which constantly militated against each other. These were the Guelphic and the Ghibelline factions. They represented Italy and the Pope on one side, and Germany and the Emperor on the other. The Guelphs were so called from Guelfo, of the great family of D'Este, who was made Duke of Bavaria by the Emperor-Elect, Arrigo IV., King of Germany and Italy, in the year 1069; and the Ghibellines derived their origin from Corrado, Duke of Franconia, who succeeded to the throne of Italy on the extinction of the Saxon dynasty in the year 1039, their name being taken from his German castle of Weibilingen. The Austrian claims on Italy were in virtue of the descent of their emperors from this house; and the Ghibelline party was, therefore, that of foreign influence. The Guelphs, although they had first been raised to power by the Ghibellines, soon became their antagonists, for they espoused the Italian cause when Pope Alexander II. arraigned the Emperor Arrigo before his pontifical tribunal, to answer for the simony of the German prelates, and other crimes against the Church. Thus commenced the great contest, which has continued through succeeding ages to the present day, between the popes and the emperors, between Rome and Caesar; and the two powerful sects kept up the struggle with unremitting virulence, the one being styled the Guelphic or Italian, and the other the Ghibelline or German party. Produced by the long-sustained combat of these two political interests, a third element was at length called into existence in Italy, and, gradually detaching itself from either, it finally attained a degree of vigour and extent which threatened to annihilate both. The third was the popular element, or the element of progress.

This plant, of rapid and luxuriant growth, was first eagerly cultivated by the Supreme Pontiffs, but it was afterwards treacherously blighted by them. The prime minister of the just and humble religion of God made man—the great tribune of the people, raised by election and for his virtues to the first of earthly thrones at that time, the sovereign head of the universal church of the day—became an obstacle to the improvement and perfection of mankind. In this the see of Rome did but imitate its apostolic founder, who abandoned his Master in the hour of need and trial. St. Peter denied Christ numbered with the malefactors; and the pastor monarch betrayed his flock and subjects when they were struggling against internal oppression and external invasion.

But the principle of resistance only gained fresh elasticity by the attempt to crush it; and, deriving a new character from the opposition of the holy see, it burst forth in another garb when the monk Luther doffed the cowl, and preached the supremacy of the word of God over the pretended infallibility of corrupt priesthood.

In the north of Europe it soon triumphed, but it had to struggle three centuries in Italy before it assumed a formidable and menacing attitude. It appeared at length, however, even to the south of the Alps. Proteus-like, it had assumed another image, having become in-

carnate in the military and plebeian reformer Napoleon Bonaparte; and the great Corsican soldier of fortune led the popular element from victory to victory, until he seated it on the throne, and bound its brows with the iron crown of Monza. A total defeat rapidly followed this signal triumph; and it was as suddenly precipitated from the pinnacle of political greatness, as it had been unexpectedly raised to it. Like the vanquished giants in the ancient Sicilian mythology, the popular element in Italy then buried itself in the bowels of the earth, where alone it existed in the secret meetings of the Carbonari, and where it degenerated to a fanatical and insatiable spirit of change.

Carbonarism was a religious and political institution, imported from Egypt into Europe, which outlived successive generations and centuries under many different forms. It contributed powerfully towards the propagation of Christianity, as long as her dogmas and tenets promoted civilisation; and when the dark ages of blinded bigotry obscured her saving light, it laboured for the Reformation, by endeavouring to restore the Church of Christ to her primitive purity. Met in subterraneous crypts and catacombs, the Carbonari swore fraternity and vowed fidelity to their cause; and they also indulged in wild dreams of the unity and independence of the Italian peninsula, as well as of the regeneration of the church; their favourite scheme being the formation of an Ausonian republic. Francis I. protected them, and his memory is consequently held by them in the greatest veneration; and at a later period their power sufficed to overthrow the Spanish dynasty at Naples.

An interval of apparent inaction on the part of the Carbonari then ensued, and they did not re-appear on the political stage of Europe until thrones and sceptres were falling on every side under the all-absorbing influence of the French Revolution. Their principles were belied on this occasion, and they served the anti-popular designs of the ambitious and intriguing Caroline, Queen of Naples, for whom they organised in the caves of the Apennines the Calabrian Vendée. They were subsequently treated with great favour by Murat in the Kingdom of Naples, when he cherished hopes of reigning over the whole of Italy. Their *sales* became so powerful and so well constituted that they were frequently applied to for assistance by the government, when the ordinary police failed in arresting criminals and deserters, or obtaining secret political information. Functionaries, both civil and military, became sectaries; and the sales often procured for their members employment under government. The public offices were thus full of Carbonari; and the army was likewise, in a great measure, incorporated in their sect, as officers and soldiers joined it in considerable numbers. To so wide an extent did the affiliation of the latter reach, that their barracks were transformed into sales, and their time was taken up with political debates. This was ruinous to subordination, and subversive of all discipline, not only because an army ought never to be interested in politics, but also on account of the hierarchy of the Carbonari; for the colonel of a regiment might thus find himself obliged by his oath to obey the orders of any one of his own corporals who chanced to have risen more rapidly in the sale. This was the epoch, however, when the Carbonari were most formidable in Italy—that is, from the year 1811 to 1814; but an insurrection, which they then fomented in the Abruzzi, deprived them of the protection of King Joachim Murat, who thenceforward persecuted

them. Their scheme for the unity and independence of Italy was nevertheless, at one period when they enjoyed his favour, on the point of being realised.

The daring, ambitious, and vacillating character of Joachim—the instability of the French government, not yet consolidated by time—and the constant exposure of Bonaparte's life, which was the only guarantee for the obedience of the army, for the respect of the population, and for the fears of other nations, induced some of the Carbonari to make an attempt to provide for a possible contingency which might ruin France, and to save Italy from being involved in the general catastrophe which would probably ensue. They insisted that a united kingdom offered the only chance of security for the Italian states, and that the incompatibility and reciprocal aversion of the inhabitants of the different provinces were not then likely to raise any obstacle to the happy result of the project, as the whole peninsula was subject at that time to similar laws, to the same system of financial administration, and to an equally military form of government. From the Alps to Etna the same desires prevailed, and similar welfare was enjoyed: these being the elements of the life and strength of a united people, the union could, therefore, be regarded as already effected; public interests were in perfect unity everywhere; and nought else was wanting to its completion but a favourable opportunity, and an individual capable of consummating it.

The political aspect of Europe at the time seemed propitious, and the vainglorious and enterprising genius of Murat pointed him out as the man they sought for. When the specious design was disclosed to him by the Carbonari, he received it with open arms; but, being still under the ascendancy of his brother-in-law, Bonaparte, he kept it so profoundly secret that neither his ministers nor his queen were informed of it. He soon showed, however, that he was not equal to the task which he had undertaken. In order to become popular all over Italy, it was necessary that he should govern the kingdom of Naples with moderation and good sense—that he should found useful institutions, patronise the learned of all the different states, and give to his subjects a constitutional charter in accordance with their wants and habits; for hitherto Murat had been known only as a distinguished soldier, and he had not acquired either civic fame or experience as a statesman. At the same time, it was his interest to display fidelity to the Emperor of the French, but without abject submission, and to act with hostility towards the enemies of his benefactor as an ally, but not as a vassal. These were the means by which Joachim might have made himself master of Italy: he neglected them, however, and although he was the King of Naples, he proved himself to be nothing more than a general of Napoleon's army. He tried, nevertheless, to avail himself of the golden opportunity, and he despatched an emissary to Lord William Bentinck, then in Sicily, requesting a passport for a special envoy, whom he desired to send for the purpose of conferring with him secretly on important matters. The English Plenipotentiary replied that he would meet Murat's agent on the small island of Ponza, and he immediately repaired thither himself under pretext of a pleasure excursion. Bentinck was obliged to conceal his movements from Caroline Bourbon, as Joachim was from Caroline Murat, both of whom would have opposed the scheme; thus, two women of the

same name, and each calling herself Queen of the Two Sicilies, although rivals and enemies, were equally interested in preventing the realisation of the long-cherished hopes of the Carbonari, which were eventually foiled by one of the Carolines. Robert Jones, a native of England who had long resided at Naples, was sent by Murat to meet Bentinck at Ponza. He proposed that his master should occupy the whole of the Peninsula as an enemy of Bonaparte, on condition that he should be recognised as King of Italy by the allied sovereigns, and that he should receive pecuniary assistance from England. The British agent at once agreed, and stipulated in addition that 25,000 English soldiers should occupy Italy under the orders of Murat. The latter, however, had reflected much in the mean time, and was in a state of anxious doubt and hesitation with regard to his own conduct: at one time he considered himself to be a traitor, and feared the vengeance of his offended brother-in-law; and at another, the diadem of Italy made him forget everything but his future glory. He had received, also, letters of kind and affectionate interest from Napoleon, who knew nothing of the plot, as well as from Marshal Ney and the minister Fouché; they complained of his protracted absence from the army, and wrote that his beloved cavalry was impatient for his appearance on the Elbe; and Fouché intimated that a peace would probably soon be concluded at Dresden, and that, if Murat were not present, his interests might be excluded.

His queen, having at length perceived the state of anxiety and irresolution in which he was plunged, used every endeavour to discover its cause, and she finally succeeded in inducing him to confide it to her. Caroline saw that there was not a moment to be lost; she was deeply attached to her brother Napoleon, and she was gifted with a more lively sense of honour and duty than her husband. She determined to save him from the shame and disgrace of betraying his benefactor. She said nothing however on the merits of the scheme, for she knew that Joachim's obstinate and irritable temper would become violent by contradiction; but she strongly urged him to repair to the French camp on the Elbe with all possible speed, in order to look after his interests there, while she, as regent in his absence, would take the necessary steps on the return of Jones from Ponza. The king consented, and left Naples on the next day. The ratification of the treaty by England was brought in due time to Lord William Bentinck, but he had already learnt the departure of Murat, and he broke off all communication with Naples in consequence. The *beau sabreur* gathered new laurels in Germany, but they did not bind his crown more firmly on his brows. The scheme of the Carbonari failed; Murat lost his throne; and the servitude of Italy was again sealed.

In Germany, under the title of the Tugend Bund, or Bond of Virtue, the sect of the Carbonari was equally a renegade to its former doctrines; and, being protected by the King of Prussia, it undermined there, as in Italy, the popular throne of Napoleon in the name of popular liberty. When that throne fell, their apostasy was repaid, all over Europe, by exile, by dungeons, and by the scaffold. This disastrous experience opened their eyes to the wily policy of sovereigns, which was so often brought into play when they felt that they were struggling for their existence as such; and it not only furnished a lesson for the future, but it inspired also an implacable desire for revenge. Their secret meetings became more active than ever,

their ardent aspirations were again true to the cause of the people and of liberty, and they soon became sufficiently formidable to alarm both the papal and the imperial faction. Rome and Cæsar, forgetting their ancient Guelphic and Ghibelline rivalry in the common danger, formed an alliance against the Carbonari. The altar excommunicated, while the throne decimated them; but the popular hydra still lived to strike terror into the breasts of kings. The numbers of these fanatical conspirators were rapidly increasing; and as one of the principal conditions enforced was, that every Carbonaro should have at all times in his possession a musket and bayonet with twenty rounds of ball cartridge, they attained a degree of physical as well as moral strength which was by no means inconsiderable. On one occasion in the year 1821, at a general review of the Carbonari then at Paris, when they all received orders to pass through the Palais Royal, wearing a peculiar hat-band in order that they might be recognised by their chiefs, no less than 40,000 of them were counted.

Some of the expressions used by the Carbonari originated in their first condition; for the political plotters of the time disguised themselves as makers and sellers of charcoal, and from this circumstance the sect derived its name. They held their meetings in the woods, under the pretext of uniting periodically for the purpose of selling their produce; and the conventicles of the Carbonari were thus called *sales*. They addressed each other by the title of "good cousins," and they extended this appellation even to the Almighty and to our Saviour, who, they impiously asserted, were also Carbonari.

In their professed theories there were strange contradictions to their practice. For instance, they advocated equality and liberty as the only true bases of good government, and yet their own society was constituted on principles of the most absolute supremacy of the few over the many; discipline among them was so rigorous that its breach was punished by the knife of the assassin; and the nomination of their despotic oligarchy was the more anomalous inasmuch as it was elected by a small minority of their number.

The Carbonari recognised each other by a peculiar mode of pressing the hand,—by the fashion of their hat-bands—by a ribbon, tied in the button-hole, of the three colours of the Ausonian republic, green, red, and yellow—or by a blood-red neckcloth. This latter distinctive mark was only worn however by those who dared to defy the police, or by all at any particular time when some of their brethren had been executed; and it represented not only a sign of mourning for the victims, but also a pledge of vengeance for their blood.

The organisation of the sect was admirable as far as regards secrecy, caution, and mystery. The high sale was hidden, and unknown to all its members, not even excepting the Carbonari of the minor sales. It elected the secretaries who composed it, and appointed the central sales, with which it was in constant communication. No letters or writings of any kind were permitted, and agents were sent from one sale to another, bearing verbal messages or orders. The funds were disposed of, as required, under a system of perfect control by the censors. Fines were inflicted and punishments were awarded, the high sale being even invested with the power of passing sentence of death. Such executions were put in force by means of assassination, and the victims were generally traitors to the

cause, or to the secrecy of the society. Besides the central sales, there were particular sales which received novices when first initiated, and transacted business of minor importance.

The ceremonies observed by the sect at their conventicles had been handed down from the most remote antiquity, and possessed a peculiar character, like those of the Freemasons, which inspired a degree of awe and reverence borrowed from the solemnity of religious rites. They gave to their place of meeting, which was generally a vault or cavern, the form of a truncated triangle; and it was illuminated by three mystical torches, representing the sun, the moon, and a star. The inner angle was called the Orient, and the seat of the Venerable was placed there. This functionary was the president of the assembly, and at Rome, where they had their head-quarters, he bore the additional titles of Grand Master Grand Elect of the Order. The entrance was the Occident, and it was defended during the sittings by two of the superior officers, armed with golden sabres shaped like flames of fire, in imitation of the angels at the gate of Eden. On the right and on the left of the Venerable were two divisions bearing the names of the Meridian and the Septentrion, and the initiated took their places in either according to their rank. They sat in two lines, and at the upper end of each stood an armed officer, entrusted with the preservation of good order; these were styled the first and second scouts. At one extremity of the meridian, and near the throne, stood the rostrum or pulpit, which was adorned with richly embroidered hangings. The seats were all furnished with ample red cloth covers bespangled with flames of gold, and the walls were hung with light blue tapestry and symbolical paintings. The adepts were invested with the robes of the order, which consisted of a blue tunic and a long black toga with a broad belt round the waist, in which an axe and a dagger were placed; and they wore sandals and red turbans like those of the patriarchs. The grand master was distinguished by a tricoloured scarf, as they intended that the flag of the Ausonian republic should be red, green, and yellow; and three emblematic jewels were attached to the scarf, representing a green globe, a golden sun, and a blue triangle, which latter they held to be the image of the Creator.

These singular accoutrements gave to their solemn assembly a mixed character, half warlike and half sacerdotal, which was also kept up in the style of their debates. The business of their meetings was opened by a prayer pronounced from the throne, to which all responded by clapping their hands. It was composed of the following strange and almost profane exclamations:—

“To the glory of our good cousin the Lord of the Universe! We pray to you to protect us in our august labours. And may peace and union, O great God, reign among us!”

The grand master then went through certain forms, which always preceded their discussions. He said,

“Good cousin first scout, what hour is it?”

This officer answered, “Venerable grand elect, the tocsin sounds on all sides and re-echoes even in the depths of our grotto; methinks it is the signal of the great awakening of free men, and it is midnight.”

The grand master rejoined, “Good cousin second scout, at what hour should our mysterious labours commence?”

The second scout replied, "At midnight, venerable grand elect; when the masses of the people, awakened by the good cousin directors, rise against tyranny."

The president then addressed the brothers bearing the flaming swords.

"Good cousins, guardians of our asylum, are you sure that no profane person has entered it, and that all those met at this sale are really Carbonari?"

"Yes, venerable grand elect," answered the guards; "the introducers have done their duty, and there exist neither profane persons nor uninitiated at this sale."

The grand master then exclaimed, "Since all is so well disposed, I invite you, my good cousins, to assist me in opening our nocturnal labours by celebrating with me the septuple advantages. Rise, my good cousins! To the Creator of the universe! To Christ, sent by him on earth to establish philosophy, liberty, and equality! To his apostles and preachers! To Saint Tibaldo, our patron! To Francis I., protector of the order! To the eternal downfall of all tyranny! To the rising of the people, and to endless liberty!"

After this sevenfold doxology, the sale was declared to be open; the members sat down, and the labours commenced by a harangue from the orator. He was thus called to the rostrum by the grand master—

"Star of our nocturnal assembly, good cousin our orator, speak!"

He then commenced a discourse which was merely a formulary calculated to excite the patriotism and revolutionary ardour of the meeting. It began in general with a glowing description of the simplicity of the Saturnian age. It bewailed the first usurpations of power and the first instances of tyranny. It passed in review the different historical phases of the ancient and modern republics, and, coming at length to Italy, it celebrated her past greatness, lamented her present supineness, and anathematised her oppressors. "It was to purge the Italian soil," it concluded, "that our ancestors, the first good cousins, founded the respectable order of Carbonari. Exiled from the face of the earth, and afraid to appear in the light of the sun, Liberty and Equality took refuge in forests and in caves. We have sworn to deliver Ausonia. The time is now at hand; the tocsin sounds, the people rise, and henceforth Ausonia regenerated shall form one united and flourishing family!"

These are authentic details of the principles and ceremonies of this singular society. They would be merely ridiculous, did they not exhibit a revolting display of sacrilegious presumption, and had they not tended to overthrow the wholesome institutions of social order and political authority. The perversion, both spiritual and temporal, of these profane and anarchical conspirators operated in the most baneful manner on the rational and lawful element of progress, and it became in their hands an indiscriminate and unbounded spirit of change.

THE GOLD-FINDERS—A VISION OF CALIFORNIA.

BY J. E. CARPENTER, ESQ.

I.

ONWARD ! onward ! many a legion
 Come with outstretched hands and eyes,
 Onward, to the new-found region
 Where, beneath the open skies,
 Glittering in the open sunshine
 The untold treasure lies !

Gold ! gold ! gold !

Some have left the quiet places
 Where their fathers dwelt for years,
 Turned them from the old home faces,
 Spite of all the burning tears :
 Some left what they once thought riches,
 With a craving to have more :—
 What is there man would not suffer
 To obtain the precious ore ?

Gold ! gold ! gold !

This no scheme for fools to trust in ;
 This, at least, is not a dream,—
 This no air-blown bubble, bursting
 To engulf the living stream !
 Men have sought it—men have brought it—
 Shown it in the open mart—
 Bright, pure flakes of precious metal !
 Man for gold would coin his heart !

Gold ! gold ! gold !

“ Wherefore should we toil and labour
 For the pittance of the day,
 Each no better than his neighbour ? ”
 This the treasure-seekers say :
 “ What is science, what is learning,
 What are all the arts combined ?
 Answer ! hearts and temples burning,—
 Who pays homage to the mind ?
 Look to where men’s eyes are turning ;
 There the golden image find ;
 There, where all men bend the knee,
 There stands their idolatry !

Gold ! gold ! gold ! ”

Gold ! The palsied hand is shaking,
 But to clutch the shining ore ;
 Gold ! The stealthy cheat is taking
 Stealthily his neighbour’s store ;
 Gold ! The accursed thing is making
 Fiends, who brothers were before !

Gold ! gold ! gold !

II.

Gold ! The wished-for goal is nearer ;
 Greedy hands and eager eyes—
 Earth to them has nothing dearer
 Neath the pure and open skies !
 Now they see it brighter, clearer—
 There the precious treasure lies.

Gold ! gold ! gold !

Hunger—Travel—Toil—Starvation—

Each, in turn, have they endured.

Here is wealth to bribe a nation ;

See the countless Gold secured ;

Dig and delve—forget the ration ;

They to toil must be inured.

Gold ! gold ! gold !

Still more Gold ! *then*—the to-morrow !

Hunger's an accursed thing,

Yet no matter, they can borrow,

Or—what is there Gold cannot bring ?

Gold is not allied to sorrow :

See the bright heaps glittering !

Gold ! gold ! gold !

'Tis to-morrow—hands are weary,

Stricken limbs lie useless by ;

All the night-time lone and dreary

No one heeds the piercing cry ;

Not a fellow-creature near, he

Lays him down alone to die !

He who sought, who reaped, the treasure,

Till unto his side he brought

Countless heaps—an untold measure

Of the golden gifts he sought ;

Yet had he one old-world pleasure

Cheaply by that ransom bought !

Gold ! gold ! gold !

By his side the stream is flowing,

Yet his limbs their task refuse ;

He had wander'd thither knowing

None would there his store abuse,

Mark his coming, or his going,

What would he not give to use

Gold ! gold ! gold !

Gold to use,—to pay his neighbour

For his daily meed of toil ;

Honest Gold, *won well*, with labour ;

Not that rich accursed spoil,

That he'd give—now pause to think,

To crawl to that cool stream—and drink !

'Twill soon be over ; fainter lying

'Neath that burning, blighting sun,

Embedded in his riches—dying—

The Treasure-Seeker's task is done.

His languid eyes turn to his treasure ;

A brother pilgrim passes by,—

Gathers the Golden Heap at leisure,

Then—leaves the helpless wretch to die

MADAME DE MAINTENON.*

AN epoch in history so full of interest as that to which Madame de Maintenon imparted at once a charm and a speciality, cannot be taken up in a superficial manner. At every step personages and events arrest the reader by their grandeur or their importance. A biography of Madame de Maintenon is in reality a history of the court of Louis XIV., and it not only presents a spectacle calculated to captivate all minds, but it also records a lesson, in which, by the side of the weaknesses, faults, and errors of the time, it is still easy to perceive moral conditions that existed even amid the licentiousness of society at the period.

The celebrated Françoise d'Aubigné, or D'Aubigny, Marchioness de Maintenon, sprang from an ancient family. One of her ancestors, Geoffroy, Sire d'Aubigné, was in possession of the property of Aubigné, near Saumur; which property conferred the title of Sire, and imparted to its owner the quality of a knight. Savary, a descendant of Geoffroy, held Chinon for the King of England; and Mademoiselle de Marsilly, a cousin of Madame de Maintenon's, married, in second nuptials, Lord Bolingbroke.

Madame de Maintenon's most distinguished ancestor was, however, Theodore Agrippa d'Aubigné, a learned and stalwart Huguenot. This gallant adventurer, grandfather of Françoise, led a life of peril and adventure that has no counterpart in modern times. Ever fighting, with pen or sword, in the cause of Protestantism, he escaped manifold times from prison and the faggot, as he also did the Massacre of St. Bartholomew; and he was one of the staunchest partisans of Henri IV., till that king abjured his faith—an apostasy which mightily enraged the brave and plain-spoken old soldier. Upon this occasion he repaired at once to the king, who was at the time in the apartment of Gabrielle d'Estrées, where he remained closeted for more than two hours. During the conversation, Henry showed to him his lip, which had been wounded in Jean Châtel's attempt upon his life (1594). D'Aubigné thereupon made a remark, which became current all over France: "Sire, as yet you have only renounced God with your lips, and he has satisfied himself by wounding them; but if at any time you renounce him in heart, it is there he will wound you."

Constant d'Aubigné was the eldest son of this worthy; and Agrippa, a poet and autobiographer, as well as an experienced commander and able counsellor, has recorded of this Constant, that he was not only an exceedingly bad character, given up to all kinds of vicious practices, but that he also lived in open rebellion against his own parent, having raised the standard of revolt at Maillezais and Doignon, to the command of which he had been appointed by Agrippa. Driven thence, this most unworthy son of the staunch old Huguenot took refuge in England, where his father's reputation obtained for him an appointment in the expedition for the relief of Rochelle; but he got away to

* *Histoire de Madame de Maintenon et des Principaux Evénements du Règne de Louis XIV.* Par M. le Duc de Noailles.

Paris, and revealed the secret. His father, indignant at such perfidious conduct, disinherited him, and laid him under his malediction. Constant then declared himself a Roman Catholic, and obtained in return the title of squire to the king, the situation of gentleman of the chamber, and the Barony of Surineau. He also married, the 27th of December, 1627, Mademoiselle de Cardillac, at Bordeaux. But his temporary prosperity did not preserve him from his old course of conduct. Having exhausted his means, he opened negotiations with the English, in the hope of getting off to Carolina; but this treachery having been discovered, he was imprisoned in the celebrated Château-Trompette of Bordeaux, from whence he was, by his wife's influence, transferred to Niort, and in the prison of which, Françoise d'Aubigné, afterwards Madame de Maintenon, was born, on the 27th of November, 1635.

The little Françoise lived for a time with Madame de Villette, Constant d'Aubigné's sister; but on her father's liberation she went with the other members of the family to Martinique, whence she again returned after her father's death. Madame d'Aubigné is said to have attended most strictly to the education of Françoise. Although she supported her reverses of fortune with courage, as she had borne her husband's vices with resignation, still misfortune had had the effect of making her serious and somewhat severe.

Françoise thus acquired early in life those habits of self-reliance and firmness which were of so much use to her in her subsequent career. It is related of her that when, at the prison of Niort, the gaoler's daughter taunted her with being too poor to have such toys as she had, "True," replied Françoise, "but I am a young lady, and you are not." Françoise was also much attached to her aunt, Madame de Villette; and when attempts were afterwards made to induce her to abjure Calvinism, she said, "I will believe anything that is wished, so long as they do not attempt to make me believe that my Aunt de Villette will be damned."

Madame de Villette had in fact brought up the little Françoise strictly in the faith for which her grandfather had so nobly fought; but government began now to labour diligently in conversions, and Madame de Neuillant, a zealous Romanist, and a relative of Madame d'Aubigné, obtained an order to remove her from the care of Madame de Villette. This lady did everything in her power to convert the little Françoise, but the child was firm in the matter of faith. At first mildness was tried, but that failing, it was attempted to conquer her by humiliations and hardships. She was placed among the servants, and menial services were given to her to perform. "I commanded in the yard," she has since recorded, "and it was there my reign commenced." She was sent every morning with a straw hat upon her head, a long pole in her hand, and a little basket on her arm, to take charge of the turkeys, with express injunctions not to help herself from the basket until she had learned by heart five stanzas of Pibrac's.

After this she went for a time to the convent of Ursulines at Niort, but Madame de Neuillant, who was avarice itself, having refused to pay for her pension, she was sent back to her mother, who obtained means to place her in the convent of Ursulines, Rue Saint Jacques, at Paris, where she was ultimately induced to renounce her faith. In her *Letters to the Demoiselles de St. Cyr*, there is a lively account of what she had to undergo during

their religious combats : how she turned her back upon the altar, whenever led there; how she could not be brought to worship the host ; and how the nuns fled from her or made faces at her, as if at some heretical beast.

The whole world of Paris was surprised one day by the marriage of Mademoiselle d'Aubigné, seventeen years of age, young, innocent, and beautiful, with the paralytic and palsied poet and buffoon Scarron ! This extraordinary alliance was effected in the month of June, 1652. The Duke de Noailles attaches no importance to the tradition which traces the afflictions of the comic poet and satirist to his having been obliged to hide himself up to the waist in water ; but whatever may have been the cause of these afflictions, the duke is at no pains to detract from those hideous portraiture which this extraordinary personage, ever ridiculing even his own imperfections, drew off himself. It is certain, however, that at the time when the salons of the Hotel Rambouillet were first opened to literary men, Scarron was the first literary man who received ladies and courtiers at his own house.* It does not appear that the ladies and courtiers in question, with the exception of Mademoiselle d'Hauteafort,—

Madame sainte Hauteafort
Qu'on estime partout si fort,

were of the most unblemished reputation. The Duke de Noailles says, "They were not numerous—for it required a modesty that had been enhardened by habit to frequent such society—but several respectable ladies went there at times," and Scarron caused himself to be carried to the salons of the Duchess de Lesguieres, the Duchess d'Aiguillon, and elsewhere. Madame de Sevigné, even, visited him once. Mademoiselle d'Hauteafort having spoken to the queen concerning Scarron, she expressed her wish to see him. The interview was characterised by the peculiar humour of the man. He asked the queen's permission to serve her in the quality of her patient ! The queen smiled, and Scarron taking the smile for a brevet, immediately solicited in his new situation a lodging in the Louvre. It was, he said, an excellent opportunity for her Majesty to found a hospital at a very small expense, since he had in himself all the disorders belonging to a whole asylum. He ultimately obtained, through the exertions of Mademoiselle d'Hauteafort, a pension of 500 crowns, and an ecclesiastical benefice from the Bishop of Mans—a prelate who was sufficiently enlightened to appreciate Scarron's wit and originality, and yet whose sentiments were of a sufficiently latitudinarian character not to be alarmed at the idea of such a canon in his chapter.

It appears that Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was first introduced to the decrepid satirist by Madame de Neuillant, who, although so zealous a Catholic, appears to have frequented the poet's company; and that she was much struck by his intelligence. In a letter written shortly afterwards to Mademoiselle de Saint Hermant, she begs her friend to excuse only half a letter : "you shall have the remainder," she adds, "when I have as much wit as M. Scarron." This letter was shown to the poet, who must have found himself much flattered, and who wrote on the occasion to Mademoiselle d'Aubigné : "Mademoiselle, I never had an idea

* *Vie de Scarron*, par M. Guizot. *Vies des Poètes Français du Siècle de Louis XIV.* Paris, 1813.

that the little girl whom I saw enter my apartment about six months ago with a short dress, and who began to weep, I cannot tell why, was in reality as clever as her countenance bespoke her."

That Scarron should have fallen in love with a clever pretty girl of sixteen years of age, can be readily understood. His audacity in proposing for her is less easily explained, except by the poverty of the family, and the coarse anxiety of Madame de Neuillant to get rid of her charge. Scarron himself said of the proceeding, that "it was a very great poetical license." And when Mademoiselle d'Aubigné was asked how she could consent to such a marriage, she replied, "I preferred marrying him to a convent."*

When the marriage-contract was drawn up, Scarron said that he acknowledged to the bride the possession of four louis income, two large mutinous eyes, a body nicely stayed up, a pair of beautiful hands, and a great deal of intelligence. The notary asked him what dowry he would grant her. "Immortality," he answered; "the names of the wives of kings die with them: that of the wife of Scarron will live for ever." Mademoiselle de Pons lent the future Marchioness de Maintenon her wedding apparel.

It can be readily imagined what must have been this intelligent and beautiful young girl's feelings when entering upon such an alliance. The paralytic poet had said, thinking of the often cynical buffoonery of his life and conversation, "I will not do anything foolish to her, but I will teach her many follies." Quite the reverse, however, took place. "Before three years had elapsed," Segrais tells us, "she had corrected him of many of his faults and vices."† Madame Scarron appears, indeed, to have devoted her whole energies to doing away with whatever evil repute might have accrued to her from the bad name of her husband. Madame de Caylus asserts that her conduct was so strict, and her discipline so severe, that no one who frequented the house dared to use a word with a double meaning in her presence; and that it became a saying, that if it was a question of taking a liberty before the queen or before Madame Scarron, no one would hesitate as to the alternative.‡

But while Madame Scarron laboured to give a new tone to her husband's habits, and to improve his society, amiability was not sacrificed to decency. Every one was kindly received; persons of more respectable character than heretofore frequented the house; and she herself was kind and attentive as a wife, and still more attentive as a pupil. Under the tutorship of her gifted although afflicted husband, she learnt the Spanish, Italian, and Latin languages; she became an adept in criticism, and acquired an infinite fund of various information. She had more particularly acquired great powers of conversation. It was of this epoch in her life that the story is current, that a servant came to her one day and whispered—"Madame, one more story: the roast is wanting to day."

The roast must, indeed, have been often wanting; for we have seen what Scarron's dowry was, and Madame Scarron had to go through the rough apprenticeship of positive want. The most curious thing of all is, that in the midst of the direst poverty, the poet persevered in grati-

* *Memoir de Tallemant des Réaux*, article Scarron. † *Segraisiana*, p. 59.

‡ *Souvenirs de Madame de Caylus*.

ying all his inclinations—his love of good company and good cheer, and even his love of the fine arts. It is not without surprise that we read in Poussin's letters, that he was, at or about this time, engaged at Rome upon two pictures which had been bespoken by Scarron; one of which was to be a Bacchic subject.* Yet Scarron had at this very epoch lost even his pension as prebendary of Mans, which had been conferred on Gerault, valet and factotum of Menage. Who will say that old institutions do not sometimes require cleansing?

"Unfortunately," remarks M. de Noailles, "for Madame de Maintenon, it is only after she had attained a certain age that her elevation made her the cynosure of all eyes. We only know her after she had passed her meridian; we never present her to our minds but in her dress of Quaker-like simplicity, her hood; serious and devout, ruling over a court become as serious as herself; and bearing, with the weight of years, the weight of her *ennui* and that of the king. The most familiar of her portraits, that in which she was represented by Mignard as the Roman Saint Françoise, when she was sixty years of age, has a noble but at the same time a sorrowful expression, which assist in fixing her upon the imagination in that particular aspect. Some of her early letters, and the memoirs of a few of her contemporaries, give us some idea of what she was when young. Charming in her person—full of grace, intelligence and liveliness, as well as of wisdom, reserve and judgment—she had an oval face, chestnut hair; very fair, almost pale, complexion, black eyebrows and long eyelashes; eyes brown, almost black, almond-shaped, at once sparkling yet mild; regular and delicate features, a graceful and intelligent expression, and a manner which gave distinction to her whole being. It is thus that she appears in the portrait on enamel, of Petitot, preserved in the Louvre, and in the picture which Scarron had painted of her by Mignard, at about the same period—that is, about 1659, and when Madame Scarron was about twenty-four years of age."

So charming a person could not fail to be generally liked; and, as she herself avows in her letters, she aspired to nothing less. Her most intimate friends were ladies of the highest respectability—Madame de Montchevreuil and Madame Fouquet; to the latter of whom she was often indeed indebted for being able to get through her embarrassments at home, little dreaming that one day she herself would be the protectress of these great ladies. The Duke of Noailles devotes many a long page to attest to Madame Scarron's correct conduct as a wife. The main facts to the contrary that have been adduced were her intimacy with the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, and the love which Villarceaux, Ninon's great favourite, acknowledgedly bore for her. But against these most inconclusive data the historian brings the testimony of Sorbière; of M. Méré, formerly a preceptor and admirer of Mademoiselle d'Aubigné; of Tallemant de Réaux, the great chronicler of all the intrigues of the day; and of Ninon de l'Enclos herself. The eccentric Queen Christina of Sweden, when visiting Scarron, is related to have said—"I permit you to be in love with me: the queen has made you her patient; I make you my Roland." But when she saw Madame Scarron she said—"It

* *Lettres de Nicolas Poussin*, édition de 1824. *Lettres du 7 Fevrier*, 1649, et du 29 Mai, 1650.

would require more than a Queen of Sweden to make a man faithless to such a wife." And she added to Scarron himself, that she was no longer surprised that, with the most amiable wife in Paris, he should be, with all his afflictions, the happiest man in the capital.

At the time when Louis XIV. made his brilliant entry into Paris (1660) in company with the young infanta of Spain, whom he had just wedded, Madame Scarron—Stratonia, as she was called by Somaize in that dictionary of *Précieuses* which earned for itself the castigation of Molière—hid in the crowd, admired the young monarch to whom all eyes were directed; and wrote to Madame de Villarceaux, "that the queen ought to be much pleased with the husband of her choice." Scarron himself was at this time on his death-bed. He had had a violent fit of spasms, from which it was thought by those present that he would scarcely recover. "If I only get over this," he said, "won't I write a good satire on hiccough?" And a few moments before dying, seeing that those who were with him were weeping, he observed, "Ah! I shall never make you weep so much as I have made you laugh." He said to his wife, "I leave you without wealth; virtue confers none: nevertheless do you be virtuous." He died in October, 1660. The king had entered Paris in August of the same year. For the rest of that century Scarron's name was scarcely ever mentioned. No one ventured to recall his mere existence, before the destiny which raised Madame de Maintenon to so great a height. Without knowing it, the world obeyed the epitaph which the poet wrote himself.

Passants, ne faites pas de bruit,
De crainte que je ne m'éveille,
Car voila la première nuit
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille.

At the death of her husband, Madame Scarron withdrew to the Convent of Hospitalières, where the Maréchale d'Aumont, her relative, placed a room at her disposal; but a year afterwards Mazarin dying, the queen-mother was induced to grant her a small pension to live upon, when she took up her residence at her old abode, the Convent of Ursulines in the Rue Saint Jacques. Here she received the best society: Madame de Sévigné, Madame de Coulanges, and Madame Lafayette, were her bosom friends; and the Hotels d'Albret and Richelieu were the houses which she chiefly frequented during the first ten years of her widowhood. Saint Simon relates that "Madame Scarron, a widow in great distress, but young, beautiful, and gallant, was introduced by her friends at the Hotel d'Albret, where she especially delighted the marshal, and all who frequented the house, by her grace, her talent, her mild and respectful manners, and her anxiety to please every one." "She is beautiful," he adds, "and still more, agreeable, with an amiable turn of mind, and to the highest degree amusing." They kept up at the Hotel d'Albret the olden traditions of the Hotel Rambouillet: lectures, readings, reciting verses, and *jeux d'esprit* were the order of the day. Madame Scarron distinguished herself in all. Here she made the acquaintance of the Duchess of Richelieu, of Madame de Montespan, and of Mademoiselle de Pons, afterwards Madame d'Hendicourt; and in after life she never forgot the cradle of her fortunes, and her friends of the Hotel d'Albret.

Madame de Caylus, in her "Souvenirs," numbers among Madame

Scarron's admirers at this period, M. de Barillon, afterwards ambassador to the court of Great Britain, the Cardinal d'Estrée, and M. de Guilleragues; but, as with the libertine Villarceaux, the same authority assures us they were all exceedingly ill-treated as lovers, although highly-esteemed as friends:

Vanity, the ambition to please, and love of distinction, formed the basis of Madame de Maintenon's character. In after life she used to laugh at the foolish excesses to which these leading traits in her disposition sometimes led her. On one occasion she attended upon a person whom she scarcely knew, and who had the small-pox, in order, as she herself avowed, that she might do something that no one else would do. Another time she took a dose of emetic tartar, at that time a new remedy, and looked upon by a large portion of the profession as a poison; and she then went out to relate the circumstance, so that it might be said, "Look at that pretty woman: she has more courage than a man." The importance which she attached to general respect, cost her sometimes sharp feelings of disappointment.

Having gone to Val de Grace to thank the queen for the pension which had been granted her, she relates to the demoiselles de St. Cyr, whom she was so anxious to instruct by her example, "A lady present, instead of extolling the goodness of the queen as the others did, said, 'If the queen gives this pension to the finest eyes and the most coquettish person in France, she could not choose better.' I heard this, and felt myself outraged. The praise bestowed on my eyes did not enable me to digest the rest. 'Is this,' I said to myself, 'all that I have got by the trouble which I have taken to obtain a reputation without a stain?' The observation appeared to me to be of so humiliating a character, that I could not get over it. Nevertheless, the same person having sought my assistance in after times, I gladly seized the opportunity of rendering her a service. I wished to show her that I knew how to forgive, not out of virtue, but out of pride, so that I might accomplish a great action, and at the same time humiliate the pride of the lady, by forcing upon her a sense of gratitude."

Such confessions leave it doubtful if the piety of Madame de Maintenon was not as much assumed as was her prudery; and the very expiation of her facile morality made in her communications to the demoiselles de St. Cyr, bear the same taint of a frivolous and garrulous vanity which was carried into every action in earlier life. This can be said of Madame de Maintenon, without in any way implying that the more grave accusations brought against her, and more especially during the early period of her widowhood by the Duke de Saint Simon, had any foundation in truth. Such accusations are entirely inconsistent with her character, her mode of life, and the system which she had laid down to herself to act upon, and which ultimately led her to the height of power. It is further to be remarked in favour of Madame de Maintenon, that, with all these faults of character, her sympathy for all that was tasteful, clever, and good, her love of the society of the intelligent and the learned, was always prominent. When after the death of the queen-mother she was once more reduced to misery by the loss of her pension, she refused overtures of marriage from a rich nobleman, but who was at the same time an old *roué*. When rebuked for so doing, she said: "M. Scarron, without fortune, without resources,

drew the best society to our house: this man would have driven every one away. M. Scarron had that gaiety of heart, and that buoyancy of spirits, that attached every one to him: this one is neither lively nor solid; when he speaks he is simply ridiculous."

Madame de Maintenon had resolved, under her new difficulties, to accept an offer which was made to her to accompany the Princess of Nemours, who was going to wed the King of Portugal; but, like a true Parisian, she did not like being banished from her favourite society, and she made a last effort to remain, by getting Mademoiselle de Martigny to present her to Madame de Montespan. At the time we are now speaking of, Madame de la Vallière was the king's favourite, and ever since the queen-mother's death had stood publicly in that situation. But La Vallière wanted Madame de Montespan's wit to amuse the king, and she kept that brilliant young personage near her till the king began to look at her with an expression in which the more experienced courtiers read her future elevation.

When Madame de Maintenon and Madame de Montespan met, "The protectress and the protected," exclaims M. de Nonilles, "stood in the presence of one another. Oh mortals ignorant of their destiny!—these two women for the first time brought face to face, in that very palace where each was destined to rule in her turn. At this moment, when so obliging to one another, had they no presentiment of their inimical fortune, and of all that they should one day suffer by one another?"

The interview was followed by success. Her pension was restored to her, and she wrote to Madame de Chanteloup: "I shall not go to Portugal, madame; that is a thing decided." When Madame Scarron went to thank Madame de Montespan, she was admitted to the king's presence, who said to her: "Madame, I made you wait for a long time, but I was jealous of your friends, and I wished to monopolise the merit of serving you myself."

It was, strange to say, at this moment or shortly after it, and when fortune once more smiled upon her, that Madame Scarron became wearied of her perpetual efforts to please, and resolved to reform herself. To effect this, she associated with herself a director, who was called the Abbé Gobelin, formerly a captain of cavalry, but who had become a priest and doctor of Sorbonne. This man was of that circumscribed, bigoted turn of mind which she was in search of. To cure her of the passion of pleasing, he at once attacked her dress and her conversational powers, and insisted upon her being both badly dressed and stupid when in company. Even when she had clothed herself in the most simple attire, he was not satisfied, and continued to rebuke her.

"But," she ventured to reply, "I wear nothing but the most common stuffs."

"I do not know," he answered; "but when you go down upon your knees, I see fall with you, my most honoured lady, a great quantity of stuffs at my feet, which I find have an effect that is not desirable."

The Abbé Testu having ventured to remonstrate with her, and tax her with a sudden conversion out of spite, she repudiated the charge, and offered to send her confessor to convert the abbé, whom she accused of worldly feelings, at the same time that she admitted that too much devotion

made her yawn, and that she must some day return to more agreeable society.

In the mean time, Madame de Montespan had succeeded to Madame la Vallière in the favours of the king. A girl, the offspring of this connexion, had been born in 1669, and in 1670 a son, afterwards the Duc de Maine. Madame Scarron was invited to take charge of these children, but under great secrecy; nor was it even said that they were the children of the king. Madame Scarron, however, refused to undertake the charge without an express order from the king himself; and her wishes upon this point were acceded to. The children were put out to nurse, and Madame Scarron was to visit them clandestinely—frequenting at the same time her customary society, so that nothing might be suspected.

"I often," she relates herself, "went by night disguised, and carrying linen or food under my arm from one house to the other; and sometimes I passed the whole night in a little house outside of Paris, when the children were ill. I returned in the morning by a back door, and after having dressed myself, I got into a carriage at the front door, and repaired to the Hotel d'Albret or Richelieu, so that the society which I usually frequented should not even know that I had a secret to keep. For fear that anything should be suspected, I sometimes had myself bled, to prevent myself from blushing!"

These first two children were followed by the Count de Vevin, Mademoiselle de Nantes, and Mademoiselle de Tours. Every birth was made as great a secret of as before. Madame Scarron was sent for, and she carried the child away covered with her shawl, hiding her own face behind a mask, and hurrying away in a hackney-coach, terrified for fear the child should cry out. The secret of her occupations could not, under these circumstances, be preserved; and the fact became notorious everywhere, except in the provinces. Towards the end of 1672, Madame Scarron disappeared altogether from society. Two of the children having grown up, and others coming on, a house was purchased by Madame de Montespan near Vaugirard, where Madame Scarron took up her abode with them, but without being allowed to see her friends. It was in the solitude of this house that the first seeds of Madame Scarron's future greatness were sown. At first this young and beautiful widow overawed Louis XIV. by her cold and reserved manners, and by her reputation for ability and devotion. M. de Noailles does not point to this fact; but as we have seen that throughout life she had only one great object in view—that of pleasing; as it is certain also that she was extremely ambitious, that she was a consummate intriguer, and that she admired the king personally—this may probably be set down as the particular line which she had traced out to herself. She knew that Madame la Vallière had succeeded in pleasing mainly by her personal charms; that Madame de Montespan had added grace, wit, and amiability to beauty of person. She knew that the king, devoted to the society of M. Bossuet, entertained religious scruples upon his connexion with Madame de Montespan, which had once already nearly led to an open rupture*—that he was, at the bottom, open to religious impressions;

* Letter to Madame de Geran, April, 1671; on the occasion of the king's quarrel with Madame de Montespan and his departure for Flanders.

and it is not, in the present day, going out of the way to suppose that this strange woman had even at this time a plan in view, yet so distant as scarcely to be avowed to herself.

The king used to go often to Vaugirard, and the awe in which he held Madame Scarron was soon effaced. He was more particularly struck by the care which the widow took of the children; which was more affectionate, more maternal, even than that shown by Madame de Montespan. The eldest child dying in 1672, Madame Scarron was so much affected, that the king said, "She knows how to love well; it would be something to win such love as that." There is every reason to believe that at this time the king entertained a passion for Madame Scarron; and it would appear from the following letter, that that lady was far from indifferent to the progress which she was making in the king's affections.

"Send me word," she writes to Madame de Coulanges, "of everything that is said, and of whatever you think. What a pleasure to imagine oneself shut up for the reasons which you state! Is it possible that M. and Madame de Lafayette are not vexed, and that they will not believe that I have supplanted my friend? How many leeches will they have applied, when they know not what my talent has been able to effect! You must agree with me, my dear lady, that this little adventure forms an admirable complement to all the rest, and that after this there will only remain to go to La Trappe to properly conclude so glorious a life. The Abbé Testu thinks that I am there already; but tell him, I pray you, that he must be satisfied with writing exceedingly cold letters, and that he must let you send me gazettes of all that comes into your head. I am in excellent health, shut up in a good house with a spacious garden, only seeing my own attendants. I see every evening your fat cousin (M. de Louvois), who brings me word from his master and then takes himself off, for I do not like to converse long with him. The master often comes to me himself, and goes away in despair without being repulsed."

The Duke of Maine, Count de Vevin, and Mademoiselle de Nantes having been legitimated by act of parliament in the month of December, 1673, Madame Scarron was, to a certain extent, restored to her friends; but in the first month of the following year she was sent to Antwerp with the Duke of Maine, who was lame of one leg, to consult a Flemish surgeon, who had obtained celebrity in the treatment of such cases. On this journey she passed as the Marchioness de Surgères, and the young duke as her son. The prince, although subjected to very painful remedies, derived no benefit from the journey; and on his return he was received with his brother and sister at court, and the children were definitively established at Versailles under charge of their governess, Madame Scarron.

The same year that Madame Scarron took up her residence at Versailles, Madame de la Vallière, wearied with the domination of Madame de Montespan, and encouraged in her resolution by Bossuet, withdrew to a convent of Carmelites, and a year afterwards received the veil from the queen's own hands. Madame de Montespan remained sole favourite. She was beautiful as the day, but also as haughty as if her head towered to the skies. Everybody, even to the king himself, had to put up with constant fits of temper and capriciousness. Madame de Montespan's

sisters, the Lady Abbess of Fontevrault and Madame de Thiangès, lived with her at Versailles. They were both beautiful, and remarkable for the conversational talent which was said to be characteristic of the Mortemarts. As to the numerous and brilliant crowd which was called the court of France, congregated at Versailles, and amidst which so many great names stand more particularly prominent, it is unnecessary even to glance at it here. It was in the midst of this court, and soon afterwards in the before-mentioned smaller social circle, that Madame Scarron was received, in the first place in a humble and subordinate position, from which she afterwards rose to one in which she was the object of general envy or adulation. Madame Scarron was at this period forty years of age; and she appears to have set herself, from the commencement, the task of correcting the license of the court, reforming manners, and, by gently but steadily withdrawing the king from his profligate habits, bringing him nearer to the queen or to herself. She did not, however, neglect the favourite; on the contrary, she soon established herself on a footing of so great an intimacy, that their long conversations at night aroused the king's displeasure. This intimacy did not, however, last long without entailing many bickerings. Madame de Montespan was, as previously remarked, very capricious; she would sometimes treat her old friend upon a footing of equality, and then as suddenly turn round and make her feel her subordinate position. This led to frequent quarrels, when the king was often appealed to, to re-establish peace. The education of the children was also another frequent subject of altercation between the two ladies. There is every reason to believe that Madame Scarron was sincerely and deeply attached to the children, and her serious habits of thought could not suffer that they should be brought up in the profligacy of their mother's society. She loved the young Duke of Maine as if he had been her own son, and the prince never ceased to entertain the same feelings of respect and love towards Madame de Maintenon as if she had been his own mother.

One day the king surprised the two ladies in a furious altercation. Till then Madame de Montespan had always made her own representations to the king as to the causes of dispute; Madame Scarron not daring to speak of the favourite, who would never have overlooked such an act. But her mind was made up by this time to quit the court, or to break the bondage of the haughty favourite's control; and she said to the king, "If your majesty will walk into another room, I will explain what has happened." The king did so, Madame Scarron followed, and Madame de Montespan remained alone. Madame Scarron naturally availed herself of the opportunity to acquaint the king with the harsh and haughty treatment which she had to experience from Madame de Montespan, but the king, who was attached to the latter, did his best to excuse her and to bring about a reconciliation. It cost him more trouble, he used to say, to keep the two ladies on terms, than to preserve peace throughout Europe.

Madame Scarron, anticipating nothing but failure, entertained at this time serious intentions of retiring from court and enjoying a life of privacy and quiet. The king had, since the legitimation of his children, made her several handsome presents; and with this, and other monies she had laid by, she purchased in December, 1674, the property of Maintenon, fourteen leagues from Paris, and ten from Versailles. She went

upon a visit to her purchase for two days only, and which in one of her letters she says appeared to her only as a moment; but on her return she was not more surprised than were the whole court, at hearing the king publicly address her as Madame de Maintenon.

We have now arrived at a critical epoch in Madame de Maintenon's life. It was in 1675 that the king had a serious quarrel with Madame de Montespan, which opened the breach by which Madame de Maintenon was first enabled to obtain the footing she had ever ambitioned, and which was to be based upon mutual esteem and confidence and habitual intimacy. It is certain that religion was at the bottom of this quarrel, which was followed by temporary separation. M. de Noailles traces the awakening of qualms of conscience on the king's part to the predications of Bossuet and Bourdaloue; and says nothing of the part played in this transaction by Madame de Maintenon, but of whose influence and participation in the matter there can be little doubt. Louis XIV. resolved upon a separation, and started for the army without seeing Madame de Montespan; the latter retired to Clagny near Versailles. Madame de Maintenon followed her there to "fortify her in her Christian resolutions," says M. de Noailles; and afterwards withdrew to Barèges for the benefit of the young Duke of Maine's health. It is evident, from Bossuet's letters, that he was employed by the king during his absence in bringing Madame de Montespan to a sense of the impropriety of her conduct, and of inducing her voluntarily, and from religious considerations, to agree to a permanent separation. But the most curious illustration of the manners of the times, and of the strange admixture of profligacy and religion which pervaded at court, was furnished by the queen herself, who assisted personally and energetically in these attempts to bring Madame de Montespan to a due sense of the impropriety of her position.

Madame de Maintenon, in the mean time, finding her residence at Barèges rather dull, entered into direct correspondence with the king; and it is said that this correspondence helped much to obtain for her the friendship and the confidence of the monarch. The king, however, on his return from Flanders, permitted Madame de Montespan to occupy apartments in Versailles, to the great annoyance of Bossuet; but the relations between the parties, M. de Noailles avers upon a variety of grounds, and particularly upon the proofs to be derived from Madame de Sevigné's correspondence, was simply that of an honest friendship. Madame de Maintenon, on her part, returned to Versailles in November; and she was received with ecstasies, for the young prince had benefited in the most marked manner by his residence in the Pyrenees. She also felt her position at court to be different; for she now entertained every confidence in the friendship and benevolence of the king, and could afford to set the ill-temper of Madame de Montespan at defiance.

Early in 1676, the king left for the army; Madame de Montespan repaired to the waters of Bourbon; while Madame de Maintenon alone remained at Versailles, and the number of her followers increased every day. "Let us speak of the friend, Madame de Maintenon," writes Madame de Sevigné to her daughter (May 6, 1676): "she triumphs more than ever; everything is subjected to her empire; all the *femmes-de-chambre* of her neighbour (for her apartment is close to that of Madame de Montespan) are devoted to her; one holds the pot with paste on her knees before her; another carries her gloves; another puts

her to sleep. She scarcely favours any one with a nod of recognition ; yet I do not think but that, in her heart, she laughs at this adulation." By the time the king returned from Flanders, however, Madame de Montespan was also at Versailles to receive him ; and the result, which baffled all expectations, is thus amusingly related by Madame de Caylus.

"The jubilee was over—the question remained whether Madame de Montespan would come back to court. 'Why not ?' said her friends and relatives, even the most virtuous among them. 'Madame de Montespan ought to be there by her birthright and by her position : she can live there in as Christian-like a manner as elsewhere.' The Bishop of Meaux agreed in this view of the subject ; but there still remained a difficulty. Madame de Montespan, it was added, could she appear before the king without preparation ? They must positively see one another before a public meeting could take place, to avoid the inconvenience of a surprise. Upon this principle it was agreed that the king should come to Madame de Montespan's ; but, so that the detractors at court should not have a word to say, it was agreed that a number of the most serious and respectable ladies of the court should be present at this interview, and that the king should only see and speak to Madame de Montespan in their presence. The king came accordingly, as it had been arranged, to Madame de Montespan's ; but insensibly they got close to a window, began to speak to one another in whispers ; Madame shed a few tears ; the king said what it is customary to say under such circumstances ; and then, both turning round, they dismissed the venerable ladies with a profound courtesy, and passed into another room. From this reunion sprang Madame the Duchess of Orleans, and afterwards the Count de Toulouse."

"I told you all along," Madame de Maintenon wrote to Madame de Saint-Gerain, "that M. de C——" (supposed to imply M. de Condour) "would be made a fool of in this affair. He has a good deal of talent, but not that of a courtier : he has done precisely that which Lauzun would be ashamed to do ; he wished to convert them, and he has only brought them together again."

Madame de Maintenon had not this time the charge of the children. Their birth and education was shrouded even in more mystery than heretofore ; but the king's passion for Madame de Montespan was no longer the same. This was soon perceived by the courtiers. "Every one thinks that the star of Quanto (Madame de Montespan) burns dimmer and dimmer," wrote Madame de Sevigné, September 11th, 1676 ; "there are tears, moments of grief—others of affected gaiety, others of sullenness. Indeed, my dear, all is over with her." But Madame de Montespan held her place for two more years, Madame de Maintenon daily increasing during the same period in favour with the monarch. The period, indeed, when these first feelings of esteem assumed a warmer character appears to have escaped the most penetrating spirits of the most prying age. The first hint of intimacy comes, indeed, from a totally unexpected quarter. It is no longer the smart inuendos of Madame de Sevigné, or the direct statements of Madame de Caylus, but the great literary characters of the age, Boileau and Racine, who, called to read before the king and the two rivals, fragments of an unedited History of the Reign of Louis XIV., perceived, that whenever Madame de Montespan began to show off her temper, the king ex-

changed significant smiles with Madame de Maintenon. This was followed by a more remarkable court incident. The said authors having been called one day to the king's bedside, the king being at the time indisposed, to continue their readings, they found Madame de Maintenon seated in an arm-chair by the bed, in perfectly familiar conversation with the king. Louis Racine, the son, relates, in the Life of his father, that from that time the two historians paid their court to Madame de Maintenon, as far as it was in their power to do so.

The king was, however, very unsettled in his feelings, and not a little capricious. On the 15th of March, 1679, Madame de Montespan withdrew to Paris in a pet, on account of Mademoiselle de Fontanges coming suddenly into favour. The king was equally embarrassed, in this new affection, by Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon. But he terminated a violent discussion that took place with the former, but in the presence of both, by saying, "I have already told you, Madame, that I will not be put out of my way." Madame de Maintenon, however, retained the king's confidence, and was employed to go from one favourite to the other, to calm their anger and "preach morality," but without much success.

Upon the occasion of the dauphin's marriage with the daughter of the Elector of Bavaria, Madame de Maintenon was appointed to the situation of a supernumerary lady of the bed-chamber—an appointment which removed her for ever from all control of Madame de Montespan. "She quitted the apartment of Mademoiselle de Tours," says Madame Caylus, "which she had hitherto occupied, for an apartment immediately over that of the king, who was delighted with the opportunity thus afforded him of going to chat quietly with her." The king also took a great fancy to the dauphiness, and he used to spend several hours every evening in her company and of that of Madame de Maintenon. The intimacy of the king with the last-mentioned lady was so visible as to be now generally spoken of, but without any disparagement to her character. Madame de Fontanges was soon dismissed to an abbey, with a large pension and the title of duchess; but she died the 28th of June, 1681, at the early age of twenty. Madame de Montespan, Madame de Sevigné relates, grew outrageous at the favour shown to Madame de Maintenon. She united herself to Louvois, and Marsillac Duke de la Rochefoucauld, to overthrow her staid and sober rival; but the attempt was made too late. The affection which the king bore to Madame de Maintenon was based, not upon mere passion, but upon that esteem and true regard which is not easily set aside. Add to which, the dauphiness had united herself to the party of Madame de Maintenon, and had made it a point of conscience to second the latter in what she called her labours to convert the king. The latter gradually detached himself more and more from his mistresses. He would no longer meet Madame de Montespan except in public; and as to the preference of his heart, it was visible to every one. Madame de Montespan sought once more for comfort in religion. "She spends her time," wrote Madame de Maintenon in a letter dated May 26, 1681, "in dressing the poor and decorating altars." Madame de Maintenon had, however, at this time, like most other persons occupying high situations, a thorn in her side, in the person of a brother, the Count d'Aubigné—a dissolute soldier, a gambler, always in want and always asking; and who, having had

charge of some insignificant positions, expected to rise, on his sister's advancement, to the rank of marshal, and to be at least a peer of the realm. Madame de Maintenon did her best to serve him in the manner she thought wisest; she got him appointments, but of a subordinate character and sufficient salary, married him, and then took charge of his wife and only child, as she also did even of his illegitimate children. This was not the only good she was effecting. When, with the aid of the dauphiness, she had withdrawn the king from his mistresses, she also brought about a reconciliation between himself and his queen—a reconciliation which, whatever the object may have been, served to sweeten the last few days of that ill-treated woman's life, for she perished almost suddenly—that is to say, after three days' illness, of a tumour under the arm. This occurred on the 30th of July, 1683.

The death of the queen was a great event for Madame de Maintenon. There was no doubt as to the king's inclinations, and he was now free to follow them. He took his departure at once for Saint Cloud, where the dauphiness and Madame de Maintenon soon joined him, and all went off together to Fontainebleau. Whether the subsequent marriage of the king and of Madame de Maintenon was decided upon at this time, M. de Noailles does not pretend to say, but he intimates that the lady was open to nothing but honourable propositions. M. de Noailles also says, that Madame de Maintenon refused, at the death of Madame de Richelieu in 1684, the appointment of lady of honour, which her modesty looked upon as above her merits; but it is strange that the same lady who looked upon such a situation as too high, should not have regarded the position of queen of the realm in the same light. The fact is, that she did not wish to change her position. She lived at court upon that footing of intimacy which Madame de Sevigné best described when she said, "Madame de Maintenon's situation is unique of its kind; there has never been, and there never will be, another like it." M. de Noailles remarks with great perspicacity, it would be curious to know how Madame de Maintenon preserved this situation—how she managed to keep up the power of dismissing the king, always grieved yet never despairing; by what nice admixture of seduction and resistance, of the agreeable and the wise, of art and simplicity, she held the king's feelings in thrall, inspired him with the sentiments of a lover, and yet taught him never to forget himself; and finally brought affairs to the extraordinary climax which they ultimately reached. There is no doubt that all this would be curious to some minds; but to the generality of historical readers we think it will be sufficient to know that she did possess the power, that her whole life was given to its exercise, and that she gained her point. The means, although the details of their working may never be known, must have been consummate prudence, and a profound duplicity that cloaked itself in the garb of honour and religion. She won every step by the ostentatious performance of good actions—by surpassing Madame de Montespan in the favourite's love for his children, an affection evidently paraded before the king; she busied herself in convincing the king and his favourites of the immorality of their conduct, yet hesitated little in the more refined immorality of winning the monarch's affections herself; she took credit for pleading a cause which she knew to be vain—that of the poor repudiated queen. And when every obstacle had been one after the other removed by the power of an indomitable perseverance, she

claimed as the reward of her virtuous conduct and counsels the legitimate love of France's greatest monarch.

"It is not possible," says M. de Noailles, "to fix precisely the date of Madame de Maintenon's marriage with the king." The marriage, it is said, was secretly performed in a private chapel at Versailles, by the Archbishop of Paris, assisted by the Père la Chaise; and there were also present the first valet, Bontemps, and M. de Montchevreuil, the intimate friend of Madame de Maintenon. The secret was most strictly and carefully preserved; but there is every reason to believe that the event took place about eighteen months or two years after the death of the queen, that is to say about the year 1685. The king was at that time forty-seven years of age, and Madame de Maintenon fifty. If no longer at that time of life in possession of personal beauty, she still retained those peculiar charms which please even more than beauty itself. Her manners were most pleasing and seductive, her person graceful, her conversation agreeable and enlivening; her character acknowledgedly judicious, upright and pious.

"It was undoubtedly," says M. de Noailles, "the greatest triumph of moral ascendancy, gained by the talent and virtues of a woman upon so haughty and proud a disposition as that of Louis XIV." The Duke of St. Simons, however, spoke of the marriage in very different terms. "It was," he says, "the most profound, the most public, the most lasting humiliation, reserved by fortune, for we dare not say by Providence, for the most haughty of kings."

Voltaire avows, however, to the credit of Madame de Maintenon, that her elevation was to her only a means of retirement into privacy. Having no public and acknowledged rank, she could not live habitually in the midst of the etiquette of the court at Versailles, where she would have been beneath what she was, and above what she appeared to be; so she lived in the enjoyments of private life, which were also more conformable to her taste.

The points connected with this marriage—the necessity for a public declaration, having been taken into full consideration and negatived; the tact with which Madame de Maintenon reconciled the difficulties of her position, the manner in which she gradually superseded the usual court amusements of balls and masquerades by more intellectual pastimes; her modesty, disinterestedness, and piety; and still more especially an elaborate and very lengthy argument adduced to disprove the idea generally entertained as to the influence which she brought to bear upon public affairs, notoriously upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantes against the French Protestants—bring the four volumes of M. le Duc de Noailles's interesting work to an almost premature conclusion.

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE JAWLEYFORD ESTABLISHMENT.

THE loud peal of the Jawleyford Court door-bell, announcing Mr. Soapey Sponge's arrival, with which we closed the last chapter, found the inhabitants variously engaged preparing for his reception.

Mrs. Jawleyford, with the aid of a very indifferent cook, was endeavouring to arrange a becoming dinner; the young ladies, with the aid of a somewhat better sort of maid, were attractifying themselves, each looking with considerable jealousy on the efforts of the other; and Mr. Jawleyford was trotting from room to room, eyeing the various pictures of himself, wondering which was now the most like, and watching the emergence of curtains, carpets, and sofas from their brown-holland covers.

A gleam of sunshine seemed to reign throughout the mansion; the long-covered furniture appearing to have gained freshness by its retirement, just as a newly done up hat surprises the wearer by its goodness: a few days' wear, however, soon restores the defects of either.

All the foregoing troublous arrangement was suddenly brought to a close by the peal of the door-bell, just as the little stage-tinkle at a theatre stops preparation, and compels the actors to stand forward as they are. Mrs. Jawleyford threw aside her silk apron, and took a hasty glance of her face in the old eagle-topped mirror in the still-room; the young ladies discarded their coarse dirty pocket-handkerchiefs, and gently drew elaborately fringed ones through their taper fingers to give them an air of use, as they took a hasty review of themselves in the swing mirrors; the housemaid hurried off with a whole armful of brown holland; and Jawleyford threw himself into attitude in an elaborately carved, richly cushioned easy chair, with a volume of Macaulay's "History of England" in his hand. But Jawleyford's thoughts were far from his book. He was sitting on thorns lest there might not be a proper guard of honour to receive Soapey at the entrance.

Jawleyford, as we said before, was not the man to entertain unless he could do it "properly;" and, as we all have our pitch-notes of propriety up to which we play, we may state that Jawleyford's note was a butler and two footmen. A butler and two footmen he looked upon as perfectly indispensable to receiving company. He chose to have two footmen to follow the butler, who followed the gentleman to the spacious flight of steps leading from the great hall to the portico as he mounted his horse. The world is governed a good deal by footmen: so many footmen, so many thousand a-year. Footmen are like letter-weighers; they show one the weight of a party. They present a sort of graduated scale, whereby an income-tax commissioner may calculate a man's wealth. No one could suppose that—say one of the Duke of H——n's gigantic rose-coloured footmen belonged to Mr. Galen the apothecary—any more than they could that Mr. Galen's little pepper-and-salt urchin, with his baggy velvetens and dirty darned white stockings, belonged to his Grace the

Duke of H——n. Footmen are the walking heralds of their masters' consequence.

People go far more by footmen than they do by *maitre-d'hôtels*, house-stewards, masters of the horse, grooms of the chamber, valet-de-chambres, butlers, under-butlers, clerks of the kitchen, confectioners, cooks—any of the miscellaneous assortment of servants, in short, that grace the front of our tax-papers, exciting our especial wonder how on earth anybody can want such an establishment, and how they can endure such a lot of locusts. The above gentlemen are all plain-clothes ones, who reflect no credit on their owners out of doors; they put on their profuse satin-stocks, frock-coats, and bedaub their flashy vests with mosaic jewellery, and swagger off with their gold-headed canes, passing themselves off for anything they like; but gigantic Jeames Plush stands boldly forward as Jeames Plush and nothing else, procuring admiration for himself solely by the splendour of his well-put-on "uniform" and the symmetry of his person, and reflecting credit on his master for keeping such a man. We remember a work published in Paris, some years ago, called "*The Art of Tying the Cravat.*" "*The Art of Getting up Footmen*" would make a far finer subject.

Mr. Jawleyford started life with two most unimpeachable Johns. They were nearly six feet high, heads well up, and legs that might have done for models for a sculptor. They powdered with the greatest propriety, and by two o'clock each day were silk-stockinged and pumped in full-dress Jawleyford livery; sky-blue coats with massive silver aiguillettes, and broad silver seams down the front and round their waistcoat-pocket flaps; silver garters at their crimson plush breeches' knees: and thus attired, they were ready to turn out with the butler to receive visitors, and conduct them back to their carriages.

Sad execution, we are sorry to say, these Johnnies did in the country—not among the girls, for with them they had the rural police to contend with, but among the old stiff-backed county families, who thought themselves as good, if not better, than the Jawleyfords. Some sneered, some laughed, some "hoped it would last;" and old Lord Scamperdale (father of the present Master of the Hounds) observed, as he drew up the sash of his old yellow shandrydan after a call, and saw these powdered puppies scrutinising the drab-gaitered, thick-shoed occupant of his rumble, that "Mr. Jawleyford must have other means of living than what his father had."

"I don't know where he gets it then, my dear," replied Lady Scamperdale; adding, "it won't be from that rattling Irish wife of his, for she hadn't a halfpenny;" and so they abused the Jawleyfords all the way home, particularly Mrs. Jawleyford—Lady Scamperdale being certain that it was all her doing.

The ladies generally get blamed for any little extra flash.

Connoisseurs in flunkeydom are aware that footmen, like horses, require breeding and action as well as size. A six-footer may be a very great clown, just as a sixteen-hands horse may be a very slovenly goer. "Manners make the man," as the old copy-head says. Though the Jawleyfords never again got two such polite, unimpeachable footmen as they started with, still they long kept up to the standard in point of size, getting as much style and manner combined as they could for the money. Gradually they softened the severities of state service: silk stockings

were dispensed with, or only worn on high days and holidays; presently the dark grey undress was deemed good enough for the generality of days; afterwards the second footman was required to do a little stable work, by-and-by the cow-house was handed over to him, then the piggery; until, at last, the establishment dwindled down to a butler and a couple of clowns who were metamorphosed into footmen at short notice, in the selection of whom our friends were more particular as to seeing that they fitted the clothes, than in inquiring into their characters or capabilities. Independently of the usual hurry-scurry and excitement consequent upon preparing for unexpected company at short notice, the perplexity of our friends was considerably increased by their not having been able to pitch upon a proper-sized clown to figure as second footman; and Mr. Jawleyford had peremptorily refused to have any of the few neighbours they visited to dine until that indispensable appendage to his house was procured. Jawleyford would have thought himself demeaned, and the blood of the Jawleyfords disgraced, if he had not two footmen in attendance. Mrs. Jawleyford, too, was all for keeping up appearances; but, like a good many ladies, she looked more to quantity than to quality—more to having a certain number of her fellows in the room than to their being properly turned out, moving and waiting like footmen and not like ploughmen.

Having driven Jawleyford from pillar to post in all his objections about not having sea-fish, not having venison, not having this and not having that, Jawleyford had at last stood out upon the want of the second footman; and indeed, at one time, seemed likely to carry the day, if the young ladies had not come to the rescue, and, with mamma, undertaken to supply the deficiency. They had one great, strapping, brainless blockhead; and it was odd if they could not find another, who, under the guidance of Spigot, their accomplished butler, would pass muster very well.

Mr. Spigot was a most imposing-looking gentleman—tall, stout, solemn, and pompous; a sort of man one felt honoured in being waited upon by. Any one looking at Spigot's venerable cauliflower head, his ample chest buttoned into a superfine Saxony blue coat with costly fancy buttons, the expanse of white vest that covered his stomach, and the elegant fit of his richly-buckled kerseymere shorts above his gauze-silk stockings and well-polished pumps, would say that he was a man fit to wait upon the queen. And, in truth, Spigot had seen good service. He had lived with two dukes and a marquis, at all of which places he had noble wages and wine at his table. He had the ordering of coals, candles, oil, sauce, wine, malt liquor, and other etceteras—and the paying for them too, an advantage that can best be appreciated by those who supplied the articles, and by other gentlemen similarly situated. He used to get a 100*l.* at a time, merely to carry on his "book" with.

Spigot was a perfect servant. Big and heavy as he was, he moved with the light elasticity of a cork. He had an eye for everything. He anticipated everybody's wants—nay, he knew better than some people what they ought to have—the sort of wine that would be relished after each dish, or the particular condiment that should flavour a particular sauce. He was a high liver himself, and knew how things should be. He soon learned people's likings; and was not the man to pester a person with the same thing after a dozen refusals, but seemed to glide at once into the ways and peculiarities of a place. He was,

indeed, a "*perfect servant*." He had but one failing, a common one: he was given to false keys. He had been dismissed from the ducal situations on strong suspicion of making too free with the cellars by that means; nevertheless, as it was not exactly brought home to him, their graces, after the usual fashion, gave him characters that immediately procured him admission elsewhere. With the marquis he went beyond the mark: he pawned the plate and plundered the cash-box; and his fall was then so great that, we grieve to say, this magnificent, elegant-mannered man, this admiration of the dowagers, after exhausting the charity of a nearly pauperised father-in-law (for of course he was married on the sly), sank so low as to become a mason's labourer, and riddle lime for two shillings a day! This great man, who had his own bed-room, his own sitting-room, his three meat meals and two light ones a day, who lived on the fat of the land—if anything, rather better than "his people," as he called his noble master and family—he who could hardly condescend to do anything—this great man was reduced to such a miserable state as to be glad to share a wretched cottage with a labourer's wife and eight children, and to eat the hard-earned bread of poverty. On first arriving at the cottage after leaving the marquis, he talked big, had no doubt that some of the great people who knew him would immediately apply to him to go to them; and he used to walk to the post-town every day to inquire if there were any letters for him. Presently he began applying to great people, who, he heard from his friends in service, wanted "a gentleman like himself," when he soon found that he could not get "office" such as he would "accept," in consequence of not being able to stand the scrutiny requisite for high places. He then hung about doing nothing, until he spent all his money and parted with most of his clothes, when he applied to one of those last refuges for the destitute, a register office—where, after stating the great places he had lived in, he expressed his wish to get into a "quiet respectable family," rather than endure the fatiguing service of any more noblemen. Mrs. Fawnley, the keeper of the office, was an excellent woman, full of the milk of human kindness, and having the interest of all the families that employed her deeply at heart; and as this paragon of perfection had promised her a pretty handsome "bonus" if she could get him "well suited," she strongly recommended him to every person that applied. Strange to say, what had been his passport to the great—his imposing manner and appearance—proved the contrary with the small. Sir John Brown, of Brown Park, wouldn't be "talked into him" by

* Lady Brown. "He was sure there was a screw loose somewhere; there was nothing so captivating about *them* as to make a fine stately servant like Spigot prefer them to a lord." Squire Spranger thought him too fat and too slow; Archdeacon Bottlenose thought he looked like a drinker, and asked him if he wasn't fond of onions (the usual precaution of those who do drink); and the rich Miss Blunts said he was far too fine a gentleman for them. Destitute as the creature was, he still couldn't help giving himself airs and trying to "fight fine." At last he came to riddling lime—an unpleasant occupation at any time, most unpleasant on a sultry summer's day, when the wind veers capriciously, and the riddler is inexpert at "dodging" to keep it out of his eyes, nose, and mouth. Still Mrs. Fawnley stuck to him, and her excellent customer Mr. Jawleyford at last applying to her for a butler, she un-

hesitatingly recommended Mister Spigot, "as the very man to suit his place and keep everything quiet and comfortable; a most unexceptionable servant; a servant who had lived in none but the very first families." And in due course Spigot drove up in a yellow post-chaise, with a small carpet-bag and a couple of boxes full of bricks, constituting an imaginary wardrobe. And Jawleyford was really ass enough to like him the better for coming in a post-chaise; he thought it as good as said, "My new master's none of your common snobs that takes any sort of servants."

Spigot had just been long enough at Jawleyford Court to get his condition and impudence up again; for though the ale was anything but strong, and the table and *lamentable*, as he jocosely designated the inferior malt liquor, anything but good, still, after the "water system" he had been undergoing, they came not far amiss; and the small country tradespeople who served at the Court most gladly furnished the best of everything in their respective lines, to one who seemed, if possible, to be a finer gentleman than the squire. So Spigot very soon re-established a very passable wardrobe; and feeling, of course, that his own consequence was involved in having a suitable staff of servants under him, he readily came into Mrs. Jawleyford's proposition of drilling one of the clowns; for, as honest Sancho Panza said, "It is good to have command, if it is only over a flock of sheep,"—Spigot felt it was better to have clowns under him than no one. The genius selected—if, indeed, that can be called selection where there was little choice—was John Snell, who might with equal propriety have been called John Smell, for he was most odoriferous of the stable and piggery—a sort of out-door cottage servant, who, by doing the odd jobs and dirty work of the in-door servants, was pretty nearly kept in the house; for, as long as charity is confined to master's beef and mutton, servants will never see each other want. John was a quick, slow man; that is to say, he was quick before he became deaf; and, forgetting his infirmity, he was always jumping to wrong conclusions, and so throwing himself much further back in his work than he would have been had he turned his deaf ear to the speaker and heard what he had got to say. He would catch at a sound, and jump to a conclusion—oftentimes a wrong one, but still doing something that sounded like the mark. Being one day sent to the neighbouring village of Rainham for a coat, he returned with the inn Billy-goat; another time being told to go the chip-house for a log, he returned with the great house-dog; on a third, being told that a certain person would call for a box, he insisted upon his taking an ox; and on a fourth, being sent in a great hurry for a rake, in due course of time he drove down to the door with the break. His mistakes generally arose from setting him to house-jobs instead of out-of-door ones, where his career had chiefly lain. In the out-of-door line, John Smell—we beg his pardon—John Snell, had been almost everything; he had been a coachman, and he had been a post-boy, and he had been a groom, and he had been a gardener, and he had been a rat-catcher, and he had tried his hand at riding races,—and had failed both as a dairyman, a publican, and a greengrocer.

He was none of your modern "That's-not-my-work," or "I-wasn't-hired-to-do-this" sort of servants, but, on the contrary, would turn his hand to anything; and when Mr. Spigot hailed him from his pantry-window—which he did by throwing a soda-water bottle at his head, as

he passed along with the return letter-bag, bidding him make haste back, as he wanted to turn him into a footman—the obedient fellow merely replied, “Well, well, sir;” and returning from his mission, proceeded to the lumber-room, where he arrayed himself in gorgeous garments that had been made for a man twice his size; for, like most odd-job servants, he was small and wiry, with legs that a pig could run through, and a luminous nose on a very cadaverous face. Having invested himself in a coat whose laps almost trailed on the ground, with breeches-knees dangling about his ankles, Snell fell into the wake of Spigot and Tom Hobs, the other clown, as the peal of the bell sounding through the house announced Mr. Sponge’s arrival. The folding-doors being thrown open, the imposing group descended to receive the illustrious stranger.

“Come back, and take this nag round!” exclaimed Watson, the keeper, to Snell, as the latter retreated into the house; at the same time hooking Sponge’s piebald to a stone post under the Gothic portico.

Snell did return, but by one of his common mistakes rode him off to the pound, instead of taking him round to the stable as told. Watson, like most keepers, was a knowing file; and thought if he could get the pony pawned off upon Snell, he should escape the rowing he anticipated the person would get who took him to the stable; while poor Snell, well knowing the peremptory orders with regard to horses—indeed, with regard to everything that ate—concluded that the piebald was some stray animal Watson had found where he shouldn’t be; and so just rode him off to Rainham and turned him into the pound, saddle and bridle and all.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GREETING.

“My dear Mr. Sponge!—My dear Mr. Soapey Sponge!” (for he was not quite clear whether his name was Soapey Sponge, or Soapeysponge—all one word—so he thought he had better give him the whole,) “My dear Mr. Soapey Sponge, I am delighted to see you!” exclaimed Mr. Jawleyford, rising from his easy chair, and throwing his Macaulay aside, as Mr. Spigot, in a deep sonorous voice, announced our worthy friend. “This is, indeed, most truly kind of you,” continued Jawleyford, advancing to meet him; and getting our friend by both hands, he began working his arms up and down like the under man in a sawpit. “This is, indeed, most truly kind,” he repeated; “I assure you I shall never forget it. It’s just what I like—it’s just what Mrs. Jawleyford likes—it’s just what we *all* like—coming without fuss or ceremony. Spigot!” he added, hailing old Pomposo as the latter was slowly withdrawing, thinking what a humbug his master was—“Spigot!” he repeated, in a louder voice; “let the ladies know Mr. Sponge—Mr. Soapey Sponge—is here. Come to the fire, my dear fellow,” continued Jawleyford, clutching his guest by the arm, and drawing him towards where an ample grate of indifferent coals was cracking and spluttering beneath a magnificent old oak mantelpiece of the richest and costliest carved work. “Come to the fire, my dear fellow,” he repeated, “for you feel cold; and I don’t wonder at it, for the day is cheerless and uncomfortable, and you’ve had a long ride. Will you take anything before dinner?”

"What time do you dine?" asked Mr. Sponge, rubbing his hands as he spoke.

"Six o'clock," replied Mr. Jawleyford, "six o'clock—say six o'clock—not particular to a moment—days are short, you see—days are short."

"I think I should like a glass of sherry and a biscuit, then," observed Mr. Sponge.

And forthwith the bell was rung, and in due course of time Mr. Spigot arrived (with Clown No. 1, at his heels) with a tray, followed by the Miss Jawleyfords, who had rather expected Mr. Sponge to be shown into the drawing-room to them, and where they had composed themselves very prettily; one working a parrot in chenille, the other with a lap full of crochet.

The Miss Jawleyfords—Amelia and Emily—were lively girls; hardly beauties—at least not sufficiently so to attract attention in a crowd; but still, girls well calculated to what Mr. Sponge would call "burst a man" quickly, that is to say, "bring him to book," in the country. Mr. Thackeray, who bound up all the home truths in circulation, and many that exist only in the inner chambers of the heart, calling the whole "Vanity Fair," says, we think, (though we don't exactly know where to lay hand on the passage) that it is not your real striking beauties who are the most dangerous—at all events, that do the most execution—but sly, quiet sort of girls, who do not strike the beholder at first sight, but steal insensibly upon him as he gets acquainted. The Miss Jawleyfords were of this order. Seen in the plain, grassy, linen-looking gowns of the morning—which are far too cheap to stay long in fashion—a man would meet and pass them a dozen times in the street, without either turning round or making an observation, good, bad, or indifferent; but in the close quarters of a country house, with all the able assistance of first-rate London dresses, flounced and set out in the abundant style of the present day, each bent on doing the agreeable—which is equal to doing it—it would be odd if they didn't "burst a man," as Soapey would say, in a week. The Miss Jawleyfords were uncommonly well got up, and Juliana, their mutual maid, deserved great credit for the impartiality she displayed in dressing them. There wasn't a halfpenny's worth of choice as to which was the best. This was the more creditable to the maid, inasmuch as the dresses—sea-green glacés—were rather dashed; and the worse they looked, the likelier they would be to become her property. Half-dashed dresses, however, that would look rather seedy by contrast, come out very fresh in the country, especially in winter, when day begins to close in at four. And here we may observe, what a dreary time is that which intervenes between the arrival of a guest and the dinner hour, in the dead winter months in the country. In these times of almost continuous day, when mincing dandies and brightly belles can hardly be brought to tear themselves from the park for an eight-o'clock dinner, one almost forgets that there is a time when day fails at four, and shutters are closed, and curtains drawn, and candles lit, and Old Stupidity takes the chair at half-past. The English, taking them as a nation, are a desperate people for overweighting their conversational powers. They have no idea of penning up their small talk, and bringing it to bear in generous flow upon one particular hour; but they keep dribble, dribble, dribbling on throughout the live-long day, wearying their listeners without bene-

fitting themselves—just as a careless waggoner scatters his manure on the road, instead of carrying all his substance to the field. Few people are insensible to the advantage of having their champagne brisk, which can only be done by keeping the cork in; but few ever think of keeping the cork of their own conversation in. See a Frenchman—how light and buoyant he trips into a drawing-room, fresh from the satisfactory scrutiny of the looking-glass, with all the news and jokes and tittle-tattle of the day, in full bloom! How sparkling and radiant he is, with something smart and pleasant to say to every one! How thoroughly happy and easy he is; and what a contrast to phlegmatic John Bull, who stands with his great red fists doubled, looking as if he thought whoever spoke to him would be wanting him to endorse a bill-of-exchange! But, as we said before, the dread hour before dinner is an awful time in the country—frightful when there are two hours, and never a subject in common for the company to work upon. Laverick Wells and their mutual acquaintance was all Soapey and Jawleyford's stock-in-trade; and that was a very small capital to begin upon, for they had been there together too short a time to make much of a purse of conversation. Even the young ladies, with their inquiries after the respective flirtations—how Miss Sawney and Captain Snubnose were "getting on?" and, whether the rich Widow Spankley was likely to bring Sir Thomas Greedey to book?—failed to make up a conversation; for Soapey knew little of the ins and outs of these matters, his attention having been more directed to "doing" Mr. Waffles than any thing else. Still, the mere questions, put in a playful, womanly way, helped the time on, and prevented things coming to that frightful dead-lock of silence, that causes an involuntary inward exclamation of, "How the deuce am I to get through the time with this man!" There are people who seem to think that sitting and looking at each other constitutes society. Women have a great advantage over men in the talking way: they have always something to say. Let a lot of women be huddled together throughout the whole of a live-long day, and they will yet have such a balance of conversation at night, as to render it necessary to convert a bed-room into a clearing-house, to get rid of it. Men, however, soon get high and dry, especially before dinner; and a host ought to be at liberty to read the Riot-Act, and disperse them to their bed-rooms, till such times as they wanted to eat and drink.

A most scientifically-sounded gong, beginning low, like distant thunder, and gradually increasing its murmur till it filled the whole mansion with its roar, at length relieved all parties from the labour of further efforts; and, looking at his watch, Jawleyford asked Mrs. Jawleyford, in an innocent, indifferent sort of way, which was Mr. Sponge's—Mr. Soapey Sponge's room; though he had been fussing about it not long before, and dusting the portrait of himself, in his green-and-gold yeomanry uniform, with an old India pocket-handkerchief.

"The crimson room, my dear," replied the well-drilled Mrs. Jawleyford; and Spigot coming with candles, Jawleyford preceded "Mr. Sponge—Mr. Soapey Sponge"—up a splendid richly-carved oak staircase, of such gradual and easy rise that an invalid might almost have been drawn up it in a garden-chair.

Passing a short distance along a spacious corridor, Mr. Jawleyford presently opened a door to the right, and led the way into a large gloomy

room, with a little newly-lighted wood fire cackling in an enormous grate, making darkness visible, and drawing the cold out of the walls. We need scarcely say it was that terrible room—the best; with three creaking, ill-fitting windows, and heavy crimson satin-damask furniture, so old as scarcely to be able to sustain its own weight.

“Ah! here you are,” observed Mr. Jawleyford, as he nearly tripped over Soapey’s luggage as it stood by the fire. “Here you are,” repeated he, giving the candle a flourish, to show the size of the room, and draw it back on the portrait of himself above the mantelpiece. “Ah! I declare here’s an old picture of myself,” said he, holding the candle up to the face, as if he hadn’t seen it for some time,—“a picture that was done when I was in the Bumperkin yeomanry,” continued he, passing the light before the facings. “That was considered a good likeness at the time,” said he, looking affectionately at it, and feeling his nose to see if it was still the same size: “ours was a capital corps—one of the best, if not the very best in the service. The inspecting officer always spoke of it in the highest possible terms—especially of *my* company, which really was just as perfect as anything my Lord Cardigan, or any of your crack disciplinarians, can produce. However, never mind,” continued he, lowering the candle, seeing Mr. Soapey didn’t enter into the spirit of the thing; “you’ll be wanting to dress. You’ll find hot water on the table yonder,” pointing to the far corner of the room, where the outline of a jug might just be descried; “there’s a bell in the bed if you want anything; and dinner will be ready as soon as you are dressed. You needn’t make yourself so very fine,” added he, as he retired; “for we are only ourselves: hope we shall have some of our neighbours to-morrow or next day, but we are rather badly off for neighbours just here—at least for short-notice neighbours.” So saying, he disappeared through the dark doorway.

The latter statement was true enough, for Jawleyford, though apparently such a fine open-hearted, sociable sort of man, was in reality a very quarrelsome, troublesome fellow. He quarrelled, with all his neighbours in succession, generally getting through them every two or three years; and his acquaintance were divided into two classes—the best and the worst fellows under the sun. A stranger revisiting Jawleyford after an absence of a year or two, would very likely find the best fellows of former days transformed into the worst ones of that. Thus, Parson Hobanob, that pet victim of country caprice, would come in and go out of season like lamb or asparagus; Major Moustache and Jawleyford would be as “thick as thieves” one day, and at daggers drawn the next; Squire Squaretoes, of Squaretoes House, and he, were continually kissing or cutting; and even distance—nine miles of bad road, and, of course, heavy tolls—could not keep the peace between lawyer Seedywig and him. What between rows and reconciliations, Jawleyford always had his hands full.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE DINNER.

NOTWITHSTANDING Jawleyford’s recommendation to the contrary, Mr. Soapey Sponge made himself an uncommon swell. He put on a desperately stiff starcher, secured in front with a large gold fox-head pin with carbuncle eyes; a fine, fancy-fronted shirt, with a slight ten-

dency to pink, adorned with mosaic-gold-tethered studs of sparkling diamonds (or French paste, as the case might be); a white waistcoat with fancy buttons; a blue coat with a velvet collar and plain bright ones; black tights, with broad black-and-white Cranbourn-alley-looking stockings (socks, rather, if the truth must be told) and patent leather pumps with gilt buckles—Soapey was proud of his leg.

The young ladies, too, turned out rather smart; for Amelia, finding that Emily was going to put on her new yellow watered silk, instead of a dyed satin she had talked of, made Juliana rout her broad-laced blue satin dress out of the wardrobe in the green dressing-room, where it had been laid away in an old table-cloth; and bound her dark hair with a green beaded wreath, which Emily met by crowning herself with a chaplet of white roses.

Thus attired, with smiles assumed at the door, the young ladies entered the drawing-room in the full fervour of sisterly animosity. They were very much alike, in size, shape, and face. They were tallish and full-figured, Miss Jawleyford's features being rather more strongly marked, and her eyes a shade darker than her sister's; while there was a sort of subdued air about her—the result, perhaps, of enlarged intercourse with the world—or maybe of disappointments. Emily's eyes sparkled and glittered, without knowing perhaps why.

Dinner was presently announced. It was of the imposing order that people give their friends on a first visit, as though their appetites were larger on that occasion than on any other. They dined off plate: the sideboards glittered with the Jawleyford arms on cups, tankards, and salvers; "Brecknel & Turner's" flamed and swealed in profusion on the table; while every now and then an expiring lamp on the sideboards or brackets against the walls proclaimed the unwonted splendour of the scene, and added a flavour to the repast not contemplated by the cook. The room, which was large and lofty, being but rarely used, had a cold, uncomfortable feel; and, if it hadn't been for the looks of the thing, Jawleyford would, perhaps, as soon that they had dined in the little breakfast parlour. Still there was everything very smart; Spigot in full fig, with a shirt-frill nearly tickling his nose, an acre of white waistcoat, and glorious calves swelling within his gauze-silk stockings. Snell and his comrade went rolling about in their thick-soled shoes, as such gentlemen generally do.

The serving of the dinner was perhaps better than the repast: still they had turtle-soup (Shell & Tortoise, to be sure, but still turtle-soup); while the wines were supplied by the well-known firm of "Wintle & Co." Jawleyford sank where he got it, and pretended that it had been "ages" in his cellar: "he really had such a stock that he thought he should never get through it;"—to wit, two dozen old port at 36s. a dozen, and one dozen at 48s.; 2 dozen pale sherry at 36s., and one dozen brown ditto at 48s.; three bottles of Bucellas, of the "finest quality imported," at 38s. a-dozen; Lisbon, "rich and dry," at 32s.; and some marvellous creaming champagne at 48s., in which they were indulging when he made the declaration: "Don't wait of me, my dear Mr. Sponge—my dear Mr. Soapey Sponge!" exclaimed Jawleyford, holding up a long needle-case of a glass with the Jawleyford crests emblazoned about; "don't wait of me, *pray*," repeated he, as Spigot finished dribbling the froth into Sponge's glass; and Jawleyford, with

a flourishing bow and waive of his empty needle-case, drank Mr. Soapey Sponge's very good health, adding, "I'm *extremely* happy to see you at Jawleyford Court."

It was then Jawleyford's turn to have a little froth; and having sucked it up with the air of a man drinking nectar, he set down his glass with a shake of the head, saying,

"There's no such wine as that to be got now-a-days."

"Capital wine!—Excellent!" exclaimed Sponge, who was a better judge of ale than of champagne. "Pray, where might you get it?"

"Impossible to say!—Impossible to say!" replied Jawleyford, throwing up his hands with a shake, and shrugging his shoulders. "I have such a stock of wine as is really quite ridiculous."

"Quite ridiculous," thought Spigot, who by the aid of a false key had been through the cellar.

Except the "Shell & Tortoise" and "Wintle," the estate supplied the repast. The carp was out of the home-pond; the tench, or whatever it was, was out of the mill-pond; the mutton was from the farm; the carrot-and-turnip-and-beet-bedaubed stewed beef was from ditto; while the garden supplied the vegetables that luxuriated in the massive silver side-dishes. Watson's gun furnished the old hare and partridges that opened the ball of the second course; and tarts, jellies, preserves, and custards, made their usual appearances. Some first-growth Chateaux Margaux "Wintle," at 66s., in very richly-cut decanters, accompanied the old 36s. Port; and apples, pears, nuts, figs, preserved fruits, occupied the splendid green-and-gold dessert set. Everything, we should add, both at dinner and dessert, was handed round—an ingenious way of tormenting a person that has "dined." The ladies sat long, Mrs. Jawleyford taking three glasses of port (when she could get it); and it was a quarter to eight when they rose from the table.

Jawleyford then moved an adjournment to the fire; which Soapey gladly seconded, for he had never been rightly warmed since he came into the house, the warmth from the fires seeming to go all up the chimneys. Spigot set them a little round table, placing the port and claret upon it, and bringing them a plate of biscuits in lieu of the dessert. He then reduced the illumination on the table, and extinguished such of the lamps as had not gone out of themselves. Having cast an approving glance around, and seen that they had what he considered right, he left them to their own devices.

"Do you drink port or claret, Mr. Sponge—Mr. Soapey Sponge?" asked Jawleyford, preparing to push whichever he preferred over to him.

"I'll take a little port *first*, if you please," replied Soapey—as much as to say, "I'll finish off with claret."

"You'll find that very good, I expect," said Mr. Jawleyford, passing the bottle to him; "it's '20 wine—very rare wine to get now—was a very rich fruity wine, and was a long time before it came into drinking. Connoisseurs would give any money for it."

"It has still a good deal of body," observed Soapey, turning off a glass and smacking his lips, at the same time holding the glass up to the candle to see the mark it made on the side.

"Good *sound* wine—good *sound* wine," said Mr. Jawleyford. "Have plenty lighter, if you like."

"Oh no, thank you," replied Mr. Sponge, "oh no, thank you. I like good strong military port."

"So do I," said Mr. Jawleyford, "so do I; only unfortunately it doesn't like me—I am obliged to drink claret. When I was in the Bumperkin yeomanry we drank nothing but port." And then Jawleyford diverged into a long rambling dissertation on messes and cavalry tactics, which nearly sent Mr. Sponge asleep.

"Where did you say the hounds are to-morrow?" at length asked he, after Mr. Jawleyford had talked himself out.

"To-morrow," repeated Mr. Jawleyford, thoughtfully, "to-morrow—they don't hunt to-morrow—not one of their days—next day. Scrambleford-green—Scrambleford-green—no, no, I'm wrong—Dundleton Tower—Dundleton Tower."

"How far is that from here?" asked Mr. Sponge.

"Oh, ten miles—say ten miles," replied Mr. Jawleyford. It was sometimes ten, and sometimes fifteen, depending upon whether Mr. Jawleyford wanted the party to go or not. These elastic places, however, are common in all countries—to sight-seers as well as to hunters. "Close by—close by," one day, "Oh! a *lo-o-ng* way from here," another.

It is difficult, for parties who have nothing in common, to drive a conversation, especially when each keeps jibbing to get upon a private tack of his own. Jawleyford was all for sounding Sponge as to where he came from, and the situation of his property; for as yet, it must be remembered, he knew nothing of our friend, save what he had gleaned at Laverick Wells, where certainly all parties concurred in placing him high on the list of "desirables," if not quite at the top of the tree: while Soapey wanted to talk about hunting, the meets of the hounds, and hear what sort of man Lord Scamperdale was. So they kept playing at cross-purposes the greater part of the evening, without either getting much out of the other. Jawleyford's intimacy with Lord Scamperdale seemed to have diminished with propinquity, for he now no longer talked of him—"Scamperdale this, and Scamperdale that—Scamperdale, with whom he could do anything he liked;" but he called him "My Lord Scamperdale," and spoke of him in a reverent and becoming way. Distance often lends boldness to the tongue, just as the poet Campbell says it

Lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.

There are few great men who haven't a dozen people, at least, who "keep them right," as they call it. To hear some of the creatures talk, one would fancy a lord was a lunatic as of right.

Spigot at last put an end to their efforts by announcing that "tea and coffee were ready!" just as Mr. Soapey buzzed his bottle of port. They then adjourned from the gloom of the large oak-wainscoted dining-room, to the effulgent radiance of the well-lit, highly-gilt drawing-room. Before accompanying them there, however, perhaps our readers will suppose us retiring from dinner with the ladies: for which purpose we will begin a fresh chapter.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE TEA.

THE drawing-room at Jawleyford Court was forty feet by five-and-twenty, and fourteen feet high; its chief characteristic being the light elegance of its appearance; the furniture being pea-green satin-damask, with bunches of lilies of the valley on the centres of the chairs, sofas, and ottoman. The furniture was gilt, and the room was lit with two magnificent cut-glass chandeliers of thirty candles each. The ceiling was gilded too, and the cream-coloured walls were covered with finely-framed portraits and pictures of the ancient and modern masters. Among the portraits, of course, there were a good many of Jawleyford himself: Jawleyford when a child, playing with a kitten; Jawleyford when a boy, playing with his pony; Jawleyford when a man, playing at soldiers; Jawleyford in his study, playing at reading. There was also a full-length portrait of the young ladies in elegant evening dresses, stepping on to a flower-vased terrace; Miss Jawleyford with her finely-formed arm round Emily's waist, who is pointing out the rosy sunset to her sister. Our readers will remember the picture in the exhibition last year, where it excited considerable attention. It was done when Jawleyford was making a fortune in railways—or *thought* he was. Into this splendid, but as yet unilluminated apartment, mamma and daughters hurried, on leaving the dining-room, to talk how the dinner had "gone off," how old Snell had performed, how the soup seemed—and to con Mr. Sponge over. For this purpose they ranged themselves round the fine white-marble-chimney-piece fireplace, with a foot apiece on the bright steel fender, and a hand or an arm on the mantelpiece, as their eyes looked anxiously into the lofty mirror to see how they had been looking. The minor topics—soup, Snell, &c.—were soon discussed; and then Mrs. Jawleyford brought Sponge on the *tapis*.

"And what do you think of *him*?" asked she.

"Oh, I think he's very well," replied Emily, gaily.

"I should say he was very *toor*-lerable," drawled Miss Jawleyford, who reckoned herself rather a judge, and indeed had had some experience of gentlemen.

"*Tolerable*, my dear!" rejoined Mrs. Jawleyford, "I should say he's very well—rather *distingue*, indeed."

"I shouldn't say *that*," replied Miss Jawleyford; "his height and figure are certainly in his favour, but he doesn't give me the idea of a natural, easy gentleman. He is evidently on good terms with himself; but I should say, if it wasn't for his forwardness, he'd be awkward and uneasy."

"He's a foxhunter, you know," observed Emily.

"Well, but I don't know that that should make him different to other people," rejoined her sister. "Captain Curzon, and Mr. Lancaster, and Mr. Preston, were all foxhunters; but they didn't stare, and blurt, and kick their legs about, as this man does."

"Oh, you are so fastidious!" rejoined her mamma; "you must take men as you find them."

"I wonder where he lives?" observed Emily, who was quite ready to take Soapey as he was.

"I wonder where he *does* live?" chimed in Mrs. Jawleyford, for the suddenness of the descent had given them no time for inquiry.

"Somebody said *Manchester*," observed Miss Jawleyford, drily, adding, "I think he has rather the air of one from there."

"So much the better," observed Mrs. Jawleyford, "for then he is sure to have plenty of money."

"Law, ma! but you don't 'spose pa would ever countenance such a thing," retorted Miss, recollecting her papa's exhortation to them to hold up their heads and look high.

"If he's in the land line," observed Mrs. Jawleyford, "we'll soon find him out in Burke. Emily, my dear," added she, "just slip into your pa's room, and bring me the 'Commoners'—you'll find it on the large table, between the 'Peerage' and the 'Wellington Despatches.'"

Emily tripped away to do as she was bid. •The fair messenger presently returned, bearing both volumes, richly bound and lettered, with the Jawleyford crests studded down the backs, and an immense pat of arms plastered on the side.

"The second volume would have been sufficient," observed Mrs. Jawleyford, taking the one labelled M to Z. She then dived into the pages of this most veracious publication, cutting in among the "R's" at once, so much accustomed was she to the search—"Rogers of So-and-so;" "Rogers of some other place;" and, passing on through the "Russells" and "Ruxtons," came on to the "S's"—"Sadlier"—"Saint George"—"Saint Clair"—"Salamons"—"Sandford"—"Spencer"—"Spoonier"—"Spottiswood"—"Sponge." "*Sponge!* here we have him!" exclaimed Mrs. Jawleyford. "'Sponge, of Toadey Hall, co. —; born —; married —; two sons, Charles and Henry'—that won't do; our friend is Soapey. Well, here's another," continued she, reading on. "'Sponge, of Sticktight Park; born —; married —; Magistrate; Dep.-Lieutenant—'"

"What's a dep.-lieutenant, mamma?" interrupted Emily.

"Oh, a dep.-lieutenant, my dear—a dep.-lieutenant is a sort of a country beef-eater. Well, this Sponge has a son; but his name's Abraham—Abraham Sponge—and two daughters. Well," continued she, reading on, "here's another family—'Sponge, of Squeeze Castle.'"

"Squeeze Castle, mamma! what a charming name!" exclaimed Emily.

"Well, Squeeze Castle's got married," observed Mrs. Jawleyford.

"That'll be him!" observed Emily, gaily.

"No, my dear, it's not," replied mamma; "his name is Timothy John, and he was born in '82. And that's all," added she, closing the volume. "There's no information, I think, about this gentleman."

"Not likely, I should think," observed Miss Jawleyford, with a toss of her head.

"Well, never mind," replied Mrs. Jawleyford, seeing that only one of the girls could have him, and that one was quite ready; "never mind, I dare say I shall be able to find out something from himself, with the aid of the information from Burke; so now let us get the room ready. Emily, my dear, you had better begin to play; and let Spigot uncover the harp and light the candles, and so on, lest he should come in unexpectedly."

"I don't think he is one to come in unexpectedly," observed Miss Jaw-

leyford. "I should say he was a very 'Finish-the-bottle,' if not a 'Let's-have-another' sort of man."

Miss Jawleyford was right in her conjecture; and there was a considerable waste of wax in the drawing-room ere the great silver urn, and other implements of tea, were ready for review.

The port and conversation finishing about the same time, Mr. Sponge further ingratiated himself with Mrs. Jawleyford by entering just as the tea *tableau* was in full bloom. He came swaggering in, as men in tights generally do.

"May I give you tea or coffee?" asked Emily, in the sweetest tone possible, as she raised her gloveless arm towards where the glittering utensils stood on the large silver tray.

"Neither, thank you," said Soapey, throwing himself into a many-cushioned easy-chair beside Mrs. Jawleyford. He then crossed his legs, and cocking up a toe for admiration, began to yawn.

"You'll feel tired after your journey?" observed Mrs. Jawleyford.

"No, I'm not," said Sponge, yawning again—a good 'un this time.

Miss Jawleyford looked at her sister—a long pause ensued.

"I knew a family of your name very intimately," at length observed Mrs. Jawleyford, in the simple, innocent sort of way women begin pumping a man. "I knew a family of your name very intimately," repeated she, seeing Soapey was half asleep—"the Sponges of Toadey Hall. May I ask if they are any relation of yours?"

"Oh—ah—yes," blurted Soapey; "I suppose they are. The fact is—haw—that the—haw—Sponges—haw—are a rather large family—haw. We are the Soapey Sponges, you know—haw."

"You don't live in the same county, perhaps?" observed Mrs. Jawleyford.

"No, we don't," replied Soapey, with a yawn.

"Is yours a good hunting country?" asked Jawleyford, thinking to get at him in another way.

"No; a devilish bad 'un," said Soapey, adding with a grunt, "or I wouldn't be here."

"Who hunts it?" asked Mr. Jawleyford.

"Why, as to that—haw"—replied Soapey, stretching out his arms and legs to their fullest extent, and yawning most vigorously—"why, as to that, I can hardly say which you would call my country, for I have to do with so many; but I should say, of all the countries I am—haw—connected with—haw—Tom Scratch's is the worst."

Mr. Jawleyford looked at Mrs. Jawleyford as a counsel who has made what he thinks a grand hit looks at a jury before he sits down, and said no more.

Soapey presently beginning his nasal recreations, Mr. Jawleyford moved an adjournment of the house.

COLONIES AND CONSTITUTIONS.*

MANY causes have contributed to awaken an unusual degree of attention on the part of the English public to the present condition and future prospects of our Colonial Empire, and at the same time to bring into unprecedented prominence the whole of that extensive subject which is now comprised under the head of "Colonisation."

The slavery abolition is now producing results not anticipated by the nation when, with a curious mixture of philanthropy and party zeal, it decreed the freedom of our negro brethren, and voted 20,000,000*l.* to compensate their owners. The freedom has taken place, and the money has been spent, and the ex-slave colonies are ruined. And this ruin is something more than a figure of speech. It is not as it was—the old proprietor bankrupt, and the "attorney" and merchant enriched. The property itself is now gone—is valueless—enriching nobody. Yet the land remains, and the "plant;" and the negroes, we suppose, are merry. But the proprietors are not ruined in silence. It is not the way of men, least of all of Englishmen, to be so. The equalisation of the sugar duties gives the *coup-de-grace* to the West Indian interest. The colonists, in a fury, and deriving no consolation from the fact that, if *they* are ruined, Manchester and Birmingham consume cheap sugar, carry on a system of warfare with their rulers—whether dating from Downing-street or Spanish Town—which is barely kept within the theoretical limits of our constitutional system. In a word, there is a great West Indian quarrel, which has got the full length of "stopping the supplies."

Canada, a few years ago, feeling itself growing into lusty manhood, became disposed, whether by reason or without, to think and act more for itself. Groans and remonstrances had their run; and in due course came rebellion, and its repression. Then we had a legislative merging of an English and a French community into one; and after a short while the establishment of local "responsible government." That brought with it a peculiar species of revolution, which requires some practice to reconcile men to. It drove those who had almost a prescription of power, from place and income, and converted them into that patriotic but unpaid body, an Opposition. Thence arose a pretty Canadian quarrel, into the merits of which we shall not enter; but which, we may state, has been disfigured by personal violence offered to the Queen's representative, and made the subject of the crack debates which have taken place in the present session of parliament,—bringing out all Lord John's skilful simplicity of statement, Sir Robert's unctuous impartiality in summing up evidence, and D'Israeli's smart vivacity of personal portraiture.

The Cape is the theatre of a war with savages, at a cost, for one year, of a round million; and New Zealand furnishes us with a like field of practice for our troops, at probably, when the account is made up, not a sixpence less.

Suddenly the Australian Colonies make a figure on the map of the world. Within the last five-and-twenty years, quietly, and unknown to

* The Colonies of England: a Plan for the Government of some portion of our Colonial Possessions. By John Arthur Roebuck, M.P. London: Parker, West Strand.

the mass of European men, three or four communities have been growing up at that end of the earth ; when at length it is one day revealed to us that there are between 300,000 and 400,000 of our countrymen located there in towns and villages, with thousands of acres of land in cultivation, and countless flocks and herds ; consuming millions' worth of British goods, and exporting the equivalent in colonial products ; inviting their starving and struggling fellow-countrymen at home to go and share the plenty which is a waste for want of mouths to consume it ; and crying out aloud, and with a perseverance bespeaking the blood that is in them, that they may be indulged with the luxury of governing themselves.

Then at home we have manufacturers ever hard at work, always producing, always going ahead of demand, looking out for new markets for their surplus production ; men of trades and professions craving new fields for the employment of their decreasing capitals and of their unrequited skill ; men of labour pining for regular work, and, regularly, enough to eat ; to all these the colonies are hourly growing into objects of greater interest.

Thus it is that our colonies, old, and new, and those about to be—in one way or another—whether as a source of expense and annoyance, of newspaper-paragraph interest, or of immediate or anticipated profit—have contrived to work themselves into a position of considerable importance in the active politics of the day ; and in spite of Paris revolutions, and the flight of Popes and potentates, they more than hold their own. We may be sure, too, that, in these our busy and pragmatical times, the facts have not been lost to many minds for begetting doctrines innumerable in all that pertains to colonies. We have a school that would let colonies grow up, if they have a mind, like mushrooms—but not otherwise ; others would foster and encourage, and go to some expense in founding colonies, as a good national investment ; others, again, who would plant colonies “systematically,” and in such wise that they should never cost anybody anything ; contriving, with a provident prescience, that the waste lands of such colonies shall always be so valued, that they shall always be so saleable, that they shall always produce enough money, to introduce exactly as many labourers as will always be willing to work for those who buy the land, in sufficient numbers to keep their wages just so high, and not so low, as that both employers and employed shall always be exactly as well off as they respectively ought to be ! For that latter scheme a patent was taken out ;—it was tried and found wanting. But that by the way.

Then we have those who, prying into the local politics of our colonies, have spied the causes of all the heats and discontents which have marked their brief histories ; and who, Bacon-wise, have risen to inductions which enable them to hold out to the queen's ministers and the parliament assembled infallible rules for their guidance hereafter. Let no man say he knows not how to govern a colony. Lights to lighten the Stanleys, the Greys, and the Gladstones, are to be had at the bookseller's. The thing is reduced to a certainty. All the conditions of the problem are ascertained, and a never-failing formula arrived at. There may be variations to be taken into account—divergencies to be allowed for : heed has been taken of all these, and their value ascertained : but the great general truths are not the less unfolded to the admiration and profit of mankind.

We had known that there was a class of politicians—colonial “doc-

trinaires" as we may call them—who, learned as they think in the experiences of the past, fancy themselves entitled to dogmatise *à priori* for the future, on every topic of colonial concernment. We did not expect that John Arthur Roebuck was one of these; for Mr. Roebuck is a man of vigorous intellect, wholly without cant, and personally acquainted with colonies. His was not the mind from which we should have expected unprofitable and really unphilosophical generalisations. From the sharp, penetrating, perhaps captious, but right honest political lawyer, we had expected an eye for detecting a grievance and its best immediate remedy, and even for suggesting good practical methods of prevention in future. And, after all, his book now before us is full of practical hints, and bears abundant evidence of the shrewd, intelligent, practical man. Had Mr. Roebuck been less ambitious in his aim—had he thought less of generalising, and fallen short of prescribing a panacea—he would have produced a right good book.

The general scheme, then, of Mr. Roebuck's book we do not approve of; though confessing that it is made the vehicle for a number of useful remarks; and any person studying colonial policy, or colony-making, or, to get to ambitious words, the science and art of colonisation, would be enabled to jot down not a few profitable memoranda from Mr. Roebuck's book. But the scheme itself we think a mistake. Mr. Roebuck appears to us to have sat down with his mind engrossed with one idea—What a grand colony the United States of America is! This is his leading "notion," upon which all the book appears to turn. It is this which makes all other colonies appear insignificant, and badly contrived through all the stages of their social and political existence.

We must make in future, then—is the sentiment and logic of Mr. Roebuck's book—all our colonies United States. We must rear our system on the American experience. We have the facts of the past—they are the data for our future projects. Let us see. We will plant a settlement with municipal institutions—we will expand it into a colony, with a tripartite legislature—we will group colonies into a federation: we shall have United States, with all their felicities, in any number! Now, this may be a very excellent plan for certain colonies—it may be, with respect to most coterminous settlements of the same national origin, the natural development of institutions—but we think it would be really idle to attempt, as Mr. Roebuck proposes, by any specific law to prescribe any such general method of treating colonies. It would only be laid down to be warped, twisted, diverged from, in so many ways, as, in sporting phrase, to place the scheme itself nowhere. Would we ignore the past? On no account. And whether the question be of planting a colony, or adapting institutions to it at any given stage of its existence, the lessons of history would be of indispensable usefulness. But such lessons would teach fully as much in pointing out what to avoid, as what to imitate; what was incongruous, no less than what was analogous. Mr. Roebuck's book itself is full of such instructive inferences. Give us a scheme for a particular colony, and we will seek in history for another scheme and another colony as like as may be discoverable; and will do our best to "improve the occasion." But to lay down a scheme of general applicability, when the circumstances, in the nature of things, can never be generally predicated to apply to it, or it to them—to this we must take leave to demur.

There are, however, some parts of Mr. Roebuck's book which we have read with nearly unmixed pleasure; those, in particular, which give us a cursory history of English colonisation in America. Talking of Virginia, we are reminded, at the close of the following extract, of some of the urgent appeals made at the present day from labour-wanting colonies:—

Severe misfortunes attended the infant colony; the practical proceedings of its founders being no wiser than their scheme of its political institutions. Visions of glory and of gain—sanguine hopes of great wealth and honour attained without labour, and at once, led the daring, the reckless, and the idle—broken down spend-thrifts, and gay gallants of the court, to form part of the company of emigrants by whom the new community was to be established. The celebrated Captain John Smith, the real practical founder and saviour of this the first settlement, knew well what was the class of men needed for the work—and clearly understood the benefit that would follow *well-selected emigrants*. "When you send again," said Smith, in a letter written to his superior at home, "I intreat you rather send but thirty carpenters, husbandmen, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, masons, and diggers-up of trees' roots, well provided, than a thousand of such as we have." He was averse to all schemes for the attainment of sudden wealth by gold-finding and mining. "Nothing," said he, "is to be expected from Virginia but by labour."

Captain John Smith was quite right. Her Majesty's Colonisation Commissioners have, we doubt not, many such correspondents at the present day.

Mr. Roebuck, following the historian Bancroft, is no lover of the method of founding colonies by means of companies. Still speaking of the early Virginian settlements, he takes occasion to remark as follows:—

When we see attempts making to revive that old form of company, by which our forefathers vainly endeavoured in ancient days to found colonies—when we hear the final success of those colonies attributed to this mode of directing the enterprise, the skill, and the energy of our people, when laying the foundation of what are now mighty states,—it behoves all who know how really false are these statements, and how mischievous these companies were in fact, how seriously they impeded the progress of adventure, and retarded the growth of the colonial communities, to lay this experience with earnestness before the world; not to be nice as to phrase while insisting upon the value of the knowledge which can be obtained from our former colonial history; and at all proper times fearlessly to expose the grave errors which are daily propagated on this important subject by interested projectors, who pretend to be philosophic discoverers of great moral truths in political science, instead of assuming the more modest character of historians, in which, if they were honest, they might bring to light the valuable experience which the past has garnered up for our use.

At the present day the function of "Companies" in the establishment of Colonies appears clearly pointed out. There is no reason why they should, but abundant reasons could be adduced why they should not, be permitted the slightest power, political or civil. Their utility is entirely of a commercial or financial character; and any privileges with which the state or the legislature should be persuaded to invest them, should have exclusive reference to that consideration. What individual enterprise would be unequal to, the "capital" of a company might afford the means of successfully accomplishing. The only inconvenience to which colonies in the establishment of which companies may have had much concern, real or ostensible, are in some measure liable, is the creation of certain home interests, not always identical with, but it may even be diametrically opposed to, the interests of resident colonists.

In giving us the following interesting quotation from Bancroft, Mr. Roebuck well remarks, that it shows that all the great questions respecting the planting of colonies were discussed carefully by the sagacious men who founded our American settlements, and who have left us little to discover in the so-called "Art of Colonisation."

"The patriotic party in England now possessed the control of the London Company, engaged with earnestness in schemes to advance the population and establish the liberties of Virginia; and Sir Edward Sandys, the new treasurer, was a man of such judgment and firmness that no intimidations—not even threats of blood—could deter him from investigating and reforming the abuses by which the colony had been retarded. At his accession to office, after twelve years' labour, and an expenditure of 80,000*l.* by the company, there were in the Colony no more than six hundred persons, men, women and children; and now in one year he provided a passage to Virginia for twelve hundred and sixty persons. Nor must the character of the emigrants be overlooked. Few women had as yet dared to cross the Atlantic; but now the promise of prosperity induced ninety agreeable persons, young and incorrupt, to listen to the wishes of the company and the benevolent advice of Sandys, and to embark for the colony, where they were assured of a welcome. They were transported at the expense of the corporation, and were married to the tenants of the company, or to men who were well able to support them; and who willingly defrayed the costs of their passage, which were rigorously demanded. The adventure, which had been in part a mercantile speculation, succeeded so well, that it was designed to send the next year another consignment of one hundred; but before these could be collected, the company found itself so poor that its design could be accomplished only by a subscription. After some delays, sixty were actually despatched—maids of virtuous education, young, handsome, and well recommended. The price rose from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty pounds of tobacco, or even more, so that all the original charges might be repaid. The debt for a wife was a debt of honour, and took precedence of any other; and the company, in conferring employments, gave a preference to the married men. Domestic ties were formed, virtuous sentiments and habits of thrift ensued; the tide of emigration swelled; within three years, fifty patents of land were granted, and three thousand five hundred persons found their way to Virginia, which was a refuge even for Puritans."—*History of America*.

We may remark that a habit has been growing up of late, of regarding with far too much complacency the *rate* at which we are colonising, compared with that of our countrymen two centuries ago. We believe, if we take into due account the various differences in the times, there is far more to wonder at in the operations of those earlier adventurers than in the achievements of our own day. The instances which we are stunned with of the Port Phillip country, and the adjacent colony of South Australia, are nothing to the point. These are both very flourishing, very beautiful, and very valuable possessions; and their social utility to this country cannot be well over-estimated. But they are no more examples of peculiar skill and rapidity in colonisation, than the American "Buffalo." To estimate any merit which we can claim for the recency of those settlements, and their present flourishing condition, we should consider what they would now be, provided we had fifteen years ago for the first time settled at the Antipodes; and had no flourishing colony like New South Wales at hand, with supplies of every description of produce, and that great source of colonial wealth, its countless sheep and cattle. Once plant a colony—let it get beyond a certain point—let it produce abundantly, and the geometrical ratio of its increase in populousness and wealth is only wonderful when we shut our eyes to the adequate causes which produce it. New colonies planted on its confines are, in reality, but new people come to appropriate its overflowing wealth. That is modern American—it is no less modern Australian—

colonisation. As for New South Wales itself, we must ever remember the millions of public money it has cost this country, in the support, for more than half a century, of a convict population.

We find from Mr. Roebuck, that the English House of Commons, in a resolution to which it came on the 10th of March, 1642, gave to New England the title of "Kingdom;" and that the Bank of England aided the more modern colony of Georgia with money, while parliament gave money to it three times—in all 56,000*l*. This will console the *amour propre* of some of our younger colonies who have been indebted to parliament for a few orders on the national exchequer.

In a "*digression concerning the Land Fund*," Mr. Roebuck contests the doctrine of "concentration;" and we think he is quite right in doing so. "Why," he asks, "should we suppose that any peculiar and magical effects are to be attributed to concentration? and why should we attempt, by legislative provisions, to enforce a concentration which private interest would not induce?" Why, indeed? The truth is, artificial concentration is bad, as well as artificial dispersion. To what extent people shall disperse, to what extent concentrate, can be laid down in no book, or government regulation, or act of parliament. There is a very unmanageable animal to deal with, that sometimes, well-meaning schemers are apt to forget, forms no inconsiderable part of their machinery, and whose action is not always strictly determinate—*man*.

Talking of constitutions, Mr. Roebuck professes his *present* preference of two legislative chambers to one. Generally we concur with him, though we can conceive circumstances in the case of young colonies where one might be, for the moment, more convenient than two. We are no friends to finality; our own constitution—which was never made, but made itself, and is still making itself—is a perpetual warning to us not to expect one invariable "best possible constitution" for all times and all places. Mr. Roebuck cites the late National Assembly of France as giving no confidence to his own preconceived opinion that one chamber was sufficient, and that two were merely a clumsy addition. The present Chamber will not restore his confidence. In passing, we may note a passage on this subject, which we find in De Tocqueville's work "*De la Démocratie*," that able exposition of the workings of democracy in America. It is of some interest at the present time, when the shuffling of the cards has turned this writer into a democratic minister; though perhaps before this page is printed he may have had sundry successors. He observes: "*Le temps et l'expérience ont fait connaître aux Américains, que la division des pouvoirs législatifs est encore une nécessité du premier ordre. Seule, parmi toutes les républiques unies, la Pennsylvanie avoit d'abord essayé d'établir une assemblée unique. Franklin lui-même, entraîné par les conséquences logiques du dogme de la souveraineté du peuple, avoit concouru à cette mesure. On fut bientôt obligé de changer de loi, et de constituer les deux chambres. . . . Cette théorie, à-peu-près ignorée des républiques antiques, introduite dans le monde presque au hasard, ainsi que la plupart des grands vérités, méconnue de plusieurs peuples modernes, est enfin passé comme un axiome dans la science politique de nos jours.*" (De Tocqueville, "*De la Démocratie*," p. 285, vol. i.)

Pursuing the general idea of his book, Mr. Roebuck concludes with recommending that there should be a *northern federation of British*

American provinces. Has the time come, or will it ever come, for such a "unity?" Clearly, there can be no federation against the wishes of all or any of the members who are to compose it. If provinces are so stubbornly stupid as not to discern the advantages of Mr. Roebuck's league, and will cling to their distinct individuality, what is to be done but leave them to blunder on in the old way?

And here we leave Mr. Roebuck's book for the present, recommending it to the perusal of all persons interested in our colonies, or in the subject of colonisation; being satisfied that it contains many excellent materials, though its general design, as we have before explained, is not such as we are enabled to commend.

Since our attention has been directed to the subject of this article, we have seen the bill lately brought into parliament under the sponsorship of Lord John Russell, Mr. Labouchere, and Mr. Hawes, for the better government of the Australian colonies. We see in this measure much to commend. It gives to each of the four colonies of New South Wales, Victoria (hitherto Port Phillip), Van diemen's Land, and South Australia, a representative legislature—hitherto enjoyed by New South Wales alone. At first, the legislature is to consist of a single chamber; but as time and experience may prompt, the single chamber has power to resolve itself into two. This seems judicious; and it shows a flattering degree of confidence in the colonists. The colonies may also form themselves, *if they please*, into a federation. We almost think even the permission premature; but we hope the colonists will not be led into making a hasty use of it. Indeed, there are certain little prejudices among the different colonies, which, we suspect, will repel for some time to come any approaches to an union of this sort. Some of the proposed customs' regulations strike us as open to objections; and some items in the Civil Lists we can imagine may be ill received by the colonists. But these may be amended before the bill becomes law. Our home government should view the subject in reference to their posthumous fame, and not merely to the flitting expediency of the hour. Hereafter they will be judged by the Roebucks and the Bancrofts of the time to come; and we firmly believe the wisdom of their conduct will be tested by their not having attempted too much—but by having left much to self-adaptation and self-adjustment.

ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA IN SEPTEMBER, 1847.

BY WILLIAM ROBERTS HARRIS, ESQ.

HAVING ascended Mount Vesuvius together, and bivouacked at night on its rugged surface, until driven off by a violent storm, we (that is, my two travelling companions, one a fellow-countryman, the other an American, both pleasant fellows, and myself), determined on likewise making the ascent of Mount Etna, and, as on our arrival at Messina the weather was favourable for the attempt, of at once pushing on to Catania. I was the more anxious for this course, as I was in hopes of meeting a party of Austrians with whom I had travelled in the Tyrol and north of Italy two years previously, and who had been staying at the same

hotel at Naples as myself, when they had asked me to meet them at Catania and Etna, which I had partly promised to do. Accordingly, on the morning of the 22nd of September last, we found ourselves in the post carriage that runs from Messina to Catania, with a Sicilian gentleman for our companion. It was not, however, without some little difficulty as regarded passports that we were enabled to leave Messina as early as we did, for the town was evidently in a very excited state, and several prisoners were brought in whilst we were there, which will account for the great deal of unnecessary trouble the police authorities gave us before our passports were declared to be "en règle." The scenery around Messina is exceedingly picturesque, and the city itself is handsome and well-built, beautifully situated at the head of the Straits, that divide Sicily from Calabria, from which it seems to have been separated by some violent convulsion of nature. A short distance from Messina are the classic Scylla and Charybdis. The country through which we passed in our journey to Catania is mostly rich and picturesque, but in some parts sterile and rugged. The road is, however, execrable, and it required some little skill to keep our seats, and prevent our being tossed up against the roof of the carriage, when our postilion charged the beds of the numerous torrents that swept across the road. He was not always successful in making his way, as twice our vehicle sunk deep into the débris, and it required a good deal of exertion from horses, guard, and passengers before it could be got out, and we were enabled to resume our journey. The villages we passed through were poor and wretched-looking. At the small post-house, where we stopped for refreshment, although we obtained good fruit, yet it was brought in in a dirty basket; and, there being no plates, we were obliged to eat the eggs out of the pan in which they had been fried. There was only one cup, but it was of classic shape; the wine being poured out of the dirty pigskin, which the Sicilians still use to carry it in. In one corner of the room was a heap of manure, and we were literally besieged by a host of starving fowls and a ravenous dog. Of the inhabitants I must make the same remark as of the villages; they seemed, however, good-tempered, and several times greeted us with cheers as we passed by whole troops of them (mostly of women, and the ugliest I almost ever saw), laden with the produce of the vintage, which was in full operation. They seemed much surprised at our walking, which we did whenever we changed horses; and once or twice the more curious followed us, evidently thinking we must be mad to walk in the fierce sun of Sicily instead of riding. On one occasion, a *gend'armes* (numbers of whom were patrolling the road) looked very *stupidly* at my companion the Sicilian; and who, although at first reserved, when I spoke to him of politics afterwards, when I asked the reason of the *gend'armes'* manner, explained that he belonged to the liberal party, which the man could see; as he wore the white slouched hat, with the band and tassels, that distinguish that party at Messina, and which is looked upon with great suspicion and dislike by the government. This, on further inquiry, I found to be correct, and that the liberal party at Palermo was distinguished by a belt, or sash, worn round the waist, many of whom had been, *it was said*, arrested, and two men executed. On another occasion, when we had pushed on after sunset some distance ahead of our carriage, and were in full chase after my fellow-country-

man, who fancied a run over the broken road would do us good, we met a party of *gens d'armes*, some in a cart, others on horseback, who, probably attracted by my American friend's hat—a similar one to the Sicilian's—demanded our passports of us. For these, we referred them to the guard of the post, and then immediately dived down a ravine close to us, leaving the guardians of the road staring after us, evidently thinking that the "*Inglese*," were bewildered. About midway we passed the ridge on which the ruins of ancient *Tauromenum* are proudly situate, and then came in view of lofty Etna, whose hoary head, the object of our ambition, was covered with clouds.

Arrived at Catania, we put up at Signor Abate's comfortable hotel (for Sicily), and after having refreshed both the outward and the inward man, the former by plentiful ablutions, and the latter by a good supper, desired to see our host (who was for many years chief guide), and confer with him on our proposed expedition. He accordingly made his appearance, and told us that our best plan was to take horses, mules, and provisions at Catania; from which place we ought to start about ten in the morning for Nicolosi, where we could procure a guide; rest there an hour, then proceed to the Casa del Bosco, where we ought to dine and rest till midnight; thence push on to the Casa Inglese, and after an hour's stay there, ascend to the summit of the Cone, in time to see the sun rise; descending to breakfast at the Casa Inglese, and returning to Catania in time for a late dinner. This our polite Boniface, in the purest Italian I ever heard, assured us on his honour, pressing his hands to his heart—and who could disbelieve him when he spoke so sonorous a language?—was the best plan; and if, as it was then late, we would only retire to our beds and leave every thing to him, we should find mules, horses, provisions, and all requisites ready for us in the morning. This advice being seconded by the renowned "*Placido*," the waiter, we retired to our respective dormitories, where, notwithstanding our enemies the mosquitoes, we were quickly asleep.

September 23.—Up early making preparations for our expedition, which consisted, on our parts, in dressing ourselves as coolly as possible, but in packing up to take with us all the warm clothing and coats we could muster; in making a most excellent breakfast; in sending the ever-ready *Placido* on all manner of errands; in visiting the kitchen, and inspecting the preparations there making for supplying us with eatables; and lastly in inspecting our horses. At length, every thing being ready, and our sumpter mule laden with all kinds of provisions, clothes, firing, &c., we mounted our beasts, and about half-past ten were on our way to the mountain. Just, however, before we started, Abate begged me to lead the way, and not go near my American friend's horse, for if I did, he said, in his broken English, "*him (my horse) poke fist at other,*" a very common accomplishment with Sicilian horses.

Accordingly, we commenced our march in single file; the muleteer leading the way with the sumpter-mule, I close behind him, and my two friends in the rear. As we wended our way through the streets, several of the lounging Sicilians came out to look at our cavalcade, and seemed much amused at our costumes, which, if not picturesque, were convenient. My American companion wore a light loose jacket and slouched hat, and carried a large umbrella over his head; my fellow-countryman had on the everlasting but useful costume of an Englishman,

a light shooting jacket and white German hat; and your humble servant disdained both coat and waistcoat, and braved the sun in his shirt and a black hat. The sun was exceedingly powerful, and the heat intense, but I regret to say that we forgot to take with us a thermometer, so that I am unable to give the different degrees of temperature we passed through in the course of the ascent.

It may not here be out of place to give a short description of Mount Etna. The height of this stupendous mountain is estimated at nearly 11,000 feet; the base, which is almost circular, is nearly ninety English miles in circumference, but the whole space covered by lava is reckoned at twice that extent; and the summit of the cone is thirty miles from the sea-shore. The mountain is usually divided into three regions, but may, I think, with more propriety, be divided into four, viz.—the fertile, or torrid region, around the base; the woody, or temperate, region; the desert, or frigid region; and the fiery region, or crater. It is a great source of wealth to the inhabitants, as around its base, the most fertile land in Sicily, all kinds of fruit, olives, oranges, citrons, grapes, figs, pomegranates, and the prickly pear, grow in great perfection. Its woody region supplies the island with wood; and its frigid region supplies not only Sicily, but Naples, Malta, and many parts of the Mediterranean, with ice and snow from its inexhaustible resources. What particularly distinguishes this mountain is the number of small mountains or cones, which look like excrescences on its sides, and have been formed at various times, and from which most of the eruptions of lava have flowed. They are now mostly extinct, covered with vegetation, and add much to the beauty of the scenery. Often has Catania and the surrounding country been laid waste by the eruptions from this gigantic volcano; and the lava can be traced to the sea, where it has formed the present harbour of Catania. But not only eruptions of lava, but frightful inundations, caused sometimes by streams of hot lava being precipitated on the masses of snow and ice, at other times by heavy rains and the melting of the snow, have devastated the surrounding country. Many tales are told of the wonderful escapes of persons and buildings from the all-devouring lava. In one eruption, Recupero had ascended a small hill of volcanic matter, to watch the fiery current of lava, when two streams suddenly approached the hill, and he had only just time to escape when the whole hill was surrounded, and in a quarter of an hour was undermined and carried off by the liquid lava. In another eruption the lava approached, and partly destroyed, the outer walls of the Benedictine monastery, but then turning suddenly off, it surrounded it without doing that fine building any material injury. This miracle was of course attributed to the intercession of the patron saint.

But to return from this digression. Our road lay sometimes through gardens of oranges and citrons, at other times through extensive vineyards, and occasionally through waste and barren-looking land, covered with the prickly pear and cacti. Our progress was slow, as the heat was great; and our muleteer would not allow us to trot, it being necessary to save our horses as much as possible. The scenery was, however, lovely. As we gradually ascended, looking back, Catania appeared spread out before us, looking brilliantly white against the intense blue of the Mediterranean, and in the clear and sunny atmosphere of Sicily. During this part of the ascent we passed several women busily engaged winding off silk, but

more repulsive-looking beings I never saw. One in particular I shall never forget : almost black, dreadfully pitted with the small-pox, and with long streaming gray hair, she might well be considered as having sprung from some of the monsters with which the ancients peopled Mount Etna : she would make an enterprising showman's fortune in London. In about three hours and a half we reached Nicolosi, a straggling village on the borders of the sylvan region. Here we dismounted whilst our horses were baited, and refreshed ourselves with delicious fruit, particularly figs, and very respectable wine. A guide now made his appearance, a rough, powerful-looking fellow, who asked us to accompany him to Signor Gemmelaro, the chief and master of the guides, and he would give us the key of the Casa Inglesi. We accordingly paid the signor (who speaks English fluently, and who was, I believe, a medical officer in our army in the Peninsula) a visit. He received us very politely, and told us that we had decidedly done wrong in taking horses at Catania, for horses were not good for the mountain, and would most likely break down with us ; that we ought to have ascended to Nicolosi in a carriage, and have there taken mules for the rest of the ascent : and he advised us to push on at once to the Casa Inglesi, and not stop at the Bosco, which was in a ruinous condition, and hinted that our host, Abate, had advised us only for his own benefit. However, it was pretty evident there was no great friendship subsisting between the two, so we determined to push on and judge for ourselves. Experience soon taught us that Signor Gemmelaro was correct. Just as we were about to remount our steeds, to our surprise we espied three pretty children, two girls and a boy, whom we at once recognised as English, by their fair, soft complexions, blue eyes, and light hair, which contrasted most favourably with the dark hue and black eyes of the native children. We were soon gambolling with them, when they told us they were staying there for their health, having come from Malta. My fellow-countryman at once got into their good graces, and amused them much by his Irish brogue, which he imitated to perfection, and at the same time greatly surprised them by his declaring that he was going to throw himself into the crater.

Bidding adieu to our juvenile acquaintances, we recommenced our journey. Our guide, a regular Cyclops in appearance, seated on a stubborn lame mule, led the way ; our muleteer, urging on our steeds by shouting and calling to them by name, and invoking all the saints in the calendar as well as the Santa Maria, bringing up the rear, perched on the sumpter mule. The appearance of the country now changed ; several of the excrescences, or cones, rose close to us, and our way lay over a bed of ashes, where the vine struggled for existence with the unkindly soil. This we shortly left, and commenced the more troublesome part of scrambling over the large and sharp-pointed masses of lava.

The ascent in some parts was very steep, and it was with some difficulty that our horses surmounted the rough and somewhat dangerous acclivities. We now began to suspect that Signor Gemmelaro was correct, as our horses already showed symptoms of fatigue, and we were at length obliged continually to dismount and drag them after us. It was not long, however, before the woody region was gained, and we changed the sharp lava for the light sandy soil, into which our horses sank deep. It is impossible to describe the feeling of joy and gladness that I felt on entering this

sylvan scene. The wood is completely English and park-like in appearance, and is mostly composed of chestnuts and oaks, which, although of rather stunted growth as compared with our own, bore the finest acorns I ever saw. Here the birds sang sweetly, and the sun, throwing his golden rays through the wood as it sank towards the horizon, lighted up with a crimson glow this scene of enchantment and quietude, which looked still more enchanting when compared with the dull gray twilight in which Sicily was already enveloped; and light and happy felt my heart as wending my way upwards I gazed upon the glorious prospect, and thought of the many happy days I had spent in the woodland scenery of Old England. A little after sunset we arrived at the Casa del Bosco, when I immediately assembled a council of war to determine whether we should, after a short rest, proceed to the Casa Inglesi, or follow Abate's plan, and stay at the Bosco till midnight, and then push on. I was strongly in favour of the former plan, but the latter one was supported by my American friend, who was afraid that the horses could not proceed without a long rest; and as he was supported in his opinion by the muleteer, and my fellow countryman seemed indifferent on the subject, I gave way.

We therefore set to work to make ourselves as comfortable as the circumstances would admit of. Our first proceeding was to picket the horses and unload the mules; which done, and having supplied them with forage, we entered the "Casa," a wretched shed, with about two-thirds of the walls and roof standing, the remaining third being strewed on the ground. This we promised ourselves the pleasure of rebuilding, but when we afterwards attempted it, the guide stopped us for fear the whole should come down. Having surveyed our domicile, we put on some of our extra clothing, as the air was already very keen; and by the time we had completed our toilets our guide had collected a quantity of dry wood, and in a few minutes we had a blazing fire. We now laid out our dinner, consisting of a turkey, divers large pieces of meat (tough and indescribable), bread, fruit, and wine, and then gladly seated ourselves close to the kindling fire, on the smoothest pieces of lava we could find, covered with fern.

Our guide and muleteer joined in our repast, to which they added a number of hard boiled eggs, and with whose assistance the turkey and other provisions with which our host had provided us grew rapidly less. The guide, a jovial sort of fellow, and the muleteer, a civil, hard-working man, several times drank to our healths and success; and I fancy, to a spectator, if one there had been, our bivouac would have presented a picturesque and joyous scene of wild life, seated as we were, with our rough companions, round the glowing embers of our fire, and the ruinous hut ringing with the laughter caused by the witticisms of my good-tempered companions.

Our feast over, my American friend made his bed, consisting of dry fern over which was laid a horse-cloth, and he was quickly in the arms of Morpheus.⁴³ Not so my fellow countryman and myself, for, strolling out, we enjoyed the calm and quietude of the forest, the lonely scenery we were in, and the prospect of Sicily before us; the clear and pure light of the moon, and the innumerable bright stars, enabling us faintly to discern the distant Mediterranean and some of the small villages (in one of which shone a brilliant light) that cover the base of the mountain. It was a scene that dwells long in the mind after other circumstances are lost

in the turmoil of business. But the knowledge that the most fatiguing part of the journey was yet to come induced me to return to the hut, the interior of which presented rather a picturesque appearance. Our guide and muleteer wrapped in their large Sicilian cloaks, crouched over the fire in deep conversation; their bronzed features, and the rugged interior of the hut, being dimly lighted up by the flickering flame of the fire, aided by a piece of cotton stuck in some oil in a hollow of the wall, whilst at a little distance lay my snoring friend on his bed of fern. His example I now followed, for wrapping myself in my old plaid cloak, the faithful companion of my travels, with a piece of lava for my pillow, and with my feet to the fire, I was quickly asleep.

I was soon slightly disturbed by the grumbling of my friend, whom fatigue had at length driven, notwithstanding his horror of fleas, to take possession of a corner of the very horse-cloth which he had declared to be swarming with them. About twelve I was awake by the bustling of my companions in getting our equipage ready, and in a few minutes we were again *en route*. It was not long ere we had left the wood and were scrambling over huge masses of lava, and by the side of, and up, steep precipices, in ascending which a false step might have been death, and which looked still steeper and more dangerous in the uncertain light of the moon.

Our horses with this work soon showed symptoms of distress, and at last repeatedly stopped, so that we were obliged to dismount and drag them after us, which, with the steepness of the ascent, added greatly to our own fatigue. Again remounting, we continued this toilsome travel, when just as we had passed a most dangerous turn, my American friend's horse fell, but was prevented rolling over by a large piece of lava, against which the rider was pressed. Having disengaged him from his unpleasant situation, the guide and muleteer lifted up the horse, and we again continued our journey on foot, leaving our horses to the care of the muleteer. Soon after we found ourselves toiling through a deep bed of ashes, which our guide called a "Buona Strada," and said it extended to the Casa Inglesi, and advised us to remount; this we accordingly did, but made but slow progress, as our horses sank deep in the ashes, and stopped almost every minute, till at last mine appearing unable to proceed further, and benumbed with the cold, which was now intense, I dismounted, and leaning against my horse, and with my hands under the saddle to restore circulation, walked up the remainder of the distance.

On this part of our route we continually passed the bones of animals, which the American (a bit of an anatomist) decided to be those of horses or mules; this our guide corroborated by saying that they were the bones of horses which had perished from the fatigue and cold of the journey; which we readily believed, as we fully expected our own to drop every moment. A short distance before we arrived at the Casa Inglesi we passed a bed of snow, and at a quarter to four arrived at the Casa, a small hut built by the English during their occupation of Sicily in the late war.

Whilst the guide was unlocking the door of the hut, we stood on the terrace surrounding it and surveyed the scene before us. Desolation, utter and entire, reigned around. In front and to our left, a vast plain of ashes extended as far as the vision, limited by the darkness of night, could range; to our right lay a field of immense blocks of lava, and further on a bed of snow; immediately behind us rose the precipitous cone

down whose hoary sides rolled vast columns of smoke : I never saw a more complete scene of desolation, the only pleasing part of it being the beauty of the heavens, which were of an intensely deep blue, and studded with stars innumerable and peculiarly bright. Entering the Casa, which contains several rooms, in which are benches and a few other conveniences, we bent over the charcoal fire the guide had lit to warm ourselves, the effects of which were soon visible in my fellow-countryman nearly falling over it from drowsiness. After a short rest, we prepared for the ascent of the cone; and armed with spiked poles, at about half-past four we followed our guide from the hut, the muleteer remaining behind to take care of the horses. We first crossed a track of broken lava, then a large bed of snow and ice, when we arrived at the precipitous part of the cone, and the guide asked us whether we would prefer taking the short way, and climb up the cone-direct, or go the longer way, which wound round it; we determined on the former. The cone, which is hollow, and the crust of which is in some parts very thin, is covered with sulphur thrown up by the volcano, mostly very soft and hot, but in some places hardened and very slippery. Here the fatigue of ascending was very great, for not only is the ascent as nearly perpendicular as it is possible for a man to climb without going on all fours, but every step we took we slid back half, from the soft sulphur giving way with us, and besides being encumbered with heavy clothing; the rarity of the air and the sulphurous smoke from the crater affected our breathing, hurt our eyes, and filled our mouths with a nauseous taste. At length, after repeated stoppages for my fellow-countryman, who seemed to suffer a good deal, he declared his inability to proceed. The guide, a sturdy good-natured fellow, who evidently had taken a great liking to my friend, having previously wrapped him in his Sicilian cloak, told him to take hold of him and he would drag him up; and in this manner, excited by repeated shouts of "*Coragio! coragio!*" we managed to reach the summit, when we gave three cheers, but which certainly did not sound very hearty ones—perhaps from the rarity of the atmosphere. After resting a few moments, we proceeded along the ridge towards the point where the sunrise is best seen, when, the wind suddenly changing, we were enveloped in the thick sulphurous smoke that rose from the mouth of the volcano only a few yards from us, but which we then were not aware of being so near. At first I thought I should be suffocated, and was obliged to stop; but wrapping my face in my cloak, I managed to breathe, till at its slightly clearing off, our guide shouted out to us to follow him quickly; and he started off slightly descending, and walking along the precipitous side of the crater. I followed him, but my two companions, finding they could walk better along the top of the ridge, and half blinded and suffocated by the smoke, kept on in that direction; fortunately I saw them, and begged them to keep close to the guide. My American friend heard me, and immediately changed his direction and followed me, but not so my fellow-countryman, who, some distance behind, did not hear; when the guide, turning round, saw the way he was going, and shouting out, stopped him just in time to prevent his walking into the—mouth of the volcano. This made us more careful, yet with all my care I slipped while passing over some hard and slippery sulphur; and so steep was the side of the cone, that I felt myself slipping down it towards the precipitous depths of the crater, when I managed to stop myself by digging my spiked pole into the ground, and

the guide then stooping carefully down, with his aid I immediately raised myself. At length we gained the long-desired point, and we were at once overwhelmed with astonishment at the wonderful and sublime prospect that presented itself, to which no power of description can do justice, or imagination paint. The point on which we stood, nearly 11,000 feet above the level of the sea, is composed of loose sulphur, which continually gave way with us, and through which we could feel the heat of the eternal fires of Etna which raged beneath. Within a few feet of us, partly in front and partly to our right, was the yawning mouth of the volcano, vomiting forth a dense cloud of sulphurous smoke; within a pace or two to our left, and extending in front and behind us, was the vast abyss of the crater, with its precipitous sides and almost fathomless bottom. Towards the east the horizon was already one mass of crimson, gold, and purple; and the queenly moon, whose friendly rays had lighted our path, was dimmed by the near approach of her more brilliant rival; and the stars, shortly before so bright and numerous, had become few and pale. Far, far below us, appeared a track of white, which I thought at first was snow, but which proved to be clouds hanging over the lofty summits of the volcanic islands of Lepari, Stromboli, &c. Still further in the distance, and again quite below us, all appeared dark and indiscernible—a perfect chaos, in which it was impossible to distinguish the earth from the sea, or the sky from either. Shout after shout, and exclamation after exclamation, burst from us as we gazed on this wonderful scene; and it was not for some time that our excitement had sufficiently calmed down to allow us to ask our guide any questions; and when we did they were not, perhaps, the most reasonable, and evidently puzzled him. What is that mass of white far below us? Which is the sea? and which is Italy, the crimson or the purple? What are those dark black specks—ships or clouds? In what direction is Malta? and in which the African coast? Having at last completely bewildered our good-natured Cyclops with these and many other questions, he advised us, as the sun would not rise for some little time, and the cold was intense, to descend and examine the crater. This we did, and were astonished at its vast depth and the awful abyss it presented. In form it is an amphitheatre, nearly four miles (I believe) in circumference, and its shelving sides are formed of hot sulphur, from many places of which issue sulphurous smoke. Afraid of losing the sunrise, we rushed up to our lofty point. That grand pinnacle! what other mountain in Europe, perhaps in the world, can be compared to it? Consider, gentle reader, that it is a single insulated point, covering an eternal and raging fire, which has been the terror and wonder of all ages. No other mountain rising near vies with it in height or grandeur, as is the case with Mont Blanc and other mountains: but Etna's hoary head, raised high above the clouds and impurities of the earth, towering into the heavens, stands alone in its grandeur, and proudly surveys, as a monarch of a vast domain, the lovely shores of the bright and sunny Mediterranean, dotted with innumerable fair isles. From what other point, too, do such classic scenes present themselves?—Sicily, the site of so many of the fables of mythology; Sicily, the favoured land of Ceres, whose daughter Proserpine was carried off by Pluto, whilst delighting in the "flowery meadows and limpid streams which beautified the plains of Enna;" Sicily, the scene of the loves of Acis and Galatea, and of the fables of the nymphs Thalia, Cyane, and Arethusa; Sicily,

sung of by Homer, who, in his "Odyssey," lays the site of the cave of Polyphemos, and of the adventures of Ulysses with the Giant, in it; sung of also by Virgil, who lands his hero at the foot of Etna, and whose beautiful description of the mountain in the third Æneid must be fresh in the recollection of all!—lay before us. Beneath this point, too, was the tomb of the giants, when thrown under the mountain for conspiring against the gods; the throes and convulsions of the mountain being considered by the ancients to be caused by their struggles to release themselves. Here on Etna, too, were placed the workshops of Vulcan, the swarthy husband of Venus, and the dwellings of his workmen, the Cyclops, the fabricators of Jove's thunder-bolts; and here, too, on this lofty point, took refuge Deucalion and Pyrrha, when the earth was overwhelmed with the classic deluge. Crouching down on the hot sulphur, we gazed in silent contemplation on the changing hues of the sky, and the sublime scene around us. The mass of crimson, gold, and purple towards the east, had now become so brilliant and clear, that it appeared like a lake of liquid fire; and the little black specks of clouds that now and then appeared in the atmosphere, as vessels floating in it.

When we had almost become speechless from the cold, a hint from the guide, who seemed as much excited with the scene as ourselves, announced that the sun was visible. At first, but a deep crimson semicircular mass was seen; but in another minute the whole orb, radiant in glory, arose, putting to shame the modest light of the moon and the numerous stars, then tinging with its golden rays the sulphurous smoke from the volcano, which reflected a variety of colours, and then lighting up the spot on which we stood. Still all below us was one dark chaos; but by degrees, as Sol proceeded in his course, the chaos that reigned below was dispelled, and the earth and sea seemed recreated anew. Now could be defined the distant mountains of Calabria; at their base the Mediterranean, still of a deep purple hue, in which floated the numerous volcanic isles that surround Sicily. Proceeding still higher in its course, the mass of clouds that hung over the mountains of the Lepari were brilliantly illuminated and began to disperse, and the dark purple hue of the sea was changed to a deep blue, and Sicily and the fertile base of Old Etna stood smiling out to view. That which before the rising of the sun was dark, desolate, and confused, now stood revealed to sight in the bright sunshine, full of life and animation. No wonder that in the East there were so many nations worshippers of the sun. What other object in nature is more worthy of worship, or is more likely to be worshipped by a savage, ignorant of the Supreme Being, than that fiery orb,—which he feels warms himself, and sees that it fructifies the earth? Surely, there is something more rational in such a worship, and more to be admired, than the worship of a molten image, or decorated doll! But to return to my narrative: not the least beautiful of the sublime scene I have attempted to describe, was the shadow of old Etna, clearly defined in the air of a dark, grayish blue; and Sicily appearing as a map laid out at our feet; on which we could trace the course of the various rivers, and ranges of mountains, that intersect it. We were unable, however, to distinguish Malta, or the African coast. The intense cold and high wind now forced us to descend, my hands and feet being completely benumbed, and my friends, notwithstanding their having huddled together with the guide, wrapped in a large Sicilian cloak, nearly as bad. Some idea of the cold may be

imagined when it is remembered that we were several hundred feet above eternal snow, which here seems to wage war with the fiery regions of the crater. As we passed the mouth of the volcano we crouched down, and seizing the opportunity when a gust of wind blew away the smoke, leant over, and looked into the bottomless, awful abyss, full of a dense cloud of sulphurous smoke, which, as it waved to and fro, revealed streaks of light far down in the bowels of the mountain; and I shuddered when I thought of the narrow escape my friend had from walking into this awful gulph. It was here that Empedocles fell in, or, as it is more generally supposed, threw himself in, in the hopes that it might be thought that he had been taken up to heaven by the gods, and be then, of course, worshipped as one; but the volcano threw up his shoes, which, being found, showed that he had either fallen or thrown himself in. Here, too, we saw that the crust on which we rested was not above a few inches in thickness. The fumes, however, quickly obliged us to withdraw. When we came to the part we had ascended, I could hardly believe we had climbed up it, so precipitous was it; but the guide convinced me by showing me the marks of my hobnailed shoes in the sulphur, into which we buried our hands to restore circulation, but the heat was so great that we soon withdrew them tingling with pain. Our guide here detached large masses of hardened sulphur, whose course we watched as they plunged down the side of the mountain, detaching in their course other pieces, which following the same course, raised the loose sulphur and ashes, so that we could trace the track they had taken long after they were lost to view. Arrived at the Casa Inglesi, we seized upon the remains of our provisions, and in a little time, with the assistance of guide and muleteer, did not leave a bone unpicked, or a bottle that was not emptied of its contents. Refreshed with our breakfast, we examined the form and appearance of the mountain around the base of the cone. The cone, which seems to rise out of the crater, has on more than one occasion fallen in, but has always again been reproduced. The soil, if soil it can be termed, immediately around the base is formed of scorix and ashes. Immense masses of lava and rock, which have been thrown up by the volcano, lay immediately under the cone, close to a large track of snow. But there were few, if any, appearances of eruptions of lava, which have generally burst out lower down; sometimes below the Bosco, from the various cones that have been formed. The views from several of the points round here were very fine, particularly from a rather elevated one, a short distance in front of the Casa, from which I could look completely down into Sicily; and, although the prospect could not be compared for grandeur with that obtained from the summit of the cone, yet it was, perhaps, more pleasing. From here I could distinguish the different regions into which the mountain is divided; the immense number of picturesque volcanoes, so diversified in shape and appearance, that cover Etna; and the many small villages that are situate about the fertile base. Here I could trace the distant coast of Calabria, and the nearer one of Sicily, on which could be distinguished the towns of Catania, Agosta, and Syracuse. Again, looking inland, numerous small towns and villages dotted the mountainous country, and all appeared fertile and smiling. I was particularly struck with the circle of mountains that seemed to surround Etna, and the volcanic look that the whole country presented. Not far distant from the Casa we passed some ruins,

which our guide said were those of an ancient temple, but which I fancy were the remains of the Torre del Filosofo, where Empedocles is said to have lived—a fit spot for a philosopher to dwell in. Having now satisfied our curiosity, we commenced the descent, passing on our way the skeleton of a horse that had died three years ago, and was as complete as if it had been dissected by an anatomist. A short distance further our guide stopped us, and, asking for our handkerchiefs, bound our eyes, and then led us, one by one, to a point a few steps from us; when suddenly taking off the handkerchief, a curious and romantic view presented itself. Below us was a vast, desolate valley of lava, partly surrounded by an amphitheatre of mountains; from out this valley, called the “Val del Bore,” rose several cones, now mostly covered with vegetation, although from which the lava that filled the valley must formerly have flowed; directly before us, the valley opened out; and beyond was the fertile land that spreads round the base, and in the distance the bright sunny Mediterranean, dotted here and there with the white sails of the picturesque-looking coasting craft. Cyclops seemed highly delighted at our expressions of surprise at this beautiful view. Not liking to trust ourselves on our broken-down horses whilst descending the rugged declivities, we did not remount till we had nearly arrived at the Bosco. Passing the spot where my American friend’s horse had fallen with him, we observed the skin from the poor brute’s knees sticking on the sharp lava. At the Bosco we stopped a few minutes to take off our extra clothing, which was now oppressively warm, and to take a last lingering look at the romantic scenery; and then made all the haste our tired beasts allowed us to Nicolosi, where we arrived about half-past twelve, and where we were agreeably surprised to find in the little inn plenty of cold water and towels ready for us, and delicious figs and wine.

Having refreshed ourselves, we again called on Signor Gemmellaro, who seemed much pleased when we told him that we considered his plan of making the ascent much the best. He kindly showed us his collection of the various specimens of the lava, sulphur, and other natural productions of the mountain, and explained some parts and peculiarities of it that I had not previously understood. Bidding adieu to, and thanking the worthy signor for his attention, we remounted our horses, when our little friends and fellow-countrywomen made their appearance, and seemed much surprised to see Mr. O’Flanagan (so my friend had called himself) with us, for they said they thought he was to throw himself into the crater. As we were leaving Nicolosi, we met a carriage containing my friends the Austrians, fully armed with pistols in their belts and swords by their sides. After a few minutes’ conversation, during which my companions had chartered the carriage to take us back to Catania, not fancying a three-and-a-half hours’ ride on tired horses in the broiling sun, I wished my Austrian friends good bye, with mutual expressions of wonder as to what part of the world we should next meet in; and then again started, and reached Catania about four o’clock (where the ever-smiling Placido, in apparent ecstasies at our return, was ready to receive us), rather fagged, but still delighted with our expedition, and the wonders and glories we had seen, which no language can adequately describe, and only a Turner paint. The next morning at six, Mr. O’Flanagan and myself were *en route* to Syracuse, having parted with regret from our gentlemanlike and agreeable companion, who was going to Palermo.

MEMOIRS OF PRINCE RUPERT.*

THE cause of the Cavaliers, Mr. Eliot Warburton justly remarks, was once the cause of half the men of England. And truly it was fortunate for us that, while that cause was unsuccessful, it still was not altogether lost, for, "shorn, by the Parliament's keen sword, of the despotic and false principle that disgraced it, its nobler and better elements survived, imparting firmer strength and a loftier tone to our constitution." While the Cavalier saw much that he had been taught to reverence struck down, buried, and put away for ever, in the grave of the Stuarts, the Roundhead beheld his glorious visions of liberty eventuating in fierce anarchy and final despotism, from which he was content to seek refuge even in the Restoration.

Prince Rupert was the chief, the leader, and the life of the Cavaliers: his character forms the best type of a party zealous for monarchy, but among whom, to use the words of Sir James Mackintosh, were many who had sturdy English hearts, which would never have endured real despotism. Yet there are few personages in history at the same time so notorious and so little known; for his true memory lies hidden under the calumnious cloud of Puritan hatred and Royalist envy and disparagement. "He was bravest among the brave; honest among knaves; reproached as pure by profligates; philosophical among triflers; modest among boasters; generous in his lifetime, and poor at the period of his death."

Prince Rupert had English blood in his veins, for he was the third son of the Elector Palatine and the Princess Elizabeth of England. The misfortunes of his family led to his being brought up at the university of Leyden; but as he infinitely preferred amusement or military exercises to study, while still a mere boy he followed "war's mimic game," as far as hawk and hound could gratify his passion; and he was permitted to share its stern realities at the siege of Rhynberg. Prince Rupert, however, made his first real campaign in 1635, as volunteer in the life-guard of the Prince of Orange, rejecting all distinction of his rank, discharging all the duties and sharing all the hardships of the private soldier. This was an inglorious campaign as to result, but it was signalised by many individual acts of chivalry. At the end of the same year the prince visited the English court with his brother, the titular elector palatine; and they were so well received by the king, their uncle, that the former forgot past grievances, and imbibed so great a love for his mother's country, that he henceforth looked upon it as his own, with an undivided sense of patriotism. From this country he again repaired to the Prince of Orange, at that time besieging the strong town of Breda. Monk, Astley, Goring, and many others of after-note in the civil wars, were also there. The Prince of Orange having resolved to attack a horn-work which commanded the town and its approaches, Monk, who served as lieutenant to Goring, was to lead the attack, which was expected to be a desperate service.

For this reason, and for his mother's sake, the Prince of Orange appointed Rupert to attend him, in order to keep him from temptation. The prince, how-

* *Memoirs of Prince Rupert and the Cavaliers; including their Private Correspondence: now first published from the original Manuscripts. By Eliot Warburton. 3 vols. Richard Bentley.*

ever, having given the word to advance, Rupert anticipated the aide-de-camp, flew to the storming party, delivered the order, and flinging himself from his horse, rushed forward with the foremost to the assault. The fort was carried after desperate fighting; Wilmot and Goring were wounded, and many of their brave countrymen slain. The surviving officers flung themselves down to rest upon a rampart, while the soldiers stript the slain who lay piled around them. Suddenly up started one of the apparent corpses, naked as the spoilers had left him, and exclaimed, "Messieurs! est-il point de quartier ici?" whereupon they laughed heartily, and took him to the camp, and he "bore the name of Falstaff to his dying day."

After the surrender of Breda, Charles Louis and Rupert set to work raising a small army out of the wrecks of the various armies broken up during the long war; and with this small force of about four or five regiments, took the field, to rescue the palatinate from the emperor. Mr. Warburton describes this chivalrous march and the fatal battle of Lemgo with picturesque conciseness. The result of this untoward action was Prince Rupert's imprisonment in the fortress of Lintz for nearly three years. Debarred from all human society, excepting that of the fair Mademoiselle de Kuffstan, it is related that the prince made friends of a "beautiful white dogge" and a hare.

This "dogge" was afterwards renowned in English civil and controversial warfare. It followed the prince through many a bloody field uninjured, but was killed at Marston Moor, to the great joy of the Puritans, who, half in jest, asserted that it was Prince Rupert's familiar spirit. There is a curious and half unintelligible pamphlet in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, called "Observations on Prince Rupert's dogge, called Boye." London, 1642. It is very witty, but with what object it was written I know not. It says of this "dogge," that "it trotted up and down toward the east end of the church, where there is a great painted window above and an altar below, *both which (with the rayles) make one great idoll.*" . . . "I have kept a very strict eye upon this dogge, whom I cannot conclude to be a very downright divell, but some Lapland ladye, once by nature a handsome white ladye, but now by art a handsome white dogge. . . . They have many times attempted to destroy it by poyson and extempore prayer, but they hurt him no more than the plague plaister did Mr. Pym," &c. We are told that the mother's name was "Puddle," *query, Poodle*, which it seems to have been.

At length, his royal uncle of England having already intimated to him "that in the event of warre he should be verie wellcome to him," and the state of affairs in England seeming to prove that the hour of such welcome was arrived, Prince Rupert at once obtained his liberty, and permission to join the cause in question, from the emperor. On arriving at Dover (February, 1642), he found the king at that place, escorting his queen so far on her way to Holland; and Prince Rupert had to retrace his steps with Henrietta Maria. At the Hague he was appointed general of the king's horse, and being joined by his brother, Prince Maurice, they sailed for England in a galliot, in which they reached Tynemouth. Thrown from his horse on his way to Nottingham, his shoulder dislocated, and himself detained three days by this sinister accident, still Prince Rupert was in time to join the king at Leicester Abbey, where he received charge of the royal cavalry, consisting of 800 horse; and the next day, the 22nd of August, the royal standard was set up at Nottingham.

It was a dismal ceremony: all external appearances contributed to deepen the gloom that pervaded every mind—every mind except young Rupert's, whose daring spirit found in difficulties only fresh sources of excitement. His presence at the little court of Nottingham infused new life and confidence among the drooping followers of the king. Charles himself, harassed by timorous and con-

flicting counsels, found relief in the prompt, vigorous, and decisive character of his nephew. Young as he was, he alone of the royal counsellors had experience in military affairs; his youth and natural daring made him reckless of the obstacles so formidable to cabinet men: they only knew that the Parliament had money at command, and all the munitions of war—the King, nothing but a doubtful cause. Prince Rupert, not only then, but throughout the war, was most useful to that cause, by inspiring the confidence that he felt, and by a soldierlike simplicity of purpose, more difficult to baffle or to cope with than all the wiles of Machiavelli.

Prince Rupert was now nearly twenty-three. His portraits present to us the idea of a gallant cavalier. His figure, tall, vigorous, and symmetrical, would have been somewhat stately, but for its graceful bearing and noble ease. A vehement, yet firm character predominates in the countenance, combined with a certain gentleness, apparent only in the thoughtful, but not pensive, eyes. Large, dark, and well-formed eyebrows overarch a high-bred Norman nose: the upper lip is finely cut, but somewhat supercilious in expression; the lower part of the mouth and chin have a very different meaning, and impart a tone of iron resolution to the whole countenance. Long flowing hair (through which, doubtless, curled the romantic "love-lock") flowed over the wide embroidered collar, or the scarlet cloak: he wore neither beard nor moustaches, then almost universal; and his cheek, though bronzed by exposure, was marked by a womanly dimple. On the whole, our cavalier must have presented an appearance as attractive in a lady's eye, and as unlovely in a Puritan's, as Vandyke ever immortalised.

From this point, laying aside the long preamble (occupying the best part of the first volume), in which Mr. Eliot Warburton reviews the events which preceded and which led to it, commences a series of almost uninterrupted action, illustrated by an almost daily correspondence. Prince Rupert, by his great zeal and activity, soon increased the number of his horsemen; and the attempt made to occupy Worcester, and to form a line of communication along the Severn to Bristol, led to that first encounter, in which the best Parliamentary cavalry, fully armed and well mounted, were put to sudden and utter rout by half their number of Cavaliers, without armour and on wearied horses. Whilst halting at Ludlow after this affair, the prince determined to examine the state of the Roundhead army with his own eyes. The manner in which he accomplished this is highly characteristic.

The general's army lying on Dunsmore Heath, his yeomen not being far off, he, riding as near the army as he durst, overtook a fellow driving a horse laden with apples. He asked the fellow what he had got there? who told him "he was about to sell his ware to his excellency's soldiers."

"Why dost thou not go to the King's army?" inquired the prince, "I hear they are generous sparks, and will pay double!"

"Oh," said the fellow, "they are Cavaliers, and have a mad prince among them; and the devil a penny could I get in the whole army."

The prince asked him what he would take for the load, and the fellow answering ten shillings: "Hold thy hand," said the prince; "there is a piece for thee: now hold my horse, change habit with me, and stay here while I sell thy apples,—only for a merry humour that I have—and at my coming back, I'll give thee a piece more." The fellow willingly lent him his long coat and hat, and away went the prince, selling the apples through the army at any rate; viewing their strength, and in what kind they lay; and, returning to the fellow, gave him another piece, with this charge:—"Go to the army, and ask the commanders how they liked the fruit Prince Rupert, in his own person, did but this morning sell them."

It was not long after this, as is well known, that the King began the march to London, which was destined to meet with so inglorious a check at Edgehill. Mr. Eliot Warburton thus describes the part which Prince Rupert took in that affair.

The Parliamentary army began the fight by three shots from their guns upon the right; the King's artillery instantly replied. Then the whole line advanced: as the Cavaliers approached, a horseman darted from the enemy's column and

rode up to Prince Rupert, flinging from him the orange badge he bore. It was lieutenant in Sir Faithful Fortescue's troop, to announce the defection of his commander with all his men, and that the signal would be the firing a pistol in the ground. The prince, already on the move, observed the signal, and forebore to assail the deserters, but Killigrew and Byron slew several of them before they discovered their purpose. Rupert now led on the Royal horse, commanding them to use their swords alone, and "charge!" Before the word was fairly uttered, that brilliant cavalry was on the spur; away in one wild sweep of magnificent confusion the proud chivalry of England dashed; in generous rivalry each seeking to strike the first home-stroke "for God and for the King!" What could abide that thundering charge? All spur, no rein, every heart within that flashing armour was on fire, every voice a shout of triumph, every plume bent forward to the charger's mane! The Roundheads seemed swept away by the very wind of that wild charge. No sword was crossed, no saddle emptied, no trooper waited to abide the shock; they fled with frantic fear, but fell fast under the sabres of their pursuers. The cavalry galloped furiously until they reached such shelter as the town could give them; nor did their infantry fare better. No sooner were the Royal horse upon them than they broke and fled; Mandeville and Cholmondeley vainly strove to rally their terror-stricken followers; they were swept away by the fiery Cavaliers. "But," adds the canting and profligate Lord Wharton, who, it was said, hid himself in a saw-pit on the occasion, "it pleased God to begin then to show himself, for their cavalry took bait upon our baggage, and so lost their advantage . . . only three hundred of ours were slain!" The more shame for them if it had been true.

Mr. Warburton argues, that by the undecided results of this bloody fight, the road to London, the King's first object, was left open, and that he failed to avail himself of it at the proper moment. Still, after many delays, he did proceed, and, mainly through Prince Rupert's dashing gallantry, got as far as Brentford, Lord Essex with his army lying at Turnham-Green; the division beaten by Prince Rupert at Brentford comprising his two best regiments under Hampden and Holles, his two best officers; and they had also barricaded and entrenched the town, but to no purpose.

Mr. Eliot Warburton thus describes the conflict.

Rupert soon indulged himself and his favourite regiment, the Prince of Wales's, by making a bold dash at Brentford, capturing on his way the advanced post at Sir Richard Gwynne's, and charging on into the streets of Brentford. Here, however, were such preparations to receive him, that even his fiery squadrons were forced to halt, and finally to retire. Redoubts raised high, and built of loose stones, first broke his columns; and when they had struggled through this, and the heavy fire of a masked battery of guns, they found themselves in front of barricades impregnable to cavalry. Carts, waggons, tables, and beds were piled up across the street, and from every interstice came pouring a steady and well-directed fire from Holles's now veteran red-coats. Rupert at length sounded a retreat, but it was only into momentary shelter from the fiery storm. The next moment he was cheering on a column of infantry to the same attack. They happened to belong to Salisbury's Welsh regiment, and these gallant mountaineers, burning to redeem themselves from an imputation cast on them at Edgehill, rushed upon the barricades, tore them in pieces, and pushed through. The next moment, Rupert and his horse were amongst the enemy, making fearful havoc. Hampden and Brook pressed forward to Holles's relief, but in vain. They were beaten into the river, or out of the town, which the Cavaliers occupied that night. The fruit of their victory consisted of fifteen guns, five hundred prisoners, eleven stand of colours, and a quantity of ammunition.

This success was, however, of no advantage to the Royalists. The great city put forth its strength—and it was enormous. Essex's troops and trainbands soon amounted to 24,000 men, "well fed by their friends in the city, and made bold by the presence of numbers of city dames, who accompanied their husbands and fathers and lovers and brothers to the warlike but bloodless campaign of Turnham-Green." The King

deemed it advisable to fall back upon Reading before such a demonstration and such an immense superiority of force. Rupert, who was also obliged to retire from Brentford, however, remained hovering about the Parliamentary forces, and "carrying on a warlike sort of flirtation with their more warlike leaders, who were ever repressed by the coy prudery of their general."

We are indebted to "A Sketch of the History of Turnham-Green," by the Rev. R. C. Jenkins, for a version of the skirmish at that place, which adds considerably to what Mr. Eliot Warburton has placed on record.

The train-bands (says Mr. Jenkins) of the city and the Parliamentary forces having been drawn out of London by the alarm of the King's approach, encountered the army of Prince Rupert on Turnham Green, where the Kingston division of the Parliamentary army had joined the main body by a circuitous route over London Bridge. Prince Rupert's army, after a sharp fight, retired to the enclosed ground to the south of the green (which then were part of the demesne lands of the manor), and thence, under cover of the night, fell back upon Kingston, which place the Parliamentary garrison had evacuated the day before. The King's troops, on the following day (Sunday, the 13th of November), having faced the enemy for some hours on the green, gradually drew away under cover of the cavalry to Kingston, where they remained several days.

The account of this transaction as given by Rushworth is as follows:—

"When the first news of this unexpected fight" (of Brentford) "was brought to London, where the noise of the great guns was easily heard, the Lord General Essex was sitting in the house of peers, and, with what strength he could on such a sudden call together, he advanced towards the rescue of his engaged regiments, but night had parted them. The Parliament forthwith sent a committee to the city to move them to send out their train-bands to join with Essex for their own defence; and accordingly all that Saturday night the city of London poured out men towards Brentford, who every hour were marching to Turnham Green, where the rendezvous was; and the lords and gentlemen that belonged to the army were there ready on the Sunday morning, being the 13th of November. There were at this time about 3000 foot of Essex's army quartered at Kingston; and it was advised that they should march to Hounslow, and be on that side of the King's army, while Essex and his forces, with those of the city, engaged them on this side, whereby his majesty would have been encompassed. But Dalben, and Sir John Meyrick, and others alleging that they knew not certainly what forces would come out of London, or whether enough to stop his majesty's army's approach towards the city, had advised that the said Kingston forces should march all night round about by London Bridge; so that they came late on Sunday, and much tired, to Turnham Green, where the whole army was drawn up in battalia, consisting of about 24,000 men, well accoutred and in good plight, so that in all probability they must have worsted the King's forces. In order whereunto the General Essex and the lords and others with him, upon consultation together in the field, thought fit to command a party of two regiments of horse and four of foot to march about from the green by Acton, and get beyond the King's army, and upon a sign, when they fell upon them on that side, then Essex to engage them on this. Accordingly orders were given, and Hanipden's regiment had the van next the horse, and when they had marched about a mile, Sir John Meyrick, the major-general, rode after and recalled them; and so they returned back again to Turnham Green, where the armies stood several hours facing one another. The Parliament men and gentlemen that were officers were for engaging, but the soldiers of fortune were altogether against it. And whilst they were consulting, the King had drawn off his carriages and ordnance, and retreated. Upon which was another debate, whether the Parliament army should pursue them; but this, too, was opposed by the old soldiers. And so the King marched away over Kingston bridge to Uatlands, and from thence afterwards to Colnbrook, and so to Reading, and at last to Oxford: and the citizens marched home to London the same day."

A curious and interesting account of the Battle of Turnham-Green is given by the same authority from a contemporary tract, entitled "A true Relation of the present Passages in Middlesex, between the Forces of the Malignants and those assembled for the Defence of the Kingdom." London, 1642.

"Saturday, 12th of November.

"Prince Rupert, with his desperate rout of Cavaliers, the *vant curriers*, or as it were the forlorn hope of these malignant forces, having in vain attempted Windsor Castle, came harassing along these countries, performing all acts of hostility upon the good and faithful subjects of Middlesex; and leaving Harrow-on-the-Hill on his right hand, he came sweeping like a torrent that bears down all before him, to Acton-ward, and from thence sat down with his forces on a plain called Turnham Green, some five or six miles distant from this honourable city, where part of the Parliamentary forces were billeted in the hamlets thereabouts, with the trained bands, who having notice of his approach, resolved to stop his passage, and give him a bloody welcome, as he well deserved, into these parts; drawing therefore into one body under their several leaders, on Saturday, the 12th of this present November, they faced him upon the said Turnham Green. The prince, espying these forces coming marching towards him, with their colours flying and drums courageously beating, had no great mind to have meddled with them, but our men having in view those deadly enemies to God and their country, would not expect any longer, but gallantly gave them the charge in the front, the ordnance thundering their deathful shot upon them The prince, who, without doubt, is rather to be held desperate than truly valiant, nothing moved with the loss of his men, who dropped down in heaps, did lay about him like a fury, and though he was shot at a thousand times by our men, not any of them was to the purpose. . . . Yet they made good the field without appearance of rout or flight, even until the darkness of the evening friendly approached to save them from further destruction, so that fair and softly they retreated from us towards the enclosed grounds on the right side of the green, where they intended that night to fix their rendezvous, we following them, and giving fire among them till they were scantily discernible; and so as absolute masters of the field we sat down on the green . . . watching them all night lest they should give us the slip ere the morning. . . . In the night the prince gave three or four alarms to our quarters, as if he would have instantly fallen upon us; but they had no such intentions, and stood all night upon their defence, thinking we would charge them, which we never intended. So the night being consumed with much expectation and vigilance, in the morning we took a survey of our last day's business, finding of their men slain on the green 800 and odd persons, most of which appeared to be of good quality by their habits. . . . We got some four field pieces also, which they were enforced to leave behind them for haste. Of our side, some 120 fell, their country's martyrs; whom burying as well as the season would permit, we stood in arms, expecting Prince Rupert's sallying out of the closes upon us. About eight of the clock some of his horsemen began to run along the side of the hedges discharging their carbines at our men, who answered them with our muskets. After some shot spent on both sides, but to little damage on our part, the prince retired again to his quarters. So the horsemen being as a wall between us and their footmen, kept us from falling upon them; indeed, the ground being very disadvantageous for us to assault them, by reason of the hedges, their footmen retiring by little and little, without any noise of drums beating, and their colours furled up, escaped through the country, which they coasted over into Surrey, whither their horsemen all followed in the night; so that by Monday daylight there was no news at all of them. . . . Next day being Sunday, marched out the militia of London, but both armies may be said to keep the Sabbath, and facing each other without any considerable action. It is incredible how many cart-loads of victuals were carried out of London, enough to have feasted their soldiers some days, and fed them some weeks. In the evening the King's forces drew off towards Kingston."

There was so much chivalry and romance in Prince Rupert's character, that the whole history of the Civil Wars, in which he partook, presents us with the same continuation of rapid movements and disguises, and the same almost medieval admixture of generosity and gallantry. Cirencester, and still more so Chalgrove Fight, exhibited the same features in the highest degree. Although unfortunate, still he was equally himself at Marston Moor and Naseby. It has been truly remarked, that he was always victor, even when defeated. This, which may appear paradoxical, it will, however, be admitted was the case. Personally he might be overthrown, but he fought on to the last; and in many instances he and his

followers were conquerors in one portion of a battle that was lost in another.

Prince Rupert, as most familiarly known in this country, seems to start into existence when the royal standard of England is set up; he advances that fatal banner through its terrible career with supernatural, but ill-starred, bravery; and when it is finally knocked down at Naseby, he vanishes at the same time from our view. But in this able and interesting biography now before us, the first that has been attempted, we find that his whole life was of a similarly eventful character. He was, Mr. Warburton remarks, a veteran in arms and renown, while yet a boy; a prisoner for years before he attained to manhood; leader of the Cavaliers from the first hour that he met them; "conqueror in every battle, though defeated;" maintaining the war on the sea, when it had been crushed upon the land; buccaneering in the name of loyalty on the Spanish main; honest amid corruption, philosophic among triflers in the court of the Restoration; laying aside his impetuosity, but not his gallantry, as admiral of our fleets; returning thence to the chemist's laboratory and the painter's study; and, finally, dying in peace and honour, here in old England, "beloved by all the gentlemen of the country, and generally lamented; having maintained such good temper and such happy neutrality in the present unhappy divisions, that he was honoured and respected by men of the most varying interests."

Hundreds of letters, not only unpublished but previously unknown, add to the value of these volumes, which are not only remarkable for doing historic justice to one of the greatest names of an age when great names were common, but which also contain the most concise and picturesque descriptions of the many fierce and well fought battles, and the most stirring and spirited account of the whole of the Civil War, yet published.

THE EMIGRANT IN WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

BY J. W. F. BLUNDELL, ESQ.

WE wander to many parts of the habitable world with apparently little settled intention or definite prospect, beyond the hope that something great or grand must necessarily accrue upon a change of habits, manners, and pursuits; and no one is more the victim of his own errors, misconceptions, and ideal promises, than the emigrant. Scarcely has he lost sight of his native land, and launched fairly into the stream of a new existence, when the past undergoes a wondrous change: with a human pliability of mind he turns over the once gloomy schedule of unrepaying toils and unmerited privations; in a word, he repents. But a short time previously, those troubles were beyond endurance, and he sighed for a temporary home on the broad blue sea, where he could rest awhile, recall his scattered thoughts, and prepare for a haven of comparative ease, where apprehension and distrust could visit and disturb him no more. Such is the hallucination which is said sometimes to accompany an escape from imprisonment; and although a natural feature of the acknowledged insanity

of mortals, it can never cease to be a matter of stirring interest, that past misfortunes should so cling to us that we must fain turn to shake them by the hand, and renew acquaintanceship with an atmosphere of sighs and tears.

Time, however, which works great changes in every voyage of life, will in the emigrant's case bring a reaction; that reaction may terminate in a right conception of the materials of the past and the duties which press forward to the future. He will have time to dwell upon the career of one seeking happiness and repose amid the tumult of this world's strife, and may end in finding them neither in the northern nor the southern hemisphere, but in the deepest recesses of his own breast. Were this not a matter of deep importance to the success or discomfiture of the majority who exile themselves, it would not be alluded to in this place; neither should we ourselves be found indulging in what by many may be termed gloomy forebodings, had we not personally witnessed the result of such inconsistencies, and marked their often fatal character.

The emigrant may forget the struggles he endured while in his native land, and the disasters which induced him to voluntary exile, but he must never—should he by chance, as he inevitably must, meet with their counterpart in the new field of his exertions—turn back to reconsider only the part which pleasure and delight held in the mingled cup of his former anxieties. He may expect to meet with many and numerous privations to which he was hitherto a stranger; and on the other hand, he may experience the benefits of a condition freed from those social trammels which were once burdensome to heart and soul. He may find the circumstances of life pretty equally balanced, whithersoever he may direct his steps; and that which is darkness in one region is a bright and shining light in another.

Nothing can be more concise and simple than the descriptions conveyed in the numerous authentic letters periodically published, containing the natural and unaffected views of the newly-arrived settler. We have often smiled over the quaintness of those documents, and fancied ourselves once more amid the wilds, whose singular features call forth such artless reasonings, and give birth to such honest and praiseworthy advice. Time-honoured parents, uncles, aunts, brothers, sisters, cousins, are all either warned or persuaded, to remain where they are, or follow speedily their fortunate relatives. Should the husband take an early aversion to the country, the wife likes it; the climate "does so agree with her;" "the children were never more happy or better in their lives." The contrary may be the case. Yet somehow or other the change has been beneficial; and making all due allowance for regrets and disappointments, or the crudities of imagination, our friends settle down quietly and happily. It is no matter the impression their account has made in the mother-country: their connexions may follow as they will. Some may determine at once to seek the land and share its fruits; others may remain to dream of the millennium which a reformation in political affairs may produce in their native land; but the latter has been so long coming that few can afford to bide the time. No longer exist all those disheartening impediments which consumed the fortunes and marred the prospects of the pioneer of former years. The country is well surveyed, its capabilities and resources pretty generally known; and energy and

perseverance are become the agents of success. With the intuitive forethought he may possess, the way is cleared before him; and he need only be admonished that success or failure will in a great measure, if not entirely, depend upon himself. If he have no great amount of capital in money, he has wealth in his brawny arms, tough sinews, and flexible muscles, enough to secure an ultimate reward to his exertions. "How shall I be received?" and "Where can I go on arrival?" are mental exclamations often indulged in by the emigrant, be he who he may, on his passage across the ocean. He knows not the land, but he has faith in those by whom it is peopled; yet he frequently dreams that even they may be changed; may have lost the national cast of their former countrymen; may be, like the region to which he is hastening, the very antipodes of their northern brethren. They do change, undoubtedly; but it is a change to suit the circumstances of their new habits, and now primitive mode of living. In the great essentials of civilisation they have lost nothing; they foster the genius of the mother-country, and they transmit it—in rough costume sometimes, it is true; but still they transmit it—unimpaired to their children. Many of the customs and sports of childhood are cherished, if only in remembrance of the land of dear and choice retrospections; and however devoted they may be to their adopted country, Old England is still, as of yore, their boast and their pride. The writer was never more convinced of the reality of this home-sickness, than by the spectacle of a goodly number of enthusiasts on a hot day, in that very hot month, February, playing at the game of cricket! It is needless to say that the fags were all Englishmen.

But these remarks are more intended for the future emigrant than the general reader. Our experience of colonial life has taught us that the caution ought rather to be, "Take care that you deceive not yourselves," than "that ye be deceived by others." Our design is moreover unencumbered with the results of solitary opinion. We have gleaned our materials neither from the papers of the disappointed and reckless, nor from those of the sanguine and prosperous man: we tell the tale as it is—not as the majority of mortals could perhaps wish it to be. In this utilitarian age the people vociferate for facts, and yet, for all that, they do not like them. As the actor says in some clever modern farce, with much point and truth, "The world is tired of drinking good wine, and calls aloud for brandy." So it is with modern emigration; men depart full only of their own vague hopes and heedless expectations, and when these are not realised, they turn back and say they have been duped and deceived. Because their day-dreams have been scattered like the thoughts which hung around them—because those sad and fatal comparisons which have been drawn from the aspect of their fatherland have fallen to the winds—they throw around them the mantle of disappointment, and, but too frequently, are buried in its folds. If, on the other hand, without schemes and plans of their own, but upon the simple testimony of a primitive mode of existence, they will commence upon its labours, the reward will not be fortune, but wealth and peace. An intelligent settler, one of the first who arrived in the colony after its formation, writing lately to a friend in this country, makes the following remark, which is both faithful and true to the feelings, prompted by his present mode of existence:—"Amid all our troubles and anxieties,

the low price of wool and of stock at this time, we have—what you appear to be miserably deficient of in old countries, for here are neither chartists nor red republicans, and that is—peace.” If, therefore, any person is told that colonists *generally* make fortunes, he is told that which is not true. Colonies, indeed, appear usually not ordained for the high privileges of fortune; but the wants of their inhabitants are amply supplied in wealth of a certain sort, and one which it seems is, after all, the chief item in the account of that great struggle for existence which pervades every nation and kingdom of the earth. The wide distinction which is drawn in colonial life between *wealth* and *fortune* may be thus explained:—wealth is the *independence* of the frugal and industrious settler—a condition which enables him to spend the remainder of his days in the country in ease and comparative affluence; fortune, is the turning of his possessions, his flocks and his herds, into cash at once, or, at least, taking with him the great bulk, and returning therewith to his native land, there to pass the remnant of life with more ostentatious parade than witnessed its spring. This is the case of the great bulk; but as all men have wonderful dependence on their own good luck, a truth so clear and strange will do little harm. Before we enter into details, our conscience required unburdening of this vital point. The emigrant, however, need not be daunted: a reward is given for the trials and difficulties and self-denials of the colonist; and that consists in a patrimony well cultivated and stocked for those he may leave behind: beyond this he cannot go. But is not this an advantage? Is not this a gain which would never have been had so long as he remained in this country? Is it not what we all strive for here, and never get? “Certainly,” responds the multitude—but how few believe it!

If it really be the wish or desire of the emigrating portion of the public in this country—and that is an hourly increasing one—to know the truth of colonial life, they may, with little trouble to themselves, learn to judge for themselves. If they will, in fact, consider the present mode of existence as the artificial, and the future or colonial state as the natural, they will at once have some definite point to start from. In this country the lives of men have become strictly artificial. Almost all things are nominal: wealth, power, fame, and good-fellowship. Without being in any way invidious, these circumstances need not, nor can they, be any longer concealed. Men feel them on all sides, in all places, and in every variety of situation, either of rank or wealth. The tradesman makes up for his increasing labour, consequent upon the increase of population and its attendant competition, by habits of extravagance. Class vies with class, and the furniture of Stowe finds its way into the drawing-rooms of men of middling life. The happiness of the people, in the mean time, is by no means increased by all this; thousands would cast aside the self-imposed fetters of an ambition which hurls bitterness back upon its spring, and trembles amid all ranks at the sight of its own reality. Thousands and tens of thousands fly recklessly to emigration as to a door of escape, without considering whithersoever the new portal of hope may lead. Instead of a crusade being opened out against extravagance and ostentation—which would be sure to succeed where all are so well agreed—they hurry from the land, thinking that by a temporary seclusion they may gather fleeces of gold to enable them to return, and once more, and with distin-

guished honour, enter the arena of chance, where the stakes are human hearts and human hopes.

We have said that it is necessary for the emigrant to consider the condition of existence to which he is hastening, purely as a natural one. If he will do this when the time comes to take the plough in hand, to handle the spade or axe, he will go forth to his labours without a sigh for that destiny of a more refined nature, which was but the creature of his own imagination. Although many men recoil instinctively at the continuous toil of a settler's life—that is, the necessary dependence mainly on their own exertions—there are others who find an indescribable charm in a mode of existence smooth, placid, and independent as the realms of nature ought to be. Settlers must leave the Old World entirely behind them, and take up heart and soul with the New. In the latter the *modus operandi* is always of a primitive and suggestive character: if a difficulty cannot be surmounted by the ordinary method, or that established by immemorial usage in the mother-country, it cannot be left or abandoned; people must get through it, under it, or over it—no matter how it is, so that it be done. A life like this, therefore, must of necessity be a rough one; it draws forth all man's latent energies, and in a simple and pure triumph it urges him on to works only deemed impossible in the stubborn prejudices of his past years. In connexion with the latter, it is a striking thing to consider of the course which various dispositions take in a new country. It appears almost paradoxical to men in this favoured land, when they are told that the man of the English towns, when planted in the country districts of Australia, is more useful, and more apt very frequently, than the bumpkin whose whole life has been passed at the plough-tail—but so it is: the very ignorance of the man of the towns renders him tractable; while the other quarrels with, instead of bending to, the change of treatment required by the southern hemisphere in frequent contradistinction to the northern. Nothing is more easily to be acquired than a knowledge of the wants and practices of farming in the Australian colonies; it is requisite alone that every operation be performed in strict common sense with the materials before you. Every settler of the present day arrives to enjoy the dearly purchased experience of those who preceded him, and who are nevertheless willing enough to impart such suggestions as may be really useful for his guidance.

Before men knew by colonial proof what was the nature of the life there, they had to purchase at a rate too costly the knowledge which remains—for ever increasing. It is very true, that we seldom hear of the blanks in the lottery, while the prizes are blazoned forth, and every future speculator promised a like turn of good fortune; but the disasters which fell upon the Australian settler in all the settlements were identical, and can be traced almost universally to the unfitness of the individuals for such a position. Some, however, were bright and glad exceptions. It is almost impossible, likewise, to say what man will or will not succeed, judging from his previous position or occupation. The most refined minds very frequently find so rich a solace in the large independence of nature, and enter so joyfully into her benignant service, that in the rude hut, the almost primitive garment of the patriarch, they number hours and days with as much profit as the ordinary run of their fellow-mortals. On the contrary, the grumbling and disaffected but too often may be

found among the ranks of those who had all their lives long, perhaps, submitted to circumstances which were but one remove from the regions of want. So that it is impossible to say who will, or who will not, succeed. There are the materials by which success can be wrought out: if the consummation has been produced in favour of any one individual of ordinary means and energies, its existence is a fact, and no combination of *ex parte* witnesses can overturn it. The only secret at all is, that the educated man, he of refined habits, full of the associations of an old civilised community, feels an isolation in the bush, difficult of calm and long-continued endurance; hence, in falling back sometimes upon the resources of former years, he neglects the important present, breathes sad indulgence in the spirit of the past, and totally neglects the future. We should wish the emigrant, be he of what class soever he may, to bear in mind always that the first few years are the most trying of a settler's life. He has all to overcome, and a tardy proof of the future benefits of his labours. More self-denial, care, and firmness of mind are then required; for the land is to be redeemed from nature: it is desolate and unproductive, and yields slowly to the dominion of mankind. The forest-trees, as the saw and axe make insidious progress into their trunks, groan forth their stubborn remonstrances, and as they fall, the crashing of huge branches, which have nodded for ages to the blast, thunder forth their reproaches, and awaken every tree of the forest to the sound of the destroyer. Every beast and reptile is scared at the noise; and we have often thought that the crash of the first tree felled on a location must be the signal for the kangaroo and all harmless things to move off with their families and emigrate in their turn. The creaking of despairing saplings, the cracking and banging of green and determined brushwood, are sufficient to warn every denizen of the wild of the advent of civilisation.

It is more necessary, therefore, to the deeply important subject of after-success, that all who meditate emigration should not be merely content with a pleasing conviction of their own capacities or energies, but should endeavour thoroughly to understand the true character to which they aspire:—whether they be fitted for it,—whether it accord with those habits which in the course of years have become firmly fixed in the mind, never after to be excluded or driven away. Indeed, however we may differ with some, we never could see the advantage to a colony of a class of settlers unadapted to the work by nature, and whose career should be one solely of dissatisfaction and loss to themselves and others. Rather would we see a labouring population alone subduing the soil, than those energies, that capital, and those spirits, which might, were the thing rightly understood, both enrich and adorn a new country, wasted and destroyed, lost to all useful purposes, there or elsewhere. It is because we wish, above all things, to cherish a better class of settlers than are generally to be found in colonies, and save them from those errors which are too frequently fatal. It is because, at the present hour, the colonies are rightly appreciated, and voluntary emigration has taken its stand among numerous respectable ranks of society as a necessary and an advantageous thing, and is likely to be correctly felt in time to come. Colonisation and immigration go hand in hand; they are inseparably connected with each other, however earnestly and strenuously some enthusiasts may labour to separate them by artificial distribution of the masses of capital and labour. Nature in her turn repudiates this,

and points, as to her best and surest test for proof of the transgression of her laws, to the disappointed colonist, the man who thought that he might, should, and would be the possessor of an estate upon which he would behold a numerous tenantry—something, in short, like fatherland, but in a ruder style. The day, unfortunately, for all this, is long posterior to the early career of a new colony; and hence, natural and inevitable as the consequence was and is, otherwise valuable settlers are chagrined and disheartened.

The true side of the picture, however distasteful to the sight of those who would fain build a Rome in Arcadia, is nevertheless of much interest and gratification to all who wish to take colonies for the real benefits they confer, and not presume to make them ideal things in the place of stern realities. The principles which apply to Western Australia, as far as colonisation and emigration are concerned, will apply to most new settlements or countries of the world. There is little new in delving the earth, save in the assistants of science: a primitive form of existence like that of the settler is the same in the past, the present, and the future. The demand which has been so loudly raised, in this and surrounding settlements, for a continuous stream of useful labour, and of emigrants of the dependent classes, must not lead us to misinterpret the true wants of those places. All colonial history has proved that the great requirement was population; but, at the same time, it has laid down no specific plan, no general rule, as to the employment and sustenance of this population.

The outcry, indeed, has mainly originated in the fact of there not being mouths to consume the produce of those territories, and in there not being hands sufficient to tend the flocks and herds, and avert that peculiar yet positive evil which arises from their increase, whereby men are rendered actually poorer and more embarrassed as their property augments around them. In the scarcity of a labouring population, the man of 30,000 head of sheep may be in a worse position than he of 1000, because he can find no one to tend the separate portions of his flocks—to prevent loss, degeneracy, and decay; least of all can he see the prospect of getting rid of them through any of the ordinary channels. Here the necessary and absolute demand for labour is obvious: not so in the legitimate operations of husbandry. In the latter, labour is too valuable, or too expensive, to permit of a constant use of it. To clear a few acres, to fence them in, and to erect the first necessary farm-buildings, the services of artisans and labourers may be required; in the expense attendant upon these works consists the preliminary outlay of location; and it is needless to say, that the clear profits of such an operation will only bear the first outlay, while not only the superintendence, but the chief labour, must be performed in future by the farmer himself and his family. The settler pursuing this early course of prudence and foresight will not only find his reward, but be by such care, and by that alone, enabled in after years, or in the decline of life, to relieve himself of his wonted toil, and give temporary or continued employment to that labour which his circumstances and gains formerly denied.

The opportunities now offered by Western Australia for the safe and profitable pursuit of the more numerous class of emigrants from the mother-country with moderate capitals, if not so great as those of her sister settlements in a national point of view, are very far from discouraging. As we have formerly stated, the work of pioneering has been long since com-

pleted; and in addition to that there is the one important matter by which, at the present time, she in some measure surpasses them—namely, in the cheapness of her private lands, stock, houses, and other descriptions of property. That this is not a bare assertion, the reader may very readily believe when his attention is directed to the sure test which emigration itself furnishes.

It is well known that the colony of which we speak has been all along passed by in favour of rising and rival settlements, which, blessed by interest at home and puffery abroad, succeeded in securing the great bulk of the emigrant body; while, in consequence of her small population and steady plodding, she possessed neither the means nor the energy to launch out either in defence of her claims, or to remove the stigma which it pleased her neighbours to cherish regarding her. Therefore, whilst the flocks, herds, and personal property of the settlers have increased, as we shall hereafter show, there has been no corresponding movement to her shores; and hence the fallen prices have been sadly and inevitably *maintained*, as the merchants say, to the detriment of the colonist, and at the same time to the gain of the new comer. Having already endeavoured, in as brief a form as possible, to warn all who take interest in these matters against the fantastic and often disastrous notions of great gains from the simple pursuits of the settler—but, at the same time, urging the prospects of independence to men of steady, plodding habits, who are willing *to work themselves*, and be frugal for the first few years—we merely recapitulate one or two of the most valuable features in this small settlement. Drought seasons have never yet been experienced in Western Australia, so that crops are throughout the year safe to the agriculturist; the north-west and westerly winds bring their showers unfailingly during the rainy season: again, its geographical position is one of vast importance, inasmuch as it commands the future trade with the East, and occupies a prominent position with regard to the Mauritius and our Cape Colonies, with which a future traffic will doubtless spring up. Its giant timber, which is found in various available tracts of land near the sea-coast, having already been tested in her majesty's dockyards and elsewhere, is destined to be an article of export of inexhaustible profit and trade to the colony. A valuable trade with India in horses might be commenced at once by any enterprising capitalist or associated body.

The colony has long been condemned for a small parliamentary grant which it receives from the mother-country. We can only say that if, instead of this pittance, it had been aided at first by a small item of the large amounts lavished upon pet settlements, whose *self-supporting* faculties have been announced amid a loud flourish of trumpets, it would have long since displayed a very different front to that which it presents at present. That which was the child of nobody was not likely to be very well brought up and nurtured. It has, however, risen above the neglect and trouble of its youth. With few friends, it has still fewer obligations; and it offers, in no seductive and alluring terms, an asylum and an independence to the struggling multitudes of the mother-country.

A SUMMER'S SUNDAY IN TOWN.

WE wake with a sound of bells—the music nearest heaven, as Elia hath it—ringing, chiming, pealing, metallic pæans to the Sabbath's dawn: not all in unison; for elevations and depressions tell upon steeples as upon humanity, and some, like those which offered to the "fair Ophelia," an image of Hamlet's o'erthrown mind, "jangle out of tune and harsh." The streets, save for the milkmen and the venders of water-cresses, and such small luxuries for poor men's tables, have no cries in them. A few foot-passengers hurrying to rail or steamboat stations—a sprinkling of cabs bound for the same goal—scattered pedestrians of the middle classes returning from an early ramble in the parks—and artisans who have been enjoying the health-giving privilege which cheap baths afford—are to be met with in the principal thoroughfares; while others, of the same class but of a different moral grade, in dirty clothing and of cadaverous aspect, looking still more so from the presence of fresh hawthorn boughs in blossom, and other floral trophies in their hands, fractional purchases from itinerant traders who have rifled overnight the leafy coverts of some distant wood, to supply them with this one day's means of living (Nature, like a fond mother, slipping sideways into the hand of her unfortunates some trifling largess for their present need), are to be seen mingled with pious from the purlieus of Little Britain and Field Lane, or expatriated tenants of St. Giles's, who traverse the intricate alleys that circulate the city, followed by dogs of different degrees, which they have been airing in the neighbourhood of Primrose Hill or Hampstead Heath—the silken ears, pug noses, and sagacious eyes of choicer specimens peeping from out the breast and side-pockets of their capacious shooting-jackets. Here and there, in the thickly-populated regions of Somers Town, Battle Bridge, Tottenham Court Road, or Shoreditch, the scenes of Saturday night are repeated—the low shops and glittering gin-palaces stand open, and continue so till towards church-time, when the police look round, and the proprietors are compelled reluctantly to close them. The overnight abominations in the shape of food, stale vegetables, fetid fish and meat, display themselves upon the stalls and open shopboards, and taint the atmosphere with their bad odour. Yet for these refuse viands there are purchasers—eager, half-starved, wretched-looking men and women. But amidst this repulsive picture some signs of beauty show themselves; and piles of plants, and baskets of fair flowers, soft by their presence the air of pollution, moral and physical, which the scene suggests—germs of good in the wild fields of evil—soft voices whispering of pure and lovely things, amidst all this rankness, and filth, and rags! And many, ay, many a sacrifice is made to home by the purchase of them as an offering to it—an offering that obviates half its coarseness, and lets in a glimpse of heaven on its unclean obscurity; for a sense of sweetness, an appreciation of beauty, enters with them, and love is not all lost, nor a latent sentiment of niceness banished, from the meanest room wherein flowers find a place.

Meanwhile the twittering of the mated sparrows, the golden sunshine

watering the walls, the roulades of a caged lark here and there, are so many signs of holiday for the week-long-wearied inmates of the city. The cross-surmounted dome of St. Paul's; the Abbey's minarets; the church-spires and cupolas; the statues, streets, dingy wharfs and flag-dressed shipping, are all touched with the bright glory of the summer's morn; while on the river, sometimes ferrying a single fare, sometimes a group of passengers, badged watermen in slender wherries and blue-and-scarlet coats (brilliant as dragon-flies on some still pool), dart to and fro from shore to shore, dexterously avoiding the larger craft and the on-rushing heads of up-bound steamers.

There has been a long pause in the music of the church bells, but now they break forth again in a succession of running chimes, more loud, continuous, and general than the prelusive outpourings of the early morning; every belfry bears its part in the clanging chorus, and all the dull-looking streets, with their closed doors and windows, grow gay and animated with groups and rows and couples of well-dressed people wending their ways to various places of worship—long lines of charity-school children, two deep—girls in blue gowns, Clarissa Harlowe caps, and spotless mittens and tippets, looking all the prettier for the quaint simplicity of their dress; with corresponding files of boys, in the unredeemed ugliness of green coats, yellow breeches, blue or red stockings, and muffin caps. Other schools are there also—the ladies' seminary, with its limited number of fair pupils, redolent of summer roses and suburban air, and full of school-room grace and school-girl coquetry; the latter chiefly aimed at the semi-grown youths of certain classical and commercial academies, who, with all the "pomp and circumstance" of attendant ushers, and a presiding Dr. Blimber at their head, move on towards the orthodox establishment to which the bevy of young spinsters are progressing.

There an old lady and gentleman, lustrous in superfine broadcloth and French satin—the victims of an apparent plethora of prosperity—jog on from their house in the square to the church at the corner, followed by a page and prayer-books. There a dainty lady, with a tall footman in her wake, and an aroma of "attar" clinging to her, passes with noiseless steps along the pavement: there is something so sabbatically pure in her downcast eyes and gentle movements, that one would think only devotional thoughts had place within her, and hardly suspect that the ink is not yet dry on a note of censure to Madame B——, "artiste en corsets," for a misfit in the article sent home overnight. Carriages roll through the streets towards the same destinations, and crowds of would-be-fine people tread on the heels of rank and wealth; careful-looking parents divide their attention between their neighbours' appearance and the behaviour of their own offspring; now bidding "John" not to look about him, now commenting *sotto voce* on the dress and air of the passers-by. Occasionally parties are encountered who have turned their backs upon the city's sanctuaries, and are about to keep holiday in the green fields and pleasant places, which six days' toil leaves only open to them on the seventh.

Others again, for the most part housewives of the humbler classes, are met bearing their frugal dinners to the bakehouse—that earthly place of endless punishment, where no sabbath-rest is known, or holiday enjoyed—

where men grow grey, unconscious of a night's repose, and fret and broil till middle-life find them *aged*—harder worked, probably, on this than on any other working-day, that their fellow-men may enjoy it, and “air their spirits,” if it so suits them, in pleasant visitings to distant friends, in devotion at home, or in the *nature-worship* which the high places of the earth and the green groves thereof still make an instinct of the heart. And, O! let not the man of leisure, or formal sectarian, rail at the thousands who on this one day transport themselves from their labour-world—the city's beaten tracks; its dingy offices and counting-houses; its crowded workshops and busy wharfs; its wearying shops and strange-smelling warehouses; its endless sounds of barter; its ringing of monies; its cries of want; the rush, the throng, the clamour, the smoking of factories; the clanking of machinery; the harsh music, under cover of which beggary stalks the streets; the rattle of its thousand carriages running here and there an hourly race against time. Let them not rail at the born thrall of daily labour, who takes advantage of the summer's Sunday to refresh his soul with a notion of new scenes—a taste of nature's beauty; who seeks the breezy hill-side, the green fields, the silver-sanded brooklets, and bares his week-long-fevered forehead “under a fresh tree's shade.” Is there no religion in the grateful glance with which his eye surveys the unaccustomed beauty spread around him?—the distant hills; the teeming valleys with green corn making mimic waves upon their slopes; the scattered hamlets, like human folds, lying white and still midst pasture-meads and sunny orchards; the scented air; the soft blue sky, with clouds that look like frosted silver on it! Is there no sense of inborn piety in the sweet peace that falls upon his heart, and purifies it? Nay, it is good for him but to gaze upon the broad, ship-bearing river, with all its amplitude and glory; the white-winged vessels with their golden freights, wealth-bringing handmaids to the shrine of commerce!—the waterside villages, each set in a green frame of sheltering trees—Erith, looking like a vignette to a poem, with its tall-spired “ivy-mantled” church—the stately mansion and wooded heights of Belvidere, and primitive little inn and straggling village, labouring crookedly up the hill; to say nothing of the New Pier Hotel, and the skeleton terrace, that for the last two or three years has been vainly anticipating good times. These are adjuncts that do not yet combine with the other portion of the picture, and must be left to mellow in the future.

Then there is Purfleet, like an adder coiled in the sun, externally so pretty that one forgets its fangs in admiration of its charming outside; and, with its heart filled with murderous ammunition, lies meekly down amidst water-sedges and marsh lands, with leafy woods sheltering it behind, and the chalk cliff that has warmed it into existence on the off hand, leading the eye to that most picturesque spot on the Essex side of the river, its crowning beauty, the Beacon Hill! Nor must Greenhithe, with its antique church at Stone, its pleasant neighbourhood, and the fair grounds, and fairer inmate of Ingress Abbey, the people's poetess, Eliza Cook, be forgotten. Nor Tilbury, with its dusky gateway and bristling batteries, bringing to mind the spectacle of Elizabeth, field-marshal's baton in hand, riding slowly along the ranks of her troops assembled there, previous to the destruction of the far-famed Armada. In

pleasant opposition to the dull old fort shine out the almshouses at Northfleet (where, by the way, the river pilgrim is almost at his shrine); and who can behold these goodly monuments of modern charity, without the spirit of philanthropy stirring in his heart a desire to emulate such mercy? for a mite given in love is as much as a thousand when weighed in the balance of the Great Almoner; and thus we would have the sabbath wanderer find "tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything."

But while we have been following his route to Gravesend, we have forgotten the appearance of the streets in town, where animated caricatures meet you at every step, so broadly ridiculous or pitifully droll that tears come with our laughter. It is a day for "*Gents*" to be abroad, and all the full-fledged finery of feminine vulgarity waits but a sunny Sunday to take wing. What shiny silk hats, and tight boots, and extravagant-looking paletots, one passes; what lots of gay parasols, in all their primal newness (having only cast their tickets overnight), worn in all sorts of ways but that in which the sun lies! Here the poor relation, in her faded silk of obsolete pattern—obsolete even in Charles Lamb's time—nervous, gentle, unassuming, moves softly on, unconscious of the mirth her short waist and scanty dress affords the giggling mantua-makers' apprentices behind her, who, having exhausted fashion on the meanest materials, feel all the importance of crinoline and the last style of bonnet, and behave accordingly; the pavement is all too narrow for the temporary expansion of their slim persons; and no one passes who does not, in their own opinion, suffer by comparison with them. Ah! there is one who is at least a match for them in self-importance—an attic Brummel—a would-be beau—with his hair thrust furiously out over either temple, his hat put on with what he considers a becoming obliquity, his cane obtruding from his side-pocket, his one glove swinging in the hand of the other, and wristbands suspiciously paraded. With what an air of supremacy he takes the wall of the thin old gentleman in nankeen tights and snuff-coloured surtout, who, with the humility of weak old age, shuffles on, unnoticed the rudeness! and how amusingly far off he keeps from the remarkably in-backed elderly lady, with the look of a poissarde and the carriage of a recruiting sergeant, who is hastening on with expanded fingers impatient of the constraint a once-a-week acquaintance with gloves imposes!

Here a triad of small boys ape the vices of men, and invest their halfpence in the first tobaccoist's shop in vegetable Havannas. There a group of gaily dressed young women (furnished like the little Primroses in the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture), each with an orange in her hand, are taking their dessert as they walk on—much to the astonishment of a gentleman in varnished boots, light trousers, and summer-cloth paletot, who regards every woman he meets with a sort of look-and-die air!—a city Narcissus, who has ogled his shadow in the plate-glass of the shop windows till he has scarcely complacency left for any other object.

Go where we will, a mortal war appears to be waged between taste and colour, for very few elegant persons are to be met with in the streets on Sunday; even the equipages are peculiar, and afford greater scope for remark than the limits of this paper will admit. Meanwhile, the clangour of the church-bells, so often heard throughout the day, has wholly ceased. Private carriages, hired vehicles, travellers' gigs, the would-be-fast-man's

dog-cart, the shopkeeper's quiet one-horse chaise, the laundress's light cart (a practical misnomer, by the way, on these occasions, when seven in family are sometimes packed behind the unfortunate animal in the shafts) are all returning to their several homes.

The sun has set; the lamplighter, that metropolitan Jack-a-lantern, is seen darting here and there across the street, a trail of light marking his progress; and people stand with the doors wide open, talking with their neighbours in the sultry twilight, as if still loth to terminate the day. Let us pass from the crowded streets to the scarcely less crowded but more airy neighbourhood of the bridges. How sharply the tall funnels of the water-side factories, the church-spires, gasometers, and the irregular outline of house-tops and chimneys, are traced against the flushing sky, in contrast with the dubious-looking structures abutting the river, on either side of which great beds of barges lie moored, and show like dusky shoals of mud at low water. Now and then a sheaf of rays darts from the prow of a diminutive steamboat, which a moment after is seen shooting, wedge-like, through an opposite bridge, to the great delight of the idlers in the alcoves, who are enjoying river air and scenery at the least outlay of trouble and expense. Spanning the river above and below, double and triple rows of lamps appear, tracing the outlines of Waterloo and London Bridges; and overhead the moon in her first quarter, with a little knot of starry handmaids, is gazing down upon the gurgling river and teeming city, where (for all we have seen some of them home) we could fancy that the houses had emptied themselves afresh of their inhabitants, who still throng the streets and thoroughfares, pouring in a two-vent stream across these mile-wide arches—on, on, from railway terminus and river-piers, from walks in the suburbs, from innumerable places of worship, from parks and public gardens, and various other haunts of citizen resort. It is only in the distant west-end squares that things look quiet. There, in the calm bright moonlight, the trees, in the green leafiness of June, are fanning themselves with just an air of motion; and the scent of the pink hawthorn and of the lime leaves, not yet shaken out of the folds that Nature's hand has laid them in, and redolent of honey-dew, fills the soft atmosphere and penetrates the houses, which stand with their windows wide open, as if gasping internally for air. In the particular square we have in our mind's eye, the figure of the seated statesman, colossal in Roman robes and pedestalled in bronze, seems to becalm the place with the tranquillity of its classic presence; its ample brow and eloquent features, delineated by the clear moonlight and faced by the flushing west, where the sun has left the warm track of its setting, look even more imposing than by day: and while we gaze, the rich tones of a chamber-organ in an adjoining mansion burst forth into the divine air "*Venite adoremus*," and a stillness more palpable for the interruption settles down upon the silent houses, the trees, the statue; and Night, with all her stars, canopies the giant city, and ends our Summer's Sunday in Town.

LEGITIMIST REVELATIONS OF THE LATE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

M. CAPEFIGUE states that the first portions of his work entitled *La Société et les Gouvernements de l'Europe depuis la Chute de Louis-Philippe jusqu'à la Présidence de Louis-Napoléon-Bonaparte*, noticed in the last number of this Magazine, has been most violently attacked. The author justly observes, that little else could have been expected; for a history of the times we live in cannot be undertaken, even with the utmost regard for the susceptibilities of the living, without wounding some, and awakening in others the memory of many painful and bitter occurrences. "The feeling," he adds, "which induces us all to believe ourselves without a fault and without a reproach, in presence of the great ruin of a monarchy, will not be the least curious testimony of the infatuated pride of the age. We see a government, to consolidate which cost eighteen years of labour; it was in possession of a brave army, an energetic administration, an attentive police, fortifications, and bastioned enclosures; and yet it fell between two suns, before a small minority: and in the face of this every one claims to have been full of forethought and judgment!"

At a moment, (M. Capefigue proceeds with his narrative,) when M. Emile de Girardin was endeavouring to read a little bit of paper which contained the abdication of Louis Philippe, and General Lamoricière was proclaiming a truce in virtue of another ordinance which named him Commandant of the National Guard, the insurgents were doing their utmost to suffocate, by means of enormous quantities of combustibles, fifty men of the 14th regiment of the line, whom they did not dare, to attack face to face. A little body of gallant soldiers had stopped the whole column of rebels, yet they were left there to be put to death; while the mob, with its habitual instinct, shouted out "*Vive la ligne!*" in order to flatter the soldiery and subvert resistance. To this it has been answered, "We had no orders; we were even told to avoid fighting;" as if it required orders to prevent the massacre of so many heroic comrades who wore the French uniform! The King and the Duke de Nemours having abdicated—the one as king, the other as regent—they remained quietly at the Tuileries, thinking that everything would be settled, and that the regency remained a mere affair of the Chambers, a simple political solemnity.

Those who were really guilty (if there are any who are guilty, in the fatality of events) were of two descriptions: such as knew the nature and the real character of mob insurrections, and who allowed it to be for a moment supposed that such could be stayed by concessions instead of being put down by force; and those who, being in possession of posts of honour, allowed the column of rebels to find its way even into the court-yard of the Tuileries. Was there any struggle, any pretence even of defence? None whatsoever. There were altogether scarcely 1500 men—half workmen in blouses, half *gamins*—and no small number of women, preceded by about 100 National Guards in their uniform, who were allowed thus to take possession of the Carousel without any one opposing them. Everywhere the same subterfuge, the same pretensions—shouts of "*Vive la ligne!*" and a few uniforms of National Guards—the appearance of which had the effect of opening a way for the rebels, and of paralysing vigorous resistance on the part of the military.

It was at this crisis, M. Capefigue relates, that Marshal Bugeaud, although deprived of any actual command, attempted a last step with

Louis Philippe. "If his majesty," he insisted, upon objections being urged to military reprisals, "considers himself so far engaged by the negotiations at this moment pending, as not to wish to undertake personal resistance, let him retire into one of the forts around Paris." The veteran marshal knew that he could himself rely upon the fidelity of the troops for giving protection to the Tuileries and driving back the insurgents. But Louis Philippe was in a state of absolute prostration; his head fell upon his breast, and scarcely could a few articulate words be distinguished. "What must I do? Shall I get on horseback? They are going to pillage the Tuileries!" were sentences that he repeated over and over again. Marshal Bugeaud saw that nothing could be obtained where all intelligence had disappeared, and even energy was lost; and he withdrew from the Tuileries.

The king's surprise when he was told that he must quit his palace, which was invaded by the populace, is described as being beyond bounds. The question of the regency had been settled; the Duke de Nemours had given in; every concession that was asked for had been granted to the extreme left and to the people: Where then were the promises of Messrs. Odilon Barrot and Thiers? The unfortunate king, leaning on the arm of the queen, his head sinking down upon his bosom, could not believe in the events that were taking place around him. The same day, the 24th of February, a fearful tempest broke over Paris; "it was a kind of inter-tropical hurricane, in which wind, thunder, and hail strove for mastery, and amid which the noise of musketry rose above the peals of thunder, themselves less lugubrious than the sounds of the alarm-bell and the wild shouts of the ferocious mob. It seemed as if the anger of God manifested itself, or that some sinister marriage had taken place between bad passions and the powers of darkness."

The flight is picturesquely described, according to M. Capefigue, from the memoranda of a *Garde National à cheval*.

M. Crémieux was heard to say to the Duke de Montpensier, "Be of good cheer, *Monsieur le Duc*; the regency will be proclaimed, and everything will be arranged." Half-way down the great avenue, a national guard, whose schapska had got entangled in the branches of a chestnut-tree, was thrown from his horse. The king stopped a moment, as if to help the poor fellow. "Come, come, sire," said the Duke de Montpensier, "let us get on, let us get on." And the melancholy procession continued its way.

We do not see much that is novel in other points of detail; but in that which refers to historical facts, M. Capefigue justly remarks, "How could the crown be defended with resolution, when every minute there was some change or other of objects?" The 21st and the 22nd, the army was to support M. Guizot and his system; in the evening it was no longer that—reform was granted, and M. Molé was to be ruler. The same night Messrs. Thiers and Odilon Barrot were in power. They engaged that everything should be preserved; and they failed in their pretensions, and the army had to obey the regency. The truly extraordinary circumstances by which the new regency combination were defeated, the invasion of the Chambers, the defection of M. Marie and of M. Crémieux, and the final blow to the existing state of things given by M. de Lamartine and M. Ledru Rollin, are graphically narrated; and it must not be omitted, that in this account M. Capefigue does not exculpate his own party.

The profound repugnance entertained by the legitimists for the dynasty of 1830, made them repudiate with contempt the idea of a regency with the royalty of the Comte de Paris. "What the Orleanists had despised, almost with sarcasm—the noble, the holy words of Charles X.; the warm prayers of the Duchess of Berry, in favour of the royal child which the principle of tradition called to the throne; and to-day the Orleanists asked for their house that respect which they had never shown for the elder branch! Is it that the forehead of the young Duke of Bordeaux is not as pure, as worthy of wearing the crown, as that of the Duke de Bordeaux?"

When M. de Larochejacquelin advocated the appeal to a convocation of the country fairly consulted, and to a provisional government constituted for the time being to receive that public opinion, he did almost as much unwittingly to overthrow the chances of his own party, as De Lamartine and Ledru Rollin knowingly did by voting for a provisional government to overthrow all monarchy whatsoever; but in the one case the legitimists accomplished what they considered to be a duty; in the other, a poet-patriot and an imperious demagogue only served the purposes of their own ambition. The account given of the installation of M. de Lamartine is particularly amusing.

It was in the midst of these vociferations, threats, and extortionate demands, that the Provisional Government, founded in the offices of the public journals more than in the Chambers, came to take possession of the Hôtel de Ville. An ocular witness, an officer in the National Guard much devoted to the Republican idea, M. Saint Amand, has related as follows the strange march of the members of this government from the Palais Royal to La Grève:—"I was going to the Chambers," he says, "and I heard shouts of 'A man of the people and a National Guard to protect M. de Lamartine!' Patriotism and friendship inspiring M. Bastide, he offered his arm on one side to the poet, and I went forward and offered another. We then took the lead in a procession, the details of which I soon arranged; two drums ahead, followed by a flag, the proprietor of which pushed himself forward with naked arms. We thus issued from the *Salle des Séances* upon the Quay d'Orsay. Ledru Rollin walked for some time alongside; the crowd was not oppressive. We proceeded peacefully enough along the left bank of the Seine as far as the Pont Neuf. At the Pont Royal, the two drummers and the flag, forming the head of the column, having turned towards the Tuileries, we effected a separation, preferring the side of the river which was the least encumbered by the crowd. Dupont de l'Eure followed behind in a little cabriolet. M. de Lamartine, although suffering, was upheld by his natural energy, but he was dying of thirst. Ten times on the road I obtained a little wine and water to give him strength to arrive across the barricades at the Hôtel de Ville, where a crowd, that it was almost impossible to make one's way through, was awaiting us. The whole of this road, we busied ourselves in proclaiming the Provisional Government and the name of M. de Lamartine, while we held that person himself up to view; the people took off their hats, and answered, but not without expressions of surprise, to our *vivats*.

It was M. Ledru Rollin, now in his turn a fugitive, who, according to M. Capefigue, altered the first manifesto of M. de Lamartine—nominating a government with republican forms to consider of the welfare of the state and the wishes of the people—into a *bonâ fide* Republic, and who thus hurried the majority into what was then an untried and an unknown future. "Was it possible," asks M. Capefigue, "under the armed pressure from without, to deliberate freely or spontaneously? The first condition imposed by the armed multitude was a Republic—without procrastination, without delay—as, indeed, something they were in dread of seeing escape them."

In times of revolution, there is a very good method of obtaining places—that is, to seize upon them; an arm-chair is vacant—sit down in it, and all is said. Thus it is that Messrs. Caussidière and Sobrier took

possession of the Prefecture of Police—swords by their sides, pistols in their hands. So also M. E. Arago, in a similar manner, took possession of the administration of the post-office.

In the offices of the *Réforme*, at the very moment when the members of the Provisional Government were about to go to the Hôtel de Ville, there appeared a man of high stature, thick body, belonging to the hardy race of boatmen on Lake Leman, with a gun in his hand, pistols in his waistband, his face covered with powder, who offered himself, rather than was selected, to act as a police officer at this trying moment. It was Marc Caussidière, whose rude life had been spent in conspiracies; one of those exceptional characters to whom history is a legend of belief, conviction, and duplicity. Let us never despise those who have faith. In the political struggles of Lyons, Saint Etienne had always seen the vigorous, athletic M. Marc Caussidière at hands with the police. Brought before the Court of Paris in 1834, he had been subjected to a conviction, which a lucky amnesty brought to a premature close. M. Caussidière set up again in his old business as commercial traveller, mixing up with the same a little politics. The journal *La Réforme* gave him employment as collector of subscriptions; and M. Marc Caussidière used to take his frugal repast in the *cabaret*, and his relaxations at the *estaminet*, till a revolution was, by some strange fantasy, going to place him at the head of that very police which had never kept its eyes off him. Since the conspiracy of General Mallet, nothing like it had been seen; the conspirator of the night became the governor of the morning, so that the new delegate of police could find his own name in his own offices.

This sketch of one of the most remarkable offshoots of the Revolution corresponds closely with one we gave at the time, in the *New Monthly*. M. Sobrier, although an ardent Republican, was, it appears, of a totally different character. He was a young man of cultivated mind, mild pleasing manners; and, above all, he had a little fortune (about 400*l.* a-year, it is said), and hence he was treated with great respect by the mob. "Sobrier is rich, a proprietor, and yet he is with us," they exclaimed; and while Caussidière had the militia, Sobrier had his equally devoted followers and partisans.

M. Caffeigne is of opinion that the majority of those who took part in the great adventure of the 24th of February, did not anticipate the disastrous consequences that followed to industry, commerce, finances, and to the whole material situation of the country. M. Goudchaux, for example, who became Minister of Finances, was a banker in high repute, who fancied that, after a slight effervescence, a mere street row, credit would return to its normal condition. "Indeed, it always happens with those who overthrow a government, that they imagine that from that moment their task is over, and that, the last power knocked down, there only remains to put oneself in its place. Therein lies a great error; for it is then that the real difficulty commences—the separation of the pure from the impure forces of the revolution, the organisation of victory and the disentangling of chaos." The most difficult task of keeping down that destructive mob, which it had had the imprudence to head the day before, was assigned to the National Guard; and it was but a fair atonement of its first error. The whole of the honest and industrious portion of the population were obliged to take up arms; and opinions, regrets, everything, was lost sight of in the common danger.

In times of revolution it is always extreme opinions that obtain most favour; the more an idea is exaggerated, the more will the excited passions of the mob be gratified by it. The Provisional Government, which at the onset divided itself into Socialists, Montagnards, and Girondists, had a difficult question to grapple with—the colour of the

national flag. The armed masses below insisted upon a red flag; but Lamartine decided the knotty point by intimating that "he accepted the tricolour flag because it had been round the world, while the red flag had only been round the Champ de Mars with martial law." Next came the epoch of proclamations, manifestos, public acts, speeches and placards innumerable. "The spirit of revolutions," says M. Capefigue, "is essentially garrulous." Everything was prostituted to popular passions; the million of francs devoted to the Civil List was handed over to the working classes, and a special commission was instituted to inquire into the question of labour. The Luxembourg was handed over to the commission, and the Tuileries were converted into a hospital for invalided workmen. Never were the working classes so honoured and exalted: nothing was too good or too great for them. The money of the industrious, the goods of the proprietary, the rewards of merit and of long services, even to the palaces of kings, were placed at the disposal, not of the sovereign people, but of the sovereign rabble. The complement of absurdity was attained when government undertook to assure work to the workman, and a salary proportioned to his work.

Caussidière having driven Sobrier out of the Prefecture, he had by that time become sole master of the Parisian police. Once more his figure comes out on the revolutionary canvass, as the most striking and the most characteristic one of the time.

He was to be seen, during the first few days that followed upon the Revolution of February, with two pistols in his waistband, and an immense sword suspended by a broad sash, his dress puckered up in orthodox revolutionary style, going to wait upon M. Ledru Rollin, at that time Minister of the Interior, to consult upon general measures of police. His giant stature, his herculean frame, consorted well with his rough voice and repulsive manners. It must, however, be admitted, that with all his faults, Caussidière was sincere in his intentions. By nature cunning and artful, it was his great ambition to show to the people of Paris, that one of the "people," a dictator drawn forth from the prisons and from conspiracies, could assure public tranquillity in a city in a state of insurrection. This was Caussidière's great pride, and he spent night and day in conciliating, reassuring, convincing all parties: his word was oracular with the Montagnards; and the Sectionaries, whose rude threats and violences he rebuked, were kept back even by a look or a gesture; when he did speak, it was of nothing but broken necks, and brains blown out. His stature gave strength even to these strong (and peculiarly Parisian) expressions; and it was well known that Marc Caussidière could, with a turn of his muscular arm, break the body of a man—as had happened in the case of a police agent who had attempted to arrest him at "Saint Etienne."

M. de Lamartine exhibited extreme weakness in associating himself with such a description of persons. He who condescended to sacrifice his own personal friends, protectors of the Restoration and of the Royalty of July, was now in continual conference with Messrs. Blanqui, Barbès, and Flotte, and others of the same stamp, because he wished to conciliate them. The poet has since said that he was playing with thunder; but M. Capefigue remarks that it is time to descend from the lofty image suggested by an excessive personality. M. de Lamartine followed the instincts of a simple mortal; he separated himself from the conquered to ally himself with the conquerors. Therein lay the whole position of things at the Hôtel de Ville—a Provisional Government divided into three or four factions, each conspiring one against another. In the midst of this struggle of opinions and factions, every one inquired what had become of the constitutional guarantees, by which it was intended, accord-

ing to the publicists, to protect the entire social order—as if social order could exist in anything else than the frank and honest expression of the manners and customs of a people. “If,” says M. Capefigue, “an English minister, under a monarchic government, had arrogated to himself the dictatorial powers of the Provisional Government, he would not only have been liable to impeachment, he would have been sent to Bedlam for life. Liberty of thought and action are totally and utterly inconsistent with revolutionary or democratic rule.”

M. Ledru Rollin, as Home Minister, especially charged himself with the mission of making the new republic respected, if not beloved. To effect this he sent forth a horde of commissaries, to whom powers were given of such magnitude as to cast society, already more or less resigned to the new state of things, into a state of mixed terror and apprehension. These commissaries, without power, despised by all honest and intelligent persons, and repudiated by the military, were but badly received in the provinces. The large towns especially, as Bordeaux, Lille, and Amiens, could not tolerate the dictatorship of a few diseased imaginations, who came to force their opinions upon them in the name of the Committee of Public Safety. M. Ledru Rollin, assisted by M. Jules Favre, sent forth, upon this, that ministerial circular, which could have been suggested by nothing but feelings of spite, and which raised the commissaries at once to the position of proconsuls. In some cities, supported by the mob, the latter were enabled to hold these situations for a brief time. It would be difficult to imagine anything more ridiculous than the dictatorship of M. Arago at Lyons, and of M. Joly at Toulouse, crowned with garlands of oak and gilt; the more intelligent and respectable classes of society quietly submitting to a yoke so unconstitutionally and strangely imposed upon them. The next step, of an equally extraordinary character, and which also emanated from the mad brains of M. Ledru Rollin, was to undertake to educate and train the rustic mind to a knowledge and adoration of the new Republic and all its perfections. Madame George Sand was especially employed to issue these bulletins of instruction transmitted by the Central Committee to the departments, and which hastened to announce that the old monarchical system, which brutalised intelligence and dried up the heart, had fallen at London, at Berlin, and Vienna, and had disappeared everywhere from the face of the earth. The proconsuls were also busy at the same time declaiming against property, riches, and capital, the possessors of which were denounced as the leeches of the poor classes; and they were at the same time to lay the foundation of a system of Communism and Socialism, which they could not understand themselves.

The provinces, on the other hand, soon began to feel that the sovereignty of the people, so much boasted of, was in reality the dictation of that frenzied rabble which filled up the space before the Hôtel de Ville with its frantic cries. A reaction against this most unintelligent kind of dictatorship began very soon to manifest itself. This caused the editors of *La Réforme* and *Le National* to take up their pens in terror, and to proclaim that if the elections did not answer the expectations of the “people,” the “people” (that is, the crowd before the Hôtel de Ville) would not accept them!

M. Ledru Rollin, who was partial to show and luxury, and not of an illiberal disposition, laid open the secret funds to his party, in that free-

and-easy manner which left it to the future to decide upon the merits of such an appropriation. The pleasures of society and of the table succeeded to the melodrama of slouched hats and pistols at the waistband. The charlatanism of regard for the poor in the mouth, and of individual luxurious indulgence in practice, became in a short time universal among the democrats, from the minister to the lowest delegate. Society was in far too corrupt a state for the austere fraternity of a great republic.

M. Goudchaux having failed in re-establishing the confidence of the financial world, when his colleagues were preaching Socialism and Communism, withdrew, and was succeeded by M. Garnier Pagés, a person who thought that all financial matters might be made state questions of, and that bankers and capitalists were not only unnecessary but actual evils. The consequence was, that bank and treasury, under such a system, had in a brief time to suspend payments; and strangers, terrified at the new aspect of affairs, hurried away in every direction from the capital.

On the other hand, in the equally complicated department of Foreign Affairs, M. de Lamartine, who brought to that post a brilliant name and a poetical renown, had a first duty to fulfil according to diplomatic usage, which was to notify the existence of the Republic to the representatives of the various European powers. This he did in a brief circular, dated the 4th of March, the reception of which was duly acknowledged; but intimate relations were only at first established with Switzerland and the United States. This first circular was followed the next day by that celebrated manifesto in which M. de Lamartine insulted monarchical Europe by declaring democracy to be the most perfect and noble form of government, and that the nations who lived under kings were in a state of bondage and degradation; and in which, while he said that the Republic would condescend to live in harmony with existing monarchies, and that war was not a principle of the Republic, he at the same time exclaimed, "Happy will France be if war is declared against her, and she is thus obliged to increase in power and in glory." And he concludes by those still more remarkable sentences, in which he declared that the French Republic would always reserve to itself the right of protecting by force of arms those legitimate movements of nationality which sprang from the people. Poland, Italy, Hungary, Ireland, each oppressed nation, might rise up—the Republic would hold forth its hand to protect it! What a contrast does this republican boast of March, 1848, present to republican acts in 1849! A double monarchy, at once temporal and spiritual—a thralldom of mind as well as body, imposed upon a nation struggling against odds for its independence; and that by a republic which started by proclaiming itself in the van of all national movements! M. de Lamartine said to the Tuscans, to the Piedmontese, to the Romans, to Naples, to Sicily, "Overthrow your traditional governments, tumble down crowns, establish even a great Italian republic,—and we will give you our support in the struggle." What has been the result? Austria has settled accounts with Lombardy, with Piedmont, and with Tuscany; and Naples has done the same in regard to Sicily. It remained for the French to give the last kick, at Rome, to the dead ass-in-lion's-hide of Republicanism.

While M. de Lamartine humbled himself before England, in the same manifesto, by intimating that the extinct dynasty carried away with it

those apprehensions of war which had been suggested by the personal ambition of family alliances in Spain, he at the same time insulted the Queen's government by declaring that Spain ought and should be free! "This puerile and ridiculous manifesto," says M. Capefigue, "contained the seeds of an overthrow of all public rights throughout Europe."

The next step of the Provisional Government was, while it respected the great powers, England, Austria, and Prussia, which might enforce their principles by large armies, to let loose upon the lesser powers of Belgium, Piedmont, and Baden, many thousands of refugees, who engaged to proclaim the Republic in those countries. If they succeeded, so much the better; if they failed, the part taken in the matter by the French Republic could be disavowed. "Go: may God grant you victory!" Such was the feeling openly expressed by the Republic to the foreign insurgents, and yet it proclaimed itself to be at peace with Europe!

It so happened that the Belgian cabinet was perfectly well informed of the movements of the Republicans, and quite prepared to repel the revolutionary invasion of its frontiers. The insurgents, armed with muskets taken out of the French arsenals, advanced in columns to the frontier; and where they expected support and enthusiasm, they found resistance and disgrace. The affair of *Risque-Tout* was the first real and important check received by the propagandists. Europe began to feel that, with a little energy and skill combined, it might still get through the crisis.

This was more particularly the case in England, where the power and number of the Chartists became at this moment greatly exaggerated. "If there existed," says M. Capefigue, "some few Republicans among the Chartists, who declaimed against Queen Victoria, the great majority were in favour of the sovereignty over the three countries, and vociferated 'God save the Queen!' It was therefore a great illusion to give credit to the report of a republic having been declared in England, and which was so industriously circulated by the French republicans: the Whig ministry had with great tact withdrawn its more unpopular bills in reference to questions of taxation; and by the 20th of March there no longer existed anything in England suggestive of anxiety, beyond the serious aspect of affairs on the Continent, where the government still kept up its former relations."

The country in which the propagandists were destined to effect most mischief was Italy, which had been in a state ripe for insurrection ever since the 24th of February.* "It is incontestable," says M. Capefigue, "that the Italian refugees threw themselves upon the old country from every part of France, urged by the secret impulse given to them by the Provisional Government. But even these insurrectionists were divided into two parties—one that accepted the existing governments, only with liberal modifications; the other dreaming about a democratic union, the seat of government to be at Rome or Milan. The expedition which was got up at Lyons was armed and paid by the Provisional Government, precisely as in the case of that sent to the Belgian frontier: its disgrace was even more signal, for, in possession for a few moments of Chambéry, it was driven out and dispersed by the pitchforks of the Savoyard peasants, who were devoted to the house of Savoy."

M. Capefigue traces the insurrection in Lombardy to four causes: first,

the manifesto of M. de Lamartine; secondly, the influence of the refugees; thirdly, the generous but imprudent notions of Pius IX. upon the unity and liberty of Italy; and fourthly, the personal ambition of Charles Albert: but he omits in this enumeration the most powerful of all causes—the national hatred and hostility to the domination of a foreign power. This impetuous insurrection, led on by the Poles, did not even allow of a regular resistance. Field Marshal Radetsky was obliged to fall back upon Mantua and Verona. Still Young Italy relied for success mainly on the co-operation of France. Young Italy was destined to be painfully undeceived.

M. Cæpefigue traces in a similar manner the origin of the insurrection at Berlin to this most absurd manifesto of the 5th of March. But he admits, that if the impulse of the insurrectional movement came from Paris, the principle existed previously in the schools of the Prussian capital, and the spirit of imitation did the rest. Barricades were erected; and it was necessary to use military force to repel that which was undoubtedly a genuine revolutionary government. In the mean time, as had occurred in respect to London, an extraordinary telegraphic despatch was stuck up at the Bourse on the 16th of March, announcing not only that a republic had been substituted to the Prussian monarchy, but that King Frederick William was a captive in the hands of the insurrectionists. "Whence," M. Cæpefigue asks, "these extraordinary reports, these repeated public falsifications of events? It was owing, he says, to the simple circumstance that the foreign minister had no other correspondents but the propagandists; and the latter were constantly mistaking their hopes for realities. The idea of a German republic having failed, the French ministry began to favour the idea of German unity, under a constitutional emperor—that emperor to be the King of Prussia. M. de Lamartine openly gave out, that the alliance of such a constitutional and imperial unity with France would not be too much to resist the immense resources of Russia.

The success of the insurrection at Vienna filled the propagandists with joyful surprise, and with new hopes for the future. The progress of disorder and anarchy appeared to be almost assured. M. de Metternich was in London, with the Prince of Prussia and M. Guizot. M. Arago formed an army of the Alps with great ostentation, but little real efficiency. Lord Palmerston declared that he would not permit the entrance of a French army into Italy; and Charles Albert said he had not asked for any aid, nor did he solicit it. There only remained for M. de Lamartine to say that the army should not cross the Alps, unless it was appeared to to that effect by an Italian power. He had also apologies to make at Turin, as he had at Brussels, for permitting the frontiers of countries with whom he professed to be at peace to be invaded by bodies of insurrectionists. He had greater concessions to make than were ever made by M. Guizot in his worst days. And out of all this a great fact made itself generally felt,—which was, that Germany, Belgium, and Italy separated themselves from that which M. Cæpefigue designates as "the French idea."

In the mean time, the Emperor Nicholas could see nothing in the French Revolution but a fact which threatened every crowned head in Europe. Immense levies were ordered throughout the empire of Russia; and every preparation has been made, in alliance with the Slavonic and

Scandinavian populations, for one of those vast wars, accompanied by migrations of people and nations, such as occurred in the fourth and fifth centuries. England, in concert with Russia, pressed upon the Ottoman Porte the imperious necessity of multiplying its armament for future events; and among those are the recovery of Algiers, and of the other olden Turkish provinces in Africa.

The second volume of M. Capefigue's work does not go beyond this—the period of M. Garnier Pagés' administration of the finances, and of M. de Lamartine's foreign policy. M. Cavaignac had refused to accept the office of minister of war until the army was allowed to return with honour to the capital. This alternative was refused: but we now know how it was subsequently conceded; how the first frightful and inevitable struggle ensued between society and the rejected of all classes; how the defeat of the Ultra-republicans paved the way to the Presidency, which represented a name, and not impossibly a principle; and which principle, if existing, can be neither more nor less than military glory and imperial command. Still, upon the occasion of the recent elections, it was shown that the Ultra or Red Republicans, Socialists, Communists, and overthrowers of all characters and degrees, existed in some force throughout the country; and what was worse, that under the perverse system of universal suffrage, by which the opinions of the lower classes must always have an ascendancy over that of the educated portion of the community, the representatives of the lovers of discord and anarchy were in greater numbers than ought fairly to have been the case, had the opinions of the respectable classes of society been represented by the existing system.

Under such circumstances, and with such stubborn, fiery, and ambitious spirits as M. Ledru Rollin to lead—and men of so little principle as Serjeants Boichot and Rattier to follow—and the more able seconding of Etienne Arago, Felix Pyat, Suchet, Deville, Guinard, &c.—nothing but a collision, as we took the opportunity to point out in the last number of the *New Monthly*, could have been anticipated.

Declaration of open war between the two parties ensued upon the question of the policy pursued by government in regard to Rome. The Ultra-republicans naturally supported the cause of their brethren at the eternal city; the French government knew full well, that the government imposed by the minority upon the Romans no more represented the opinions of the middle and better classes at Rome, than the doctrines of the Socialists and Communists did those of society at large in Paris or throughout the departments. Government, therefore, determined to continue in the line of action which it had marked out to itself, notwithstanding a first check received by the gallant Oudinot, mainly owing to his anxiety to save the great conservatories of art, in the city which art has so long favoured.

M. Ledru Rollin deemed that the great moment of a struggle for power had arrived. He made the invasion of Rome, and the check received by the French arms, the groundwork of a bold attempt to impeach Louis Napoleon and his ministers; and he at the same time publicly proclaimed in the Chambers that the constitution had been violated, and that the "people" would defend it by every possible means, even by arms. The challenge thrown to government was not lost upon it. Seconded by General Changarnier, an Algerine officer of the same experience, same courage, and same resolution as Cavaignac, the government took

up the gauntlet, outvoted the ultra-faction, and thus necessarily drove it to have recourse to that which had been threatened—opposition by arms and civil warfare. The papers of the party were also seized at the same time, to dare them to the encounter. On Wednesday, June 13th, the attempted demonstration was made. On the part of the insurgents, the usual resources were brought into play: men in the uniform of the National Guard were put forward; the streets and boulevards were paraded; national songs were vociferated; and counter-plots, as on the first occasion, were attempted, but unsuccessfully. On the other hand, the experience of past insurrections was brought to bear against this resuscitation of old and exploded resources. The columns of insurgents were intercepted, broken, and dispersed, by charges of infantry and cavalry; in no case was time afforded to form barricades which could offer any real resistance; and the leaders of the insurrection, who had in the mean time installed themselves as a new Convention at the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers*, were surrounded, and for the most part captured. M. Ledru Rollin was, by accident or connivance, one of the few who escaped.

Thus, one after another, have the heroes of February 1848 disappeared from the political scene. The republicans of the eve have been each in his turn destined to recede before the republicans of the morrow. This was in the first instance the fate of the Alberts, the Louis Blancs, Barbés, Blanqui, and Caussidière; next, that of the Lamartines, the Marrasts, the Aragos, and the Crémieuxs; then it came to the turn of the temporary military dictator, General Cavaignac; now nearly the last dregs of the Republic have been sifted from the honourable company of their fellow-representatives—lovers of order, or followers of legitimate, monarchical, or imperialist ideas. Soon, not a trace will remain of the Republic of 1848. The almost bloodless victory, for which French society has to thank the devotion of the army to the name and person of a Bonaparte, and the admirably firm, prudent, and able measures taken by General Changarnier to preserve the capital and various seats of government from surprise, will no doubt have considerable influence both upon France internally, and upon the whole politics of Europe; but viewed within itself, it is only one step towards that ulterior great struggle which still remains to be fought out between the three really great and intelligent parties that remain confronted—the Legitimists, Orleanists, and Napoleonists. That the Socialists and Communists should be the first to fall, no one endowed with the mere attributes of common sense could fail to anticipate; but with Algerine generals ready to take command of opposing parties, and with able political leaders attached at the same time to opposing interests, it would be absurd to say that the last triumph of order over anarchy was also a final triumph of an existing state of things over all external and internal discord.

THE HABITUE'S NOTE-BOOK.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

Obituary of the month: Marie Dorval; Angelica Catalani—Receipts of the Parisian Theatres—Mdlle. Lavoye—Juvenile *fête* at the St. James's Theatre—Mr. Mitchell's benefit—"Le Comte Ory"—Madame Damoreau; Lafont—Madame Doche—*Rentrée* of Moriani.

NOT many weeks ago, an application was made by some of the most eminent literary men in France, including Victor Hugo, Alfred de Vigny, Jules Janin, and Alexandre Dumas, to M. Léon Faucher, then Minister of the Interior, warmly advocating the re-engagement at the Théâtre Français of Madame Dorval, who had not appeared there for seven or eight years. Scarcely had their petition been delivered, when news arrived of the sudden and severe illness of the celebrated *artiste* at Caen, where she had intended performing some of her favourite characters, and, a few days later, of her return to Paris almost in a dying state. The consequences of this imprudent step were, as might be expected, fatal; and on Sunday, May 20, she breathed her last, regretted not only by her friends—and they were many—but by all who still cherished a recollection of her extraordinary talent.

A detailed biography of Madame Dorval is a *desideratum* in dramatic literature—the various notices published respecting her dealing, for the most part, far less with fact than with fiction. I am not, indeed, aware of the existence of any authentic data beyond the few scattered notes which I have hastily collected together, chiefly from original sources, and which I now offer to my readers, with selections from my own private memoranda.

Marie Dorval was born in 1792, but the place of her birth is not recorded; at the age of nineteen she had already commenced her dramatic career at Bayonne, where the officers of the garrison, with whom she was a great favourite, nicknamed her little *Boulotte*. Report hints that, while there, her beauty, or the charm of her acting, possibly both, added a marshal of France to the list of her admirers, which, if we may judge from contemporary accounts, must have been a tolerably long one.

From that period we lose sight of her until 1818, when we find her performing her Parisian noviciate, at the Porte St. Martin—a theatre then in high vogue, owing to the popularity of its chief supporters—Potier, Philippe, and Jenny Vertpré. Of these, the dramatic celebrity has already become matter of tradition; but there yet remain, after the lapse of more than thirty years, two humbler members of that once brilliant *troupe*—two living witnesses of its past glories, who have been handed down as heir-looms by every successive manager, and without whom—in the eyes, at least, of its veteran *habitués*—the Porte St. Martin would be an anomaly. These are Vissot and good old Mœssard.

By slow but sure degrees, Madame Dorval worked her way up from the fag end to the head of the company. The almost unnoticed *débütante* was soon forgotten in the impassioned actress, whose extraordinary native energy, physical and mental, more than compensated for the absence of that conventional correctness which is too often the attri-

bute of mediocrity. For several years, side by side with those pillars of modern French drama, Frédérie Lemaitre and Bocage, she shared their many triumphs and few reverses; now harrowing her spell-bound listeners with the intense reality of her sufferings as the gambler's wife in "Trente Ans;" now portraying, with all the impulse and passion of her ardent nature, the fondly-loving *Adèle d'Hervey* in "Antony."

Among the pieces more exclusively indebted for their favourable reception to Madame Dorval, I may mention "*Beaumarchais à Madrid*," and "*La Fiancée de Lammermoor*;" but it were idle, within my present limits, to attempt any detailed account of her successful creations. Indeed, to do so effectually, it would be requisite almost to enumerate the actress's entire *répertoire*.

On the return of Mademoiselle Georges from Russia, and the accession of M. Harel to the management of the Porte St. Martin, Madame Dorval quitted that theatre, and accepting various provincial engagements, soon extended her Parisian popularity far and wide throughout France. At length, April 21, 1834, she appeared for the first time at the Théâtre Français in "*Une Liaison*," a semi-drama, semi-comedy, wholly unworthy of her talent. Warmly received on this occasion, she was shortly after seen to more advantage in M. Mazères' comedy of "*La Mère et la Fille*," and as *Marguerite Coigni* in Ancelot's "*Lord Byron à Venise*."

But the main object of the manager, M. Jouslin de la Salle, in engaging Madame Dorval, was the intended reproduction of "Antony," a renewal of its original vogue being reasonably anticipated; the announcement, however, of the approaching revival of M. Dumas's drama had scarcely appeared in the bills, when an article in the *Constitutionnel*, deprecating the proposed *reprise* as an outrage against morality and common decency, caused the *censeur* to forbid the performance. Upon this, Madame Dorval, who had been expressly engaged to play *Adèle d'Hervey*, published a letter in the leading journals, stating that "Antony," having been already performed fifty nights at the Porte St. Martin and thirty nights at the Odéon, could in no wise be regarded as a novelty, and ought not therefore to be subject to the caprice of a *censeur*. That functionary, however, apparently thought otherwise, for he still persisted in his *veto*, and the rehearsals of "Antony" were at an end.

M. Alfred de Vigny's "*Chatterton*," first produced February 12, 1835, afforded our heroine ample scope for the display of that genuine pathos, the effect of which was so irresistible; her *Kitty Bell* was indeed a delicious creation, a gem of tenderness and sensibility. Unquestionable as are the merits of this touching drama, much of its success was fairly due to its interpreters, and above all to Madame Dorval.

Two months later, Victor Hugo, after a somewhat protracted absence from the dramatic arena, again entered the lists; but this time even his warmest admirers were unable to deny that his new attempt was anything but an improvement on its predecessors. In fact, "*Angelo, Tyran de Padoue*," with all its poetic brilliancy of language, is a melodrama *pur sang*, deficient in none of the usual accessories: secret doors, subterranean passages, daggers, poison, Venetian assassins, succeed one another with Pixérécourt-like rapidity. But the simultaneous appearance in one piece of the two great actresses of the day, Mars and Dorval, was too potent an attraction to leave any room for criticism; the soft and silvery tones

of *La Tisbé* contrasted so forcibly with the passionate impetuosity of *Catarina*, that the public, breathless and enraptured, listened alternately to the voices of the rival charmers, unconscious of the glaring incongruities of plot and style, which on any other occasion might have somewhat damped their enthusiasm. Thanks to the exertions of its two principal supporters, the fourteen first representations of "*Angelo*" produced no less a sum than 60,000 francs, nor for some time after was there any material diminution in the receipts.

"*Une Famille au Temps de Luther*," by Casimir Delavigne, first played in the course of the same year, was favourably received, less owing to its intrinsic merit than to the remarkable acting of Madame Dorval as *Tecla*.

On the expiration of her engagement, some misunderstanding having occurred to prevent its renewal, our heroine quitted the Comédie Française, but soon after reappeared there in "*Chatterton*." The *début*, however, of Mademoiselle Rachel, and the decided preference shown by the public to classical tragedy—a preference clearly heralding the downfall of the romantic school—finally determined her to withdraw from the theatre, where, indeed, she never appears to have felt quite at home. I have now before me a letter addressed by her to the *secrétaire* (i.e. the weekly inspector, controller, and administrator of the affairs of the society) complaining bitterly of the neglect shown her whenever she applied for the free admissions to which she was entitled, the places allotted to her being so bad that she was unable to offer them to any one.

Nov. 7, 1839, Madame Dorval made her first appearance at the Renaissance as *Louise* in Frédéric Soulié's powerful drama, "*Le Proscrit*," Guyon playing the hero. The company of this ill-starred temple of the drama then included Montdidier, Hoffmann, Madame Albert, Mademoiselle Atala Beauchêne, and, last not least, Madame Anna Thillon. It was, however, evident from the beginning that the speculation must be a losing one: pieces which would have made the fortune of any other theatre were there played to empty benches, and no exertion of the management availed to overcome the apathy of the public. The result, as might naturally be expected, was the sudden closing of the house, and the insolvency of the director, M. Anténor Joly, who throughout his managerial career had displayed courage and perseverance worthy of a better fate.*

From the Renaissance, Madame Dorval transferred her valuable services to the Odéon, where she mainly contributed to the success of "*Lucrèce*," "*La Main Droite et la Main Gauche*," and "*La Comtesse d'Altenberg*."

In January, 1845, she returned, after an absence of many years, to the Porte St. Martin, and by her performance of one character created a sensation which has been rarely equalled, at least in our own day. I allude to "*Marie Jeanne*." It is impossible adequately to describe the *furor* excited by Madame Dorval's genius in this otherwise indifferent

* Had M. Joly limited his ambition to one species of entertainment—drama, for instance—the result might have been very different, but his programme included vaudeville, opera, and even ballet. The necessary outlay for this Protean exhibition would have been a deathblow to the finances of any theatre, the salaries of the *personnel* alone exceeding the receipts.

drama; the anguish of the parent robbed of her child was so intensely, so painfully real, that the actress wholly disappeared, and gave place to the woman, the mother! In this extraordinary impersonation nothing was overdone or out of place; the costume and manner were those of a simple and uneducated *femme du peuple*; there was no attempt at imposing attitudes or declamatory effect; the heart-rending accents, the tears, the convulsive sobs, were prompted not by art but by nature. Few can have forgotten that one fearful despairing shriek, that burst from her lips as if it were the last effort of a broken spirit, on seeing her babe, her only hope, her only consolation, whom her poverty, not her will, had consigned to the *Enfants Trouvés*, disappear perhaps for ever from her view! Her emotion was so visibly genuine that the audience seemed paralysed by it; a dead silence followed that inexpressibly piercing cry; and the fall of the act-drop alone was the signal for such a hurricane of cheering as has seldom rung within the walls of a theatre.

Madame Dorval's last creation of any note was *Agnès de Méranie* in Ponsard's tragedy of that name at the Odéon; her old associate, Bocage, playing *Philippe Auguste*. From that time, with the exception of a few occasional performances at the Théâtre Historique, and a brief engagement—not, alas! at the Comédie Française, but—at the Théâtre St. Marcel, her Parisian career may be said to have closed; for although every attempt was subsequently made by her friends to regain for her that position in the capital which her name and talents entitled her to occupy, their efforts were ineffectual, and the last eighteen months of her life were passed in the honourable exile of a provincial *tournée*. Thirty years of uninterrupted success were disregarded; the interests both of the management and of the public were alike sacrificed to a petty and unworthy spirit of rivalry; and the actress whose genius had long been the pride and boast of France's national theatre, was, in her day of trial and need, denied admission within its walls!

Now the error is acknowledged, and the injustice lamented; now jealousy and neglect have given way to regret and sympathy; those who were deaf to the legitimate claims of their old comrade and fellow-labourer, now vie with each other in their bounties to her child. Such an atonement is indeed a bitter self-reproach, but it at least silences the reproaches of others.

However carefully we may examine the contemporary theatrical annals of France or any other country, we shall rarely meet with an *artiste* better qualified, in a physical point of view, to cope with the exigencies of the modern dramatic school than Madame Dorval. With no pretension to refined elegance of manner, or to studied purity of diction—relying for effect, not on the classic suggestions of art, but on the fervid inspirations of nature—she was occasionally coarse, but more often sublime. A true creature of impulse, endowed with an immense and inexhaustible fund of energy, tenderness, and enthusiasm—she could now, by one of those fearful bursts of passion which first obtained for her the appellation of *le drame incarné*, make her audience shudder and quail before her—and now, by some exquisite and spontaneous touch of pathos, melt the most indifferent, the most stony-hearted, to tears. Her powers of endurance were such, that after sustaining the longest and most fatiguing part, she rarely betrayed any symptom of exhaustion; her energy seemed

to increase with each succeeding act, and she was never seen to such advantage as in the closing scene.

She is said to have been much struck with the acting of Miss Smithson (now Madame Hector Berlioz), on the occasion of that lady's professional visit to Paris some years back; and to have considered her *Juliet*, especially, a model worthy of imitation. It would, however, be difficult to trace any point of resemblance between the two *artistes*; nor is there reason to suppose that the graces of our talented countrywoman exercised any very material influence on the subsequent efforts of her great French contemporary.

If Madame Dorval was popular on the stage, she was no less so in private life; all who knew her liked and esteemed her, for she was frank, unaffected, and kind-hearted. Her loss will, therefore, be severely felt, not only by the play-going public, but also by her own large circle of friends and acquaintance, whom experience had taught equally to admire and appreciate the extraordinary powers of the actress, and the sterling and estimable qualities of the woman.

Several years ago, Madame Dorval married the clever *feuilletoniste* and dramatic writer, Jean Toussaint Merle,* author of "Préville et Taconnet," "La Laitière Suisse," and fifty other successful pieces, including "Le Monstre et le Magicien," an effective version of "Frankenstein," in which T. P. Cooke originally played the monster. Her daughter has been some time the wife of Luguet, the amusing *comique* of the Montansier; and it was to her that Madame Dorval addressed the last letter she ever wrote, a transcript of which may possibly not be uninteresting to my readers, and may in some measure compensate for the incompleteness of the foregoing sketch. It must be remembered that, whilst writing it, the celebrated *artiste* was suffering intensely from the malady (a kind of spasmodic cholera) which finally destroyed her, and which naturally incapacitated her from expressing herself with academical correctness.

"CHÈRE CAROLINE,—Ta pauvre mère a souffert toutes les tortures de l'enfer. Chère fille, nous voici dans les anniversaires douloureux, je te prie que la chambre de mon George† soit fermée et interdite à tout le monde. Que Marie n'aille pas jouer dans cette chambre. Tu tireras le lit au milieu de la chambre; tu mettras son portrait ouvert sur son lit, et tu le couvriras de fleurs, ainsi que dans tous les vases. Tu enverras chercher des fleurs à la Halle. Mets-lui tout le printemps qu'il ne peut plus voir, puis tu prieras toute la journée en ton nom et au nom de sa pauvre grand'-mère.

• "Je vous embrasse bien tendrement,
"TA MÈRE."

The number of deaths in the theatrical and musical world during the last few weeks, in addition to the one recorded above, has considerably exceeded the usual average; two out of the five victims having been carried off by the prevailing epidemic. One of these, Riché, a young

* Born June 16, 1785, at Montpellier.

† In allusion to her grandson, who died in May, 1848.

and promising actor of the Français, died after only a few hours' illness. He was a very efficient *doublure* of Regnier, and possessed comic powers of no ordinary excellence. The decease of the pretty Mdle. Maillet of the Théâtre Historique, of Viette of the Vaudeville, and of Banderali, the well-known professor of the Conservatoire, whose renown dates from the Empire, are so many sources of regret to the musical and dramatic amateur; but the most celebrated name in the obituary of the past month is that of Angelica Catalani.

Scarcely had this eminent vocalist arrived in Paris from Lyons, when she was seized with a violent attack of cholera, which, in spite of every effort to arrest its progress, terminated fatally in less than twenty-four hours. This melancholy event will be generally and deeply lamented by all who were fortunate enough to be acquainted with the hospitable mistress of the Villa Catalani—a feeling with which, recalling as it does to me many past “pleasures of memory,” and many a happy day spent in dear, delightful Florence, I myself can truly and cordially sympathise.

To give an idea of the miserable condition to which the cholera and political troubles, especially the latter, have reduced the once flourishing Parisian theatres, I need only say that on one evening of the present month the *combined* receipts of the Vaudeville, Variétés, Gymnase, and Montausier—each of which, in the palmier days of the drama, took nightly from three to four thousand francs at the doors—amounted altogether to the sum of 623 francs; little more than six pounds a-piece. In good sooth, M. Ledru Rollin, you and your fellow-mountaineers have much to answer for!*

The Opéra Comique, thanks to its nightingale, Madame Ugalde, has contrived partially to weather the storm. Mademoiselle Lavoye, for several years *prima donna* of this theatre, has resigned her post to Mademoiselle Delille; an indifferent move on the part of the management, in allusion to which a dissatisfied *abonné* remarked, “Pour chanter l’Opéra Comique, il paraît qu’on n’a plus besoin de *la voix* (Lavoye).”

The 16th of June, 1849, will long be a memorable date in the recollections of the happy juveniles, royal and loyal, who graced with their presence on that day Mr. Mitchell’s charming *matinée* at the St. James’s Theatre. I think I see their merry little faces even now, and hear their joyous infantine laughs at the drolleries of that prince of grotesques, Auriol, whom they appeared to stimulate to still more marvellous exertions and still funnier antics. When the elastic little man, with his hands in his pockets, and his queer indescribable “Hi! hi! vous *allez voir!*” jumped from bar to bar, now higher, now lower, of the two chairs placed *dos-à-dos* by him for the occasion, his tiny audience opened their bright eyes with astonishment; but when he commenced his walking tour round the table on the bottles, and above all, when he balanced himself heels in

* Since the above was written I have been informed—and the information is as positive as it is authentic—that the above-mentioned receipts very far exceed the common average of the last month: thirty to fifty francs being the usual nightly addition to the treasures of each of the Vaudeville theatres. Nay, more, I am assured that on the evening of Sunday, June 17, the *gross* receipts of the Théâtre Français amounted to *five francs, fifty centimes!*

air on a pyramid of bottles and plates, and in that delectable position blew unheard-of airs on a brass bugle, their delight knew no bounds.

From the interesting little quatuor in the royal box, to the smallest of the small beings that peopled the other parts of the house, all appeared intent, absorbed in the changing scenes which, like those of a magic lantern, passed rapidly before their eyes. The selections from "Fra Diavolo," the musical glasses, the Hungarian singers, the graceful Marie Taglioni, the fascinating Rosati, and the various quadrilles, polkas, and fancy dances executed by a corps of youthful *ballerine*, excited by turns their merriment and admiration; and, no doubt, subsequently animated their innocent slumbers with many a fanciful and pleasurable dream.

Et, vraiment, il y avait de quoi!

A gastronomic bill of fare, *bien rédigé*, is a nice thing; but an intellectual *menu*, when similar taste is shown in the selection and composition, is a "nicer" — such a one, for instance, as my esteemed and estimable friend, Mr. Mitchell, put forth the other day for his benefit, wherewith to entice fish of every degree, from the triton to the minnow, into his gilded and glittering net. And *didn't* they bite! Not an irresolute nibble, as if they pulled their money out of their pockets only to put it in again; but a tight, solid grip, as if they were afraid of the seats they had secured being craftily inveigled from under them by some wealthy and unscrupulous Boyard. *Et il y en avait, des Boyards!*

And a right gallant company it was that there met together, to do honour to one of the best and most justly popular managers that ever presided over the destinies of a theatre! In the course of his career as a director, Mr. Mitchell has made many friends, but not a single enemy: before and behind the curtain, there is but one opinion as to his tact, liberality, and gentlemanly consideration. He has invariably succeeded in conciliating the interests of the public and the *amour propre* of his artists; sincerity and good faith have always formed the basis of his conduct, towards both one and the other; and the consequence is, that if ever man lived whose word was universally considered as good as his bond, that man is John Mitchell.* The presence, therefore, of her Majesty, and of the choicest and fairest flowers of England's nobility, at the St. James's Theatre on this occasion, was a tribute as just as it was gratifying to the *beneficiaire*; nor was the readiness with which each individual performer contributed the aid of his or her talents a less significant testimony to managerial worth.

After the risible muscles of the audience had been kept in constant play by the humorous acting of Tétard in "La Vendetta," that silver-toned Circe, Mademoiselle Charton, whose expressive, *sympathique* countenance Dubufe has so inimitably transferred to canvass, seconded by the lively Guichard and the pains-taking Octave, refreshed our memories with those dainty Rossinian melodies which gem the time-honoured score of the "Comte Ory." An air *à roulades*, and two sweet little

* On the afternoon preceding his benefit, a large body of the subscribers to the French plays, headed by the Duke of Beaufort, presented Mr. Mitchell with a magnificent silver salver, a silver-gilt candelabrum, and a handsome cup and cover (the latter a private gift from Dr. Daniell). *Palmas quam meruit ferat!*

romances, exquisitely sung by Madame Damoreau, temporarily converted many a well-bred gentleman into an enthusiastic *claqueur*; but among the hundreds present whose hands and voices vied with each other in applauding the eminent *cantatrice*, not one, I can affirm from actual observation, did so more warmly or more sincerely than her favourite pupil, the regretted one of the Académie Royale, the dark-eyed syren, Dolorès Nau.

On Mademoiselle Page's return from Russia, about a year and a half ago, her *début* at the Variétés took place in "Les Extrêmes se touchent," a piece written expressly for her and Lafont. It then met with a very cold and discouraging reception, and was solely indebted for its occasional re-appearance in the bills to the excellent acting of the *Chevalier*. Whose fault this was, gallantry forbids my saying; but one thing is certain, viz., that however annoyed the author, M. Battu, may have been at the original *quasi*-failure of his *proverbe*, he would, had he seen it performed the other evening at the St. James's Theatre by Lafont and Madame Doche, have had every reason to consider himself *battu et content*.

Lafont's merits as a comédien of the highest order are too generally appreciated to render any fresh analysis of his talent necessary; it is sufficient to say that his wit is as pointed, his delivery as irresistibly attractive, and his manner as easy and gentlemanly, as ever.

Madame Doche is not an actress to be dismissed with a few words, and it is not at the close of my monthly record that I can, with any proper regard to my limits, trust myself to write about her. I therefore, for the present, merely subjoin a hasty tribute to the fair *Comtesse*, adapted to the *couplet final* of "Les Extrêmes se touchent."

Que votre présence, *Rosine*,
 Nous rend tous joyeux aujourd'hui,
Julien vous aime, j'imagine,
 Devant vos beaux yeux il s'incline,
 Serons-nous moins galants que lui ?
 Malgré votre si longue absence
 Nous n'avons pu vous oublier,
 Restez ! c'est là la récompense
 Que mérite notre constance :
 Cessez donc de nous attrister,
 Et songez à nous consoler.

I must add one word of hearty congratulation to my old and valued friend, Moriani, whose re-appearance on the English stage in his character of *Gennaro* recalls to my memory many a pleasant hour passed in the snug little Teatro Alfieri at Florence, while listening to "Di pescator ignobile" and "Guai, se ti sfugge un muoto!" exquisitely rendered by this prince of tenors, Ungher, and Coselli.

The bills will have it that Moriani is engaged only for three nights, but we have a better opinion of Mr. Lumley than to believe them. The printer must be the culprit; he has evidently omitted the concluding 0.
 —*Erratum*: for 3, read 30.

June 23, 1849.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

OUR old favourite Mademoiselle Parodi has been retrieving herself lately, and delighted are we to record the fact. Among the many trumpets which sounded in praise of her *Norma*, ours was certainly not the faintest. We spoke very eloquently—pardon self-commendation—about native energy and genius, and descanted most judiciously on the manifest advantages of a strict discipline, when added to superior gifts of nature. Hence we were a little—let us speak honestly—not a little mortified at such a *coup manqué* as the *Favorita*. The *Semiramide* seemed to set us right again, to a certain extent. We rejoiced to see the fire with which Parodi bullied *Assur*, but then—but then—the “Giorno d'orrore” took a little discount off our enthusiasm. Alboni is the most tremendously safe singer in the world. She goes to her mark with the most undeviating rectitude; if there is any fault in a duet in which she is concerned, it is known in an instant that she is not the erring party; and in the particular duet whereof we speak, Parodi did not come up to her mark of exactness.

But we repeat, the *cantatrice* of Palermo has been retrieving herself. One would not naturally have looked to a character like that of *Carolina* in “Il Matrimonio Segreto,” as the turning point. *Carolina* is an unhappy girl in a false social position, with a little of the devil, to be sure, in her temperament, but that devil has been fearfully tamed. It was just one of those parts which, if we had not been convinced to the contrary by experience, we should have said was not at all adapted to the peculiar qualities of Mademoiselle Parodi. Nevertheless she has gone through it admirably, entering as an actress into all the subdued misery of the character, and singing with a firmness and evenness for which we had hardly given her credit in her best early performances.

The success of her *Carolina* has been well followed up by another in “*Lucrezia Borgia*.” The burst of thankfulness with which she clutched at the remembrance of the antidote, when fate seemed ready to pounce on the one thing she cared for in the wide, dismal, hating world, could not be surpassed in passionate intensity. Of sterner excellence was the attitude in which she stood over the corpse of *Gennaro*, and looked defyingly at her husband. He had come, exulting in a jealous rage; but she could feel that she had been wronged in this instance, and she could look at him with a calm, steady indignation.

There is a sublime moral feeling in this terrible creation of Hugo's, this “*Lucrece Borgia*,” which the Italian poet has diluted into a *libretto*, and for that very reason has it been called immoral. The commonplace moralist cuts human nature into large distinct slices of good and evil, just as the Laplander's year is dichotomized into a long summer and a long winter. But a more profound teacher of ethics like Hugo goes to work impressed with the conviction of man's original sanctity; and, thick as may be the crust of evil, he will not believe that all is rotten to the very core, without one healthy place. In “*Lucrece Borgia*,” the dramatist does not avail himself of the historical doubts as to the real criminality of his terrible heroine, but he brings her forward plainly branded with her atrocities. The feeling of maternal affection is the one contrast to a long series of crime; and this is exhibited with such force, that the spectator is obliged to sympathise with *Lucrezia*, while the evidences of her guilt are plainly before his eyes. A good-natured way of dealing with criminals is to gloze over their acts, by showing the temptations and provocations to which these owe their origin. This method is scorned by Victor Hugo, who wishes to show that the criminal, with his

crimes developed to an extent beyond the reach of palliation, is still a member of the great human family, and probably has some essential point in his character, which is not the less bright because it shines on nothing but the misshapen and the horrible. And let us do the Italian poet the justice of observing, that in the words of the last aria in the opera he has very felicitously expressed the belief of *Lucrezia* that her son is the only connecting link between herself and heaven :

Era desso il figlio mio,
La mia speme, il mio conforto
Ei potia placarmi Iddio,
Me potea far pura ancor.
Ogni luce in lui m'è spenta
Il mio cor con esso è morto ;
Sul mio capo il cielo avventa
Il suo strale punitor.

The character for histrionic capability which Alboni acquired in the part of *Ninetta*, she has more than maintained by her *Zerlina*, in "Don Giovanni." The character was never represented with such charming rusticity ; she was the complete country girl, good-humoured and coquettish, with nothing sophisticated about her. The bounding hilarity with which she first came on the stage and danced with her fellow-villagers, gave a sudden sense of enjoyment to the audience, which was expressed in a rapturous burst of applause.

Some people have been famed for their "savoir-vivre." Moriani has great celebrity for his "savoir-mourir." No one can die like Moriani in *Gernaro* ; he so plainly marks the progress of the Borgia poison on his system, that if your hand is sufficiently ready, you may write little bulletins every half-minute touching the state of his health.

All who delight in the Terpsichorean branch of operatic entertainment, must have been deeply grieved at the interruptions to Rosati's performances, occasioned by the indisposition of that admirable *danscuse*. We have always taken especial delight in watching the advance of Rosati. There is a finish in her dancing, and a sparkling intelligence in her glances, which make her one of the most fascinating creatures of the day. What was particularly to be lamented, she was stopped in her career just after the production of a new ballet, in which she was made to simulate the elder Taglioni.

The indefatigable Mr. Lumley has just returned from Berlin, having concluded an engagement with Madame Sontag, who is to appear forthwith, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

THE THEATRES.

THE theatrical world during the past month has not been very lively. However, two five-act plays stand out amid the general level like two huge pyramids in an Egyptian desert. One, by Mr. Marston, produced at the Haymarket, is a tragedy called "Strathmore;" in which a struggle between love and duty, during the critical period of the Covenanters, is exhibited with a great deal of poetical power, and in which there are two effective parts for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean. The other, by Mr. Spicer, which is called the "Witch-Wife," and has been produced at Marylebone, is of a much less solemn character. It shows us how a merry Lancashire ~~Man~~ was in great peril of being burned as a witch ; and when our readers learn that Mrs. Mowatt represents the damsel, they will not wonder at the danger—for who does not know that Mrs. Mowatt is an enchantress ? We have only one more remark to make. Mr. Spicer's drama is *not* founded on Mr. Ainsworth's "Lancashire Witches."

LITERATURE.

TOURISTS' COMPANIONS.*

WE have here a batch of most seasonable and opportune works. Rail-roads have effected a great change in the facilities for visiting the beautiful southern coast of England. Lines of railways, with their tributaries, enable the tourist now to reach any part of the coast, almost in one extended line, from the mouth of the Thames to Weymouth Bay; Dorchester, the present termination, 141 miles from London, being only six hours distant. Such a vast increase of means demanded a new order of hand-books, and the first that has come to hand appears to have met the desideratum in a very satisfactory manner. Our guide keeps as much as possible close to the lines of rail; and we are truly gratified to find, that while he gives all necessary information in regard to hotels, inns, and baths, churches, chapels, and public buildings, walks, rides, and railway trips, that he also extends his researches, to suit the enlightened taste of the day, to the architecture of the churches, castles, and mansions, and to the less obtrusive, but equally interesting, remains of Roman, British, and Saxon times. No one, indeed, should think of visiting the southern coast without providing himself with Mr. Nattali's "Hand-book.

The "Sea-side Book" meets with, if possible, a still more cordial greeting than the "Hand-Book." It adapts itself to all coasts and all seasons alike. It lays open to the idle and the thoughtless, wonders of creation that are too often trod regardlessly under foot; it teaches the unreflective to turn from the ever-impressive vastness of the ocean to the study of the minuter details of the life which it supports; and it forces upon the most frivolous, sentiments of respect for infinite wisdom and bounty. Very few are aware of how much that is curious and instructive is to be met with on the sea-shore. We sincerely hope that Dr. Harvey's little book, pleasantly written and nicely illustrated, may materially diminish the number of the ignorant upon this subject. With such a guide, the young, instead of scattering the glittering sands to the winds, may be earnestly searching for rare plants and shells, or examining the curious structure of a *Flustra*, the nest of a *Buccinum*, or the egg of a shark. The intelligent of all classes will find an inexhaustible fund of inquiry and amusement; and even the artist will be enabled to correct the details in his sketches of nature in directions which are often little anticipated.

"Parry's Railway Companion from Chester to Holyhead," speaks for itself. When it is considered that this most interesting line embraces the ancient city of Chester, the ruined fortress of Flint, St. Winifred's Well, Rhuddlan Castle, the Cathedral Antiquities of St. Asaph's, sea-washed Abergele, the rocks of Llanddulas, Conway, its castle and its suspen-

* The Handbook of Travel round the Southern Coast of England. A Picturesque, Antiquarian, and Topographical Description of the Scenery, Towns, and Ancient Remains on that part of the Coast. Illustrated with thirty-five Engravings after Turner, Collins, Prout, Owen, Dewint, and others. M. A. Nattali.—The Sea-side Book; being an Introduction to the Natural History of the British Coasts. By W. Harvey, M.D., &c. John Van Voorst.—The Railway Companion from Chester to Holyhead, &c., &c. By Edward Parry. Seventh Thousand. T. Catherall.

sion-bridge, the Vale of Llanrwst, Penmaen Mawr, Penrhyn, Bangor, Beaumaris, Caernarvon, and Holyhead, with the numerous objects of interest attached to each, and the monster tubular bridges in the act of construction, the indispensableness of such a guide will make itself felt at once.

THE WORKS OF G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.*

"ARABELLA STUART" is one of the most interesting tales written by the prolific Mr. James, and that probably, as he himself modestly acknowledged at the time of its first appearance, by virtue of the simple historical interest connected with the story of that fair and unfortunate lady, and which has called forth more than one poem of considerable merit. In depicting the character of James I., Mr. G. P. R. James has not been so lenient as Sir Walter Scott. The monarch is made to appear under the purely repulsive aspect of a cold, brutal, vain, frivolous tyrant. The characters of the time must, however, to be judged fairly, be taken in connexion with the rudeness of the age—the violent passions that were called into action—and the bold disregard which reigned of all those principles which have now been universally recognised for many years. Taken in this point of view, the bad deeds of Lady Essex—the faults of James—the peculiarities of Sir Thomas Overbury, come out as the simple expression of the character of the time, and assume a real historical as well as a romantic interest.

"Thirty Years Since" was originally published anonymously, and it bore, at that time, the name of "Delaware; or, the Ruined Family." The reasons which induced Mr. James to change that title are amusingly illustrative of the pleasures of authorship. "In looking over the catalogue," he relates, "of a circulating library, with a lady who wished to select some books to read at a watering-place, I found the name of 'Delaware; or, the Ruined Family;' and with a sneaking sort of diffidence, I gently insinuated that it might perhaps amuse her.

"No, no," said my fair friend, "I dare say it is some sentimental trash. What else can be expected from the name?"

The author did not venture to say another word; but he internally resolved that if ever opportunity occurred, he would get rid of the obnoxious title.

Of "Agincourt" it is only necessary to say, that it is one of those stately narratives of chivalry and feudal grandeur, of the court and the battle-field, which have stamped Mr. G. P. R. James as a writer of romance of the first class.

A MANUAL OF BOTANY.†

WE know of no work which gives at the same time a comprehensive and a condensed view of all departments of botanical science so satisfactorily as this newly-published manual of Professor Balfour's. The elementary structure of plants and the functions of the simplest tissues are primarily discussed, and then the compound organs and the functions which they perform. In the important subject of classification, the system adopted, is that of De Candolle; but in the arrangement and definition of the natural orders, Walker Arnott has been chiefly followed. The application of physiology to agriculture, both as regards the cultivation of plants and their diseases, is brought under notice; and in detailing the properties of plants, care has been taken to notice all those which are important in a medical and economical point of view. Lastly, a general view is given of all the principal facts that have been hitherto collected on the geographical distribution of plants. By thus combining together information which could only be acquired by the consultation of several volumes, Professor Balfour has rendered a great service to the student, and to the progress of knowledge.

* 1. *Arabella Stuart*; a Romance from English History.—2. *Thirty Years Since*; or, the Ruined Family.—3. *Agincourt*. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

† *A Manual of Botany*; being an Introduction to the Study of the Structure, Physiology, and Classification of Plants. By John Hutton Balfour, M.D., F.L.S., Professor of Medicine and Botany in the University of Edinburgh. Illustrated by numerous Woodcuts. John Joseph Griffin and Co.

CASUALTIES AFLOAT.*

It is something to make a dry scientific subject popular, but it is still more praiseworthy to render so purely philanthropic a subject as the casualties incidental to a ship's career, with a view to their prevention, at once instructive and amusing. Yet Lieutenant Kynaston has succeeded admirably in relieving the dryness of a professional and somewhat didactic dissertation, both by the manner in which he has treated his subject generally, and also by the numerous anecdotes which he has brought to illustrate or support his arguments.

Next, to the fearful alarm of fire in a house on shore, (remarks the gallant lieutenant,) with all its dread accompaniments—the rattling of engines—the tread of vast masses of men through the streets of a town—the cries of the terrified inmates of the house itself, there can be no sounds more alarming than the peculiar sharp click of the firing of the life-buoy at sea; the instinctive rush up the ladders of a ship in the depth of the night—the ominous whisper of ‘What is it?’ ‘Who is it?’ (for in a well regulated man-of-war the first sounds of alarm soon subside into a whisper). These questions appear always unanswerable; whether it be relative or friend, where or whence he has fallen, none can tell; in short, there always is, and always will be, a certain degree of bewilderment attending a casualty of the kind.

Discussing the various causes which lead to men and boys falling overboard, the lieutenant ends by telling us that in close harbours, such as Malta, the bodies of men are occasionally dredged up, that have been missing from their ships, although moored within a stone's-throw of the shore on each side. He further adds, that probably, of all other classes of men, the seaman holds in the greatest dread a death by drowning; and although so many resuscitated individuals have described the sensations they experienced, when the waters have closed over their heads, as even agreeable, still the seaman will not accept these experiences. Our author remarks of the “drowning mark,” that it is accurately defined, and may readily be discerned by the most ordinary physiognomist afloat (to borrow from the seaman's own vocabulary) under a “taut skin and a red eye!” We wish he had described this mark more circumstantially. The subject of “Naval Superstitions” opens a wide and interesting field of inquiry, which might even have been more fully illustrated. Upon the folly of presentiments, Mr. Kynaston remarks that every uninitiated wight, on the morning of his maiden action, invariably awakes with the presentiment that the first shot fired in anger will have his own devoted head for its object; and yet we read of two frigates (*Crescent* and *Réunion*, 1793) engaged in close action for several hours in the early part of the revolutionary war, and the victor leaving the field without the loss of a man. Mr. Kynaston does not, however, throw any light upon the well-known fact, that sometimes a man known to be a good swimmer is never again seen after he has first sunk under the waves. Our author also justly remarks that many a fine fellow, heedless of consequences, has dashed into the waves with the purpose of saving another, who, had he once experienced the frantic grasp, the almost superhuman force of the

* *Casualties Afloat; with Practical Suggestions for their Prevention and Remedy. Illustrated by Original Anecdotes.* By Lieut A. F. Kynaston, R.N. Trelawney Saunders.

drowning man in his efforts to drag down his generous preserver, might have paused in his headlong career. Yet, while we have known the father's life to have been sacrificed under such circumstances by his boyson, how many, on the other hand, have been saved from a watery grave by the devotion of a fellow-creature! We know several remarkable instances, but Mr. Kynaston relates one of surpassing merit.

One of the finest among the eighty-fours of our day, lately driven by the strong "Etesian wind" (of classical recollections), which sweeps down the Bosporus as through a funnel, and gathers force among the islands of the Greek Archipelago during its course, had no sooner put her head to the westward than she encountered a strong gale right in her teeth, followed by an unusually heavy sea. She was in the act of reefing her mainsail when one of the crew fell overboard. His perilous situation was no sooner seen from the ward-room, than a lieutenant of the ship (B——)—(why, we would ask, be ashamed to do honour to his name?)—who had lost an arm on the same coast at the Battle of Navarino, hooking the chair on which he was seated to the stump of his amputated limb, gallantly dashed into the waves after the drowning seaman, and supported him with the arm which was left to him entire, to be in this instance the honourable cause of saving life.

CONFESSIONS OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC.*

ALTHOUGH very inconsecutive in style and arrangement, there is considerable talent and smartness in this book. After forty years of hard labour, the author says he retired, intending to give his spirit a life-long holiday. But little did he think that to retire from an active life is literally to die beforehand. From the want of the habitual exercise of his faculties, our author, like many others before him, soon grew ill. Being rich, he began to consult the most eminent doctors, and found to his surprise that they every one differed in opinion. He did not know that it is so much more difficult to prescribe for an imaginary than for a real disease. He next tried Malvern, but soon fell into a fit of *ennui* there. He then tried the quacks. The chronically ill are the certain prey of the empiric; and the ill-success of this plan suggests a variety of sound criticism upon the strange system pursued in this country, of securing proper professional help for the poor, and leaving the better classes to the tender mercies of infamous pretenders. Our hypochondriac turned from Malvern to Cheltenham, and then back again, with the same ill-success. An adventure, brought about by a mistake of bed-rooms, enlivens a few pages. A long trial of the cold-water cure also gives variety to a chapter or two, till that fertile subject is used up, and succeeded by the homœopathic system, by shampooing, and a disquisition on the hot-bath. The race after health is as energetically pursued as if it were the pursuit of fortune. The moral is after Fuller,—that gentlemen and ladies, when they have once eaten of the insane root, and they have declared their faith in humbug, are beyond the reach of logic. The *resumé* is, that the three great physicians are Diet, Exercise, and Water.

* Confessions of a Hypochondriac; or, the Adventures of a Hyp. in search of Health. By M.R.C.S. Saunders and Otley.

THE ALBATROSS.*

SEA stories are deservedly popular, and, it is to be hoped, ever will be so, with an essentially maritime nation. The very idea of the sea is associated with the spirit of enterprise, the wonders of the deep and the distant, and with deeds of daring and valour—with buccaneering and privateers, and with shipwreck and famine. Few poems have been more popular in the language than Falconer's *Shipwreck*, Dibdin's songs, and Coleridge's *Ancient Mariner*. There never was a time when voyages of circumnavigation and discovery, naval engagements, and stories of shipwreck and adventure, were not eagerly read. So great has been the demand that the old race of fact-relators, the Hakluyts and the Purchases, the historians of buccaneering and the writers of naval history, have been succeeded in more quiet times by bold and able soars in the realms of fiction—the Chaniers, the Marryats, and the Coopers. Mr. W. H. G. Kingston has fairly earned for himself a niche in the sanctuary of Neptune's literary temple. The talent and perseverance which he brought to bear upon the "Voices of the Ocean," when first speaking from the pages of *Ainsworth's Magazine*, attested to his general literary ability: the rough racy humour and dramatic liveliness of his nautical characters reminded the reader of some of Smollett's best things; and we rejoice to see the whole worked out into three volumes, carefully finished, and made to present a well-compacted and effective story—one that we feel convinced will earn popularity and reputation for its author.

EXCITEMENT.†

THIS unpretending little story opens with a sketch of a lovely young horsewoman in the park—Constance Devereux, the fair heroine of the tale, and a young lady provided with a kind of Captain Absolute for a father—an old Yorkshire baronet, who cannot brook opposition to his will, and is, moreover, as irritable as he is obstinate and dictatorial. An after-dinner scene introduces us to a recognised lover in the person of Mr. Edward Tremaine, and to a lengthy political disquisition, in which the lover plays the part of the Liberal, and the baronet of the Ultra-aristocrat. "Excitement" comes into play with a vengeance. Sir Stephen Devereux dashes his glass on the floor, and declares that if such are Mr. Tremaine's opinions he must no longer consider the door of his house open to him, and that his daughter shall never become the wife of a revolutionary democrat! The next stage of excitement is gambling, followed by a fatal duel; and so on through two volumes of an interesting and well-written story. The various species of excitement in which mankind indulge—political excitement, religious excitement, mercantile excitement, down to railroad excite-

* The Albatross; or, Voices from the Ocean. A Tale of the Sea. By William H. G. Kingston, Esq., Author of "The Circassian Chief," "The Prime Minister," "Lusitanian Sketches," &c. &c. 3 vols. H. Hurst and Co.

† Excitement; a Tale of Our Times. In 2 vols. Orger and Meryon.

ment—are all neatly and even sarcastically touched off. The moral of the whole is good—that to be always seeking for sensations, to wish to be perpetually in a state of emotion or excitement, is to enervate intelligence and will. It is a state of the mind that arises from idleness and luxurious indulgence, and that carries certain punishment with it. This little illustration of the folly of excitement by means of fiction, it only remains to add, has been published for the benefit of a charitable institution.

MISCELLANEOUS NOTICES.

An Historical and Statistical Account of Life Assurance, by Mr. Alfred Burt, published by Effingham Wilson, may be fairly recommended as giving a good, plain, and practical view of the general principles of life assurance. A scheme of such infinite importance to the public cannot be too fully made known and understood. Mr. Burt's great object has been simplification, and he appears to have succeeded in that object.—The second part of M. Jobert's *Ideas; or, Outlines of a New System of Philosophy* (Simpkin, Marshall, & Co.), is characterised by the same spirit, and clear and forcible argumentation, which so pre-eminently distinguished the first. The reader will find in this little book a very fair and concise view of the philosophic vagaries of the actual time in which we exist.—He is a bold man who would venture to print now-a-days his *Reasons for Belief in Judicial Astrology*, but such is the title of a little book now before us, published by Effingham Wilson. It is mainly an answer to the *Athenæum*, which some months back contained a series of papers against astrology; but we cannot say that the author has made his argument very clear or convincing; and he has detracted from its trustworthiness by mixing up with it remarks on the dangerous character of Popish priestcraft. The appendix upon astrological books and directions is the only valuable part of the book.—The publication of a fifth and a cheap edition of *Coningsby*, by Mr. Colburn—a novel in which its illustrious author first vindicated the claims of the Tory party to be the popular political confederation of the country, and in which he first intimated those views respecting the great House of Israel, which he afterwards more fully developed in his “*Tancred*”—need only be mentioned to ensure attention.—Mr. Weale, the well-known architectural publisher, has just put forth a valuable little work, being *Observations on the British Museum, National Gallery, and National Record Office, with Suggestions for their Improvement*; by James Ferguson, M.R.I. B.A., &c. The work contains an excellent ground-plan of the new buildings at the British Museum, and a sketch-plan of proposed arrangements of picture and statue galleries in Trafalgar Square; besides many other points and suggestions of great interest at the present moment.—*The Witch-Wife: a Tale of Malin Tower*, a drama in five acts, by Henry Spicer, has met with that success in stage-representation, which the author's well-known previous works have uniformly received; and the public judgment is confirmed by careful perusal. The coincidence in time between the subject, names, and parties, and some of the actors in Mr. Ainsworth's “*Lancashire Witches*,” is curious, and has called forth from Mr. Spicer a few words of explanation in his preface.—*Part I. of Eliza Cook's Journal* has come to hand; and we are bound to wish it success, from motives of gallantry, as well as from feelings of fraternity of labour. The communications of one who writes under the anonyme of “*Silverpen*,” have particularly struck us by their various merit. The principles of this little publication are the advancement of social happiness and moral intelligence, and they deserve encouragement.

THE NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE

AND

HUMORIST.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. AINSWORTH begs it to be distinctly understood that no Contributions what-
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"An elegant and very cleverly illustrated edition of Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth's well-known and greatly admired historical romance of 'Crichton,' has just been published in a form which is at once calculated to render the work more popular, and to place it within the reach of readers who could not, perhaps, before hope to possess it. The renown of this very able and strikingly descriptive novel has been so great for so many years, that it is not necessary here to enter upon any eulogy of it. The work has long been popular; and it was a judicious resolve of its author to revise his admirable production, and to issue it with all the improvements which his matured judgment and great experience could suggest. The result is now before the public in the form of a large handsome volume, which contains the entire romance, carefully and effectively revised. It will prove exceedingly welcome, we feel assured, to large classes of readers; and, as far as enterprising efforts could prevail in producing an attractive edition, the result has been very successful in this instance. The volume, handsomely printed and bound in cloth, is enriched by numerous very clever and striking illustrations on steel—productions from the pencil of Mr. Hablot K. Browne. 'The Admirable Crichton' is still more admirable when beheld in such an attractive guise. The public will be pleased to greet an old favourite in so pleasing, so elegant, and so decidedly improved a form."—*Morning Advertiser*.

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 186, STRAND.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

HORACE SMITH.

To write a biography of the amiable man whose name is prefixed to this notice is not our purpose; and the task, however it might be executed by us, would offer little attraction to those who remember the entertaining narrative of "A Greybeard's Gossip about his Literary Acquaintances" (Horace Smith's Autobiography), which appeared within the last two years in the *New Monthly Magazine*. But we cannot suffer that one who held so distinguished a place in the imaginative literature of his country, and who for so long a time was identified with this magazine, should pass away without an attempt on our part to record our sense of his merits, personal as well as literary, and to offer to his memory our earnest tribute of affection and esteem.

Happily, there are some men who present themselves to us under such an aspect of uniform goodness and truth, that, convinced of their virtue, we feel it unnecessary to dwell on the separate attributes which combine to render perfect the character we instinctively admire.

Such a man was Horace Smith.

His high moral qualities were so evenly balanced, his judgment and feeling were so accurately poised, the excellent properties of his mind and heart were so closely blended, that they left no opening for exception. None knew him slightly, without the wish to know him better; and none knew him well, who did not desire to show themselves worthy of his friendship. In all the world he had no enemy: the number of his friends extended even to those who were strangers to his person. It is a common proverb, that "a prophet has no honour in his own country;" but Horace Smith was an exception to this rule, in proof of which we gladly adduce an extract from a very feeling article on the subject of his lamented decease, which appeared in the *Brighton Herald* of last week.

The writer, who had every opportunity of knowing, says: "Few men for a series of years made themselves more generally useful in this town than did the deceased gentleman. He was always ready and willing to afford his valuable services in aid of the various charitable and literary institutions; and these services were only relaxed when, from age and decreasing strength, he found himself less competent to the effort. He waived this consideration, however, when any emergency seemed to call

upon him for exertion ; and, in the case of the recent difficulties of the Savings' Bank, assisted with so much energy in the investigation that was going on, as materially to impair his then declining health. But it was in private life that the character of Mr. Smith shone most brightly and genially. His never-failing gentleness, ready kindness, generous spirit, and perfect charity to all men, endeared him beyond measure to his immediate circle ; while as a friend and companion his acquaintance was eagerly sought, even by those who differed most widely from him in opinion ; for his unobtrusive gentleness of manner never gave offence, and his store of anecdote and brilliant repartee cheered and animated every circle into which he entered."

The respect entertained for him by strangers was a consequence arising from the spirit which pervaded all his writings.

Whatever his mood—whether grave or gay, lively or severe, thoughtful or playful—the same mind shone through all. The disposition to do good ; to instruct without severity ; to correct without wounding ; to amuse without ill-nature ; were his constant aim. His wit, his fancy, his philosophy, all tended to the same purpose—to make men think better of each other and of themselves. The moral improvement of man was always in his thoughts. On this subject he thus expresses himself, in an article full of thought and feeling, called "Nature's Mysterious Sympathies," which appeared in this Magazine in April, 1848. He says,

"Without putting faith in the perfectibility of man, may I not cherish the conviction of his limitless improvableity ? What so pious—what so heart-cheering—what consummation so probable ? The very trust in such a glorious destiny tends to realise it ; and man's past history justifies his loftiest hopes of the future. * * * Mine be the precious, mine the lofty, mine the exhilarating faith, that a beneficent Providence is constantly, however slowly, leading us towards this blessed consummation. Mine be that hallowing creed which renders the whole moral world a forward-moving, God-directed scheme of gradual improvement, which makes every day a Sabbath, every sod an altar, every visible object and every passing event a preacher of good tidings to man."

Horace Smith's capacity as a writer was great and various.

A weekly critic, whose sole avocation is to travel from Dan to Beersheba and cry "All is barren," has recently said, in speaking of the deceased, that his success as an imitator "possibly operated unfavourably on the development of his original genius ; since both in the minor poems and novels subsequently produced by him, the imitator was always more or less to be traced."

We hold this opinion to be most unjust. The "Rejected Addresses," in writing which Horace Smith had so large a share, were, as all the world knows, imitations—and perhaps the most successful of the kind that have ever appeared ; but that the favour with which they were received by the public "operated unfavourably on the development of his original genius" we positively deny. Amongst other instances in support of his assertion the critic adduces "Brambletye House," the foremost among Horace Smith's works of fiction, which he says was written "in emulation of Scott." Very probably it was ; but emulation and imitation are, we apprehend, two distinct things. To imitate, is contentedly to follow in the wake of a predecessor ; to emulate, is to endeavour to outstrip him. That

this was successfully accomplished, the popularity of "Brambletye House" and the neglect of "Woodstock" sufficiently testify. We have no desire to claim for "The Tor Hill" and "Reuben Apsley" the same high place as Brambletye House;" but though inferior as historical novels to that admirable work, originality of character, interest of story, freedom of style and variety of incident are so strongly marked in them, that to consider them as developing only an imitative faculty, is obstinately to adhere to an illiberal theory at the expense of truth. We are told also by the same journalist that "Jane Lomax," and other of Horace Smith's romances of domestic interest, were "a cross, infelicitously attempted, betwixt the manner of the Moores and Bages and Godwins of a past school, and of the Dickens and Jerrolds of the present day." A "cross" by anticipation is a novelty; and when we know, as the preface to "Jane Lomax" (published in 1837) assures us, that that tale was written "three or four years" before, we may fairly acquit Horace Smith of imitating authors, one of whom was not known to the public at that date, and the other had scarcely made his mark as a writer in periodicals.

The charge of imitating "the manner of Moore and Bage" is simply ridiculous; nor do we find, because the character of "Jane Lomax" is powerfully drawn, and the subject of the work is domestic, that "Caleb Williams," or "Mandeville," or "St. Leon," necessarily suggested the theme. Horace Smith was himself impressed with the belief that he was writing a new description of novel when he published "Jane Lomax;" and it would be far easier to acquit him of imitation, than to show that several of the characters created by him were not the models on which others wrought, to produce probably more finished pictures. Enough, however, of this subject; the readers of the *New Monthly Magazine* having had, for very many years, the opportunity of judging for themselves, in the numerous and various contributions of Horace Smith towards its contents.

Let us recal but a few of these, as they come to our recollection while we write. Besides the amusing autobiography to which we referred at the commencement of this notice, he constantly furnished some agreeable subject. The story of "Philip and his Poodle" is, doubtless, remembered by all. And such articles as the "Essay on Supernatural Beings," "The Arraignment and Defence of Time," the whimsical paper on "Fishes, the Lords of the Creation," "Old Men and Mummies," and the "Time Table of a Rich Septuagenary," contain too much matter—now gravely humorous, now seriously reflective—to be lightly forgotten.

In the "Time Table of a Rich Septuagenary," written little more than a year before his death, when he was verging on his seventieth year, we find the following passage, which we quote for the prophetic spirit which marks it:—"A man's seventieth birthday," he says, "is seldom a very cheerful one; and upon mine, at the present moment, everything conspires to cast a gloom not less depressing than if my last hour were come. *It cannot be far off.* I have passed life's customary limit, and am now a trespasser on the domain of death, whose steel-traps and spring-guns are lying in wait for every footfall."

The theme of death appeared latterly to be often present to his thoughts; and it is a singular fact, that the very last article he wrote for the *New*

Monthly Magazine, which an accident having no reference to the state of his health alone prevented from appearing, was founded upon the sensations experienced by a person, not absolutely after death, but after being buried alive.

Of a gayer turn than the generality of his prose contributions were the pieces of verse, to which he always affixed his name; though some of these were not wanting in the serious earnestness which suited with the subject he had chosen—as in the “Comfort for Bad Times,” “A Murderer’s Confession,” and “Ireland and the Potato Blight.” Three years ago, he made a collection of the *vers de société*, which had from time to time appeared in the *New Monthly*, as the successors to his earlier “Gaieties and Gravities.” From one of these we quote, not altogether with a painful feeling, the following lines, which may aptly close our notice. They are addressed “to his daughter.”

Backward thou lead’st me to the bowers
Where love and youth their transports gave;
While forward still thou strewest flowers,
And bidd’st me live beyond the grave.
For still my blood in thee shall flow,
Perhaps to warm a distant line;
Thy face my lineaments shall show,
And e’en my thoughts survive in thine.

Yes, Daughter, when this tongue is mute—
This heart is dust—these eyes are closed—
And thou art singing to thy lute
Some stanza by thy sire composed,
To friends around thou may’st impart
A thought of him who wrote the lays,
And from the grave my form shall start,
Embodied forth to fancy’s gaze.

Then to their memories will throng
Scenes shared with him who lies in earth—
The cheerful page, the lively song,
The woodland walk, or festive mirth;
Then may they leave the pensive sigh
That friendship seeks not to control,
And from the fix’d and thoughtful eye
The half-unconscious tears may roll.

Many tears have been already shed over the grave of Horace Smith;
all of them “true tears.”

A FRENCHMAN'S ACCOUNT OF THE SIGHTS OF LONDON. CHAPTER I.

HOW MONSIEUR CASIMIR BLONDEAU RESOLVES TO VISIT LONDON.

EVERY one who is acquainted with Paris knows the Rue St. Denis; and every one familiar with the long narrow street which cuts the northern division of the capital exactly in two, must be aware that it is the headquarters of that very ornamental industrial class, the *fabricants de fleurs artificielles*, a class whose importance is admitted wherever the influence of the fair sex is recognised.

About halfway down the Rue St. Denis, on the left hand side, near its intersection with the Rue aux Ours, is an inscription to the effect that at the "Corbeille de Mariage," the whole art and mystery of manufacturing artificial flowers is carried on by the house of "Jules Blondeau et C^{ie}." The inscription does not add—like that of many London establishments—that the firm has existed for upwards of a century; perhaps for this reason, that there is nothing in France, involving any kind of proprietorship, which can boast of having endured for a quarter of that period; but those who have inhabited the *quartier* for the last twenty years, as well as the foreign correspondents of MM. Blondeau & C^{ie}, can attest the perfect respectability of that house of business. It is not exactly at this moment in so flourishing a condition as it was in the days when Louis Philippe was king—for republicanism is not an encourager of anything ornamental, or indeed useful; but all the resources of its former industry were not entirely swallowed up in the twelvemonth's struggle between "*la propriété*" and "*le vol*;" and in spite of the blank in trade caused by the events of 1848, we can pledge ourselves to the fact that the firm is perfectly solvent. There are circumstances connected with the following narrative which make this announcement not so completely irrelevant as may at first sight appear.

That the scheme of society may be prolonged according to the original intention—though the French certainly do their best to prevent it—it is necessary that there should be children as well as parents; and nature having interposed no obstacle, and law lending its sanction, Monsieur Jules Blondeau was able to reflect with satisfaction, that in the *joli garçon*, who had already done much to illustrate his family, he beheld his legitimate son Casimir.* This young man *avait fait ses preuves* at college, in the *boutique*, and in the *Garde Nationale*.

At the *Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers* in the Rue St. Martin—a place rendered somewhat famous of late by the discomfited Convention—Casimir Blondeau had carried off more than one prize, to the eternal glorification of his excellent mother; who, whatever the subject of conversation might be, always contrived to hook in the period, "*Quand mon fils Casimir emportait les prix que vous voyez là-haut*," and pointed with never-failing delight to the little bookcase in her *salon*, which held the proofs of his intellectual prowess.

In the *boutique* he had become no less celebrated; no nimbler fingers than his being found to fashion and combine the sprigs of jasmine, geranium, and bridal orange-blossom; no one had a finer eye for colour, or better taste in arrangement, than Casimir: and if, in their desire for change, the French nation should take it into their heads to return to the heathen mythology as a *culte*, we feel certain that no abler representative

than Casimir could be found, of the divinity who presides over the fabric of twisted wire and painted gauze.

In the *Garde Nationale* Casimir Blondeau was a perfect hero; but as this appellation is easily obtained in France, and depends in a great measure on self-assertion, it is not surprising that he should be numbered amongst the *illustrations* of his legion, all of whom had, at some period or other, "covered themselves with glory," as the phrase is. Frenchmen are, generally speaking, lucky fellows, as far as glory is concerned; they find it everywhere. Amongst other modern instances, they picked it up at the siege of Antwerp, in the scorching caves of the Dahra, and even at the would-be sack of Rome. A street row in Paris contains, in their estimation, all the elements of glory—*un peu trainée dans la boue*, it is true, but quite as good, to their thinking, as the genuine article. It was of laurels gathered on the quays and boulevards that the civic crown was made which graced the *képi* of Casimir Blondeau; and it was on the strength of these laurels that he wore his beard with such a martial air. This same beard was rather inclined to be sandy—(we may as well speak the truth, and admit that it *was* sandy)—but there are so many great men who have cherished ornaments of this hue, from Hudibras to Caussidière, that it need be matter of no reproach to the young warrior of the Rue St. Denis to have sported one.

Having made this allusion to a striking feature in his personal appearance, it may not be amiss to describe the rest of his *physique*.

He was not particularly tall; indeed, making allowance for very high heels to his *bottines*, we should say he was rather undersized; but again, how many celebrities amongst his countrymen have been in the same predicament! From Louis Quatorze to Louis Blanc—that is to say, from the sublime to the ridiculous—the very great men of France have mostly been remarkable for being extremely little. In this point of view, therefore, Casimir Blondeau was at no disadvantage. His figure was *mince*, and he was very proud of his feet and hands, which he took particular care should always be *bien chaussés et gantés*. Pink gloves and drab-coloured *bottines* (*sable d'Alger*), were what he most delighted in for producing that effect. His features were small, and what expression there was in them indicated that he was on very good terms with himself; but for this, his little grey eyes might have twinkled unobserved, and his *petit nez retroussé* have cocked itself up in vain, notwithstanding the prominent yellow tuft which decorated his chin; so true it is, that mental attributes invariably outshine physical ones.

The prompt energy and courage of the Parisian National Guard, incited thereto by the example of the Fifth Legion, in which Casimir shouldered a musket (with the slight assistance offered by General Changarnier and 100,000 troops of the line), having suppressed the tenth insurrection since the establishment of the Republic—that ingenious device for teaching the citizens how to starve and be happy at the same time—Casimir Blondeau, in common with many of his brother patriots, began to think it was desirable to have a little relaxation. As regarded the amusements of Paris, the *Vaudeville*, and the *Théâtre Historique*, the *quinzettes* at the Barrière de Belleville, and the *baudets* of the forest of Montmorency, he was *un homme blasé*; he had exhausted all the pleasures of his own city, and, as it is the fashion now for Frenchmen to travel (many from necessity, but not a few from choice), he turned his eyes in the direction of that Albion, which, from his youth upward, he had been taught to consider not only *perfidie*, but unapproachable.

The want of faith with which our neighbours used to reproach us having been discovered of late to have no greater foundation in fact than the supposed inaccessibility of our shores, a friendly intercourse has, within the last twelvemonth, sprung up between the two nations; the fruits of which have been gathered by adventurous bands of citizens, in alternate descents on each other's capital; and the Parisians now really think no more of a journey to London, than we do of an excursion to the mountains of Koordistan, or the confines of Tibet.

As that clever *feuilletoniste*, Théophile Gautier, says—"L'idée de ce voyage par catégorie nous eût autrefois contrarié, mais les grandes inventions scientifiques modernes ont cela de remarquable, quelles poussent à la vie commune malgré les mœurs et les répugnances politiques. Les moyens de s'isoler disparaissent de plus en plus."

Casimir Blondeau, believing in the *feuilleton* of *La Presse* more implicitly than in the articles of his creed, or rather, believing his creed to be contained in his newspaper, was suddenly struck by the idea, that to make a trip to London would be rather a gallant thing. If it were dangerous to cross the ocean, it was nevertheless a bold and glorious undertaking for one who had never before crossed anything more formidable than the gutter in the Rue St. Denis; it was an event for his family and himself to talk of, and would be remembered when his college triumphs were forgotten by all but his mother; it would be of a piece with his heroic conduct when he charged a barricade in the Rue des Vinaigriers, after it had been captured by the 35th of the line; moreover, it offered variety, and would, he had little doubt, be pleasant.

The inspiration of travel visited him as he sat one morning rakishly breakfasting *en garçon* at that fashionable *café*, "*La Fleur des Pois*," on the Boulevard Saint Martin. He had despatched his six or eight dozen of green oysters, his *demi-bouteille de Chablis*, his *fri andeau aux épinards*, some fifty or sixty turnip-radishes, a couple of *plats* of *cornichons*, and about a yard and a half of *pain de ménage*; and was insensibly anglicising himself over a cup of tea and his journal, when his eye fell upon the following advertisement:—

"Une Semaine à Londres. Voyage de Luxe. 200 francs, tout frais compris. Le voyage et retour par Calais aux places de 1^{re} classe, le logement, les déjeuners, les diners, *dont le confortable ne laisse rien à désirer*. Les interprètes. Les spectacles trois fois par semaine,—une fois aux Italiens aux places de treize francs. *Le fameux dîner de Greenwich avec ses vingt-quatre entrées de poissons et ses vins d'Espagne*. Les entrées gratuites dans les principaux monumens de Londres et des environs: Westminster Abbey, Westminster Hall—la Galerie Nationale—les parcs ou les bazars—Tunnel—les Docks—la Monnaie—la Bourse—la Tour de Londres—East-India House—Guilhall—St. Polls—Richemont—Somerset House—St. John Church—le Museum—Zoological Garden—Colosseum—Surry—les Ecuries de la Reine—Palais de Bocquinghen—St. James Park—la grande promenade et concert à Kensingtons Garden—Blackall—*la Jongue Chinoise*, &c.—le Château de Vindsore—Hantom Court et son riche Musée, &c. Office, Place de la Bourse, 12, à l'Office Général des Chemins de Fer. Six cent personnes peuvent attester *le confortable et la bonne organisation de ces voyages*."

He read over the advertisement with attention; glanced wistfully at the pile of oyster-shells before him as he thought of the "twenty-four entries of fish;" lingered lovingly over the "comfortable;" nodded approvingly at the "200 francs," and "every expense included;" pictured to himself the

wonders of "Tunnel" and "les Docks," which he believed in his heart to be some strange animals, like the kraken or the megatherium; smiled at the idea of palaces and châteaux out of France; and finally made up his mind to inscribe his name at the office on the Place de la Bourse.

We have spoken of the solvency of the house of Blondeau et C^{ie} for the purpose of showing that the sum of two hundred francs, and even more than that, was at its disposal without exhausting the till. It could cash demands of that magnitude several times over, and yet leave a handsome surplus for the *menus-plaisirs* of the junior parties. This Casimir knew, and felt, therefore, no inquietude on the score of means for accomplishing the journey: his only doubt was, whether his mother would consent to let him venture on so perilous an expedition; for she was one of that numerous class in Paris whose locomotive propensities had never carried her further than Versailles; and she had besides a traditional dislike to "les Anglais,"—though she willingly disposed of her wares to them in exchange for their *billets de banquenottes*, as she was in the habit of calling them.

To persuade his mother, and consequently his father, to allow him to depart, was, therefore, his first step after having made the bold move of depositing earnest-money—*des arrhes*—at the *bureau*; an act which he naturally thought, as a Frenchman, determined the issue of the affair.

It is needless to say that Casimir Blondeau was the *enfant gâté* of his parents; the portrait which we have imperfectly sketched of his moral and physical attributes can have left no doubt on the subject. Besides, he was an only child; and although this rendered consent to his absence more difficult, it fortified him in wilfulness, whenever he was that way disposed. By the exercise of the last-named quality, and his unhesitating assurance, which his mother implicitly believed, "*qu'il saurait ménager ces Anglais*," he gained his point; the till was appealed to to furnish forth his purse; and such a bustle prevailed at the "*Corbeille de Mariage*," that it could hardly have been exceeded had he been about to start on the long and perilous journey of matrimony, instead of on the short and easy *trajet* to London.

The trunk or coffer which contained the greater part of his *effets*, and which Madame Blondeau packed with her own hands, was a thing to see and remember. It was a wooden machine nearly six feet long, painted black, and carefully secured with two locks, besides bands of iron which compassed it in one direction, and long strips of wood fastened at intervals which completed the external defences on the other. It was richly decorated with red leather and brass-headed nails; and was garnished, moreover, on the convex lid—but whether for ornament or use is not certain—with a layer of stiff hogs' bristles, which gave it altogether a very hirsute and martial—not to say a nondescript—appearance. Iachimo, when he paid his furtive visit to the chamber of Imogen, might have lain at his ease in it, provided he could have divested himself of the idea that he had got into a coffin instead of a trunk. This image of mortality was, indeed, so striking, that when the custom-house officers at Dover first saw the receptacle of Casimir's wardrobe, they were on the point of letting it pass unexamined, being fully impressed with the belief that the young Frenchman was, from motives of piety, travelling with a dead companion. If the egg-boxes from Dunkirk are converted into coffins when their freight is cleared out in London, they saw no reason why a ready-made coffin should not occasionally be imported *au grand complet*.

Then he had a hat-box of the most inconceivable shape, but liker to

the well of a travelling-carriage than anything else; and the padlock which dangled from, and overbalanced it when it was placed on the ground, was large enough to have served as a sign over an ironmonger's shop as a pendant to "the little dust-pan."

His carpet-bag, too, was *unique* in its way: it was striped with the three colours of the Republic, and bound with brass like a dressing-case; a great deal of labour had been bestowed upon the exterior, and every resource of art had been ransacked to make it look smart. There was only one thing wanting, but that is, unfortunately, the greatest requisite in a carpet-bag: it lacked powers of expansion, and never held half the things its owner endeavoured to cram into it.

A bright blue silk umbrella completed Monsieur Casimir Blondeau's travelling equipage; and as he walked towards the *embarcadère* of the *chemin de fer*, with his *parapluie* under one arm and his mother under the other, following the sturdy Auvergnat who reeled beneath the weight of the long and heavy coffer, and was himself followed by his father, who brought up the rear with the carpet-bag, a more imposing *cortège* had never, perhaps, been seen to issue from the Rue St. Denis. More than one pretty head was popped out of the *boutiques* and *entresols* of rival artificial florists; more than one fair hand was waved; and more than one tongue faltered an adieu to the pride of the *quartier*.

These demonstrations were flattering; but when the party reached the railway station, and the moment arrived for those *embrassements* which figure so extensively in all leave-takings in France, the sensation produced was something quite overwhelming. Six times did Casimir rush into the arms of Madame Blondeau; six times did his ordinarily phlegmatic but now highly excited papa tug him away by the coat-tails, and give him a paternal *accolade*; again and again did they all three return to the charge after he had taken his seat in the railway carriage, their three heads meeting in one to kiss and block up the window; loud was the voice of lamentation on all sides, mingled with the most emphatic counsel to take care of himself and his long trunk, on the one part, and a strict injunction to salute Coco the canary and Trilby the poodle, on the other; and, these heart-rending adieux over, and the train fairly in motion, Monsieur and Madame Blondeau walked off to the *Variétés* as if nothing had happened; and the ardent Casimir, lighting a cigar in defiance of railroad regulations, tranquilly pursued his journey to Calais.

• CHAPTER II.

HOW HE ARRIVED AT THE "GEORGE AND VULTURE" IN CORNHILL.

HAVING been honoured by the confidence of Monsieur Casimir Blondeau, who has kindly placed his journal in our hands for translation, we are enabled to record his impressions and experiences precisely as he felt them. We shall, therefore, chiefly depend upon his MS. in the narrative of his adventures in England; assisting it, however, from time to time, by observations of our own, which our intimacy with that gentleman enables us to offer.

It appears from the journal, that the distance between Calais and Paris was performed without the occurrence of any incident worthy of particular remark; nor is this to be wondered at, as the journey was performed by night, and Monsieur Casimir Blondeau slept nearly all the way. The incidents of travel began, however, as soon as he set his foot on board the steamer in Calais harbour. He thus describes his sensations:—

"It was with a pleased and proud emotion that I mounted upon the deck of one of the vessels of that country with which France has so long and so gloriously contested the empire of conquest and civilisation. The efforts of our insular rival to overtake us in those paths have been gigantic; but, thanks to the sublime ardour which burns in the breast of every Frenchman, she still remains second in the race of which we have reached the goal. Yes, haughty England! it is to us you owe the knowledge of everything that distinguishes your nation in the career of arts and arms, of science, commerce, and industry. What does your soil produce? Absolutely nothing. Where are your corn, your wine, your oil, your silk? I trace them nowhere—they do not exist. Beneath the dense atmosphere of a gloomy fog, which the sun himself is afraid to penetrate, your people remain enveloped in a chill misanthropy, for ever meditating on suicide, banishing all hilarity. For you there is no light-sounding music, no cheerful dance, no gay and sparkling conversation; all your thoughts are absorbed in trade, in the cotton of America and the dull clank of dollars, which alone makes harmony to your ears! To remedy these evils, to give yourselves a place in the world, you seek to promote an intercourse with France, to learn from us how to fulfil the conditions of your existence. We come, then, to instruct and improve you; to remove from before your eyes the veil which has blinded you; to inspire you with a noble ambition, and point out to you the bright futurity which, after all, is written on the destiny of every nation!

"This apostrophe, which my heart would not suffer me to repress, I at once transcribed in my *agenda*; and, tearing out the leaf, I placed it in an envelope, which I addressed to my friend Edgar Binot, one of the *rédacteurs* of the '*Arc-en-ciel de la Liberté*,' a journal with which I have the honour to correspond. It was published on the following day, and made an intense sensation in Paris; during the fervour of which my name was inscribed as a candidate for three departments on the dissolution of the present Legislative Assembly.

"In this noble guise I took my farewell of France, and addressed myself to my task.

"At the outset it was no easy one, for the unusual violence of the waves was such as to render the steamer very unsteady, an effect which was greatly heightened by the faulty construction of the vessel. Had it been built in France, this could not have happened; a fact which I derive from my own experience, having made the ascent on the Seine from Paris to Melun, on which occasion—and one example is as good as a thousand—not a single passenger was ill. But here, the case how different! Others of my countrymen were on board, and all, myself included, had scarcely quitted the harbour before they were attacked by that dreadful malady, to combat which the bravest are unequal. I yielded, therefore, to an imperious necessity, and suffered myself to be led to the cabin by one of the rough crew. This accident precluded me from directing my attention to the English system of navigation, which I feel assured requires much improvement to raise it to a level with our own. I could not say how long the agony of sea-sickness endured; but my own feelings tell me that the voyage must have been a very protracted one, though the steward, who spoke a certain *baragouinage* obscurely resembling our language, and whom I rewarded for his services with half a franc, affirmed that the passage from Calais to Dover, where we now arrived, had only occupied an hour and a quarter. This state-

ment he made of course to preserve the honour of his flag ; and although my watch corresponded very nearly with the large clock in the centre of the basin at Dover, I could see through the artifice which the English resort to to conceal the slowness of their vessels, as they purposely retard the movements of their public dials to make their time coincide with that of France ; it being a well-known fact in physics, that the watch of a person who is suffering from sea-sickness is incapable of going during the repeated accesses of the malady. Thus, by a deep and well-cloked astuteness, the inhabitants of this country redeem themselves from the odium of a merited disgrace."

We leave the reader to make his own comments on the inferences and opinions of Monsieur Casimir Blondeau, being unwilling to occupy time by controverting his arguments ; and not having felt any *froissement* of our *amour propre* in consequence of his remarks, we suppress nothing of his account that we find at all relevant to the subject. An omission, however, occurs in this part of his MS. ; but as it consisted merely in the repetition of the mistake made by the custom-house officers concerning the character of Monsieur Blondeau's trunk, we have thought proper to pass it over. The traveller shall again speak for himself.

"At the *Hôtel du Vaisseau* (Ship's-Hotel), a sign which is multiplied throughout the towns of England, we recruited from the fatigues of the voyage, on the *rosbif* for which this country has a renown. It was a *morceau monstre*, and, assisted by a *marinade* of red cabbage and onions, was sufficiently eatable, although served up cold. Our payments on the road being left to the conductor of the enterprise, I am ignorant of the costliness of this meal, but I should think it exceeded that of a simple *déjeuner* in France, as on my demand for *champagne*, and even *vin de Bordeaux*, I was informed that a separate charge was made for such things, on account of the expense ; and that if I would gratify myself with one bottle of either of those wines, I must pay an enormous sum, equal to twelve francs. Observing, therefore, that a different kind of *boisson*, called bitters-ale, was freely served round, I swallowed some of the mixture, and was fortunate enough not to find it too unpalatable. I was, indeed, recommended to this drink by an English traveller who had formed one of the party in the steam-boat, and who, speaking French with some facility, but with the usual detestable accent, told me that I had better begin with this description of beer ; an advice for which I thanked him, and we then fell into conversation. His first attempt, in which a host of prejudices was visible, was an endeavour to remove certain fixed ideas entertained by me regarding his country ; but finding me *inébranlable*, he wisely desisted, contenting himself by shaking his head, and saying that time would show. 'It will have much to reveal,' I replied, 'if it discloses anything with which I am unacquainted.'

"This '*gentleman*,' continuing his journey in the same railway carriage with myself and four of my companions, obligingly pointed out to us some of the most remarkable objects on the road—such as the cliff of Williams-Shakspeare, the dramatic poet, whose tragedy of 'Hamlet,' improved by Alexandre Dumas, has lately been presented at the *Théâtre Historique* in Paris ; the town of Folkstones, with its Pavilion Hotel for strangers ; the charming villages of Pluckey and Headscorn, secluded amidst groves of hop-garden, the only vintage of England ; Town-bridgewell, romantically situated on the Midway, a stream that separates the men of Kent (*les-hommes de Kent*) from the Kentishmen ; and many other places, which it is difficult in the speed of steam-travelling to bear

in memory. Better than I expected we saw the woods and fields of this island, through an atmosphere uncharged by fog; but as our English fellow-traveller said we had brought the fine weather with us, that, no doubt, was the cause of our being able to see so clearly. It was this which lent a charm to the landscape, and made it resemble, in our idea, to some parts of *la belle France*.

"At length we approach the great city of London, which we learn contains two millions of inhabitants—incredible number!—and of Chinese proportions, effacing the swarms which circulate even in Paris. Now the real character of the country is shown. Above us and on either hand is one wide haze of pale mist,—here tinted yellow (*jauni*) by sickly, struggling sunbeams; there rendered obscure by everlasting columns of black smoke, vomited forth from tall solitary chimneys which bury their summits in the heavens. Through this dim perspective rise the dull red roofs of houses, the masts of ships, the spires of churches and their vanes, which, happier than the rest, shine with a golden gleam. Presently a hundred lines of curving railroad converge into one straight avenue; our way lies over a multitude of reverberating arches; the roar of wheels and the shrieks of affrighted engines startle us; we are borne over the very roofs which we beheld in the distance, plunging our glances into the upper windows of houses far beneath us; finally, a shrill whistle announces our arrival, and we glide gently into a station, the covering of which has been constructed by the gnomes of the iron-mines, so fragile in appearance yet so substantial in reality is the work.

"Our friend now leaves us; he has important affairs which hurry him off to Manchester by rapid, violent steam, to sell cotton and jingle heavy dollars. He will be back again in a day's time to jingle his dollars on the Stocks-Exchange of London, where he lives. He gives me his card, and says 'Good buy,' meaning that he has a fortunate speculation in view. I read on it the name of Mr. John Brassbridge—harsh and unmusical to the ear; he lives at Bronze Villa, Saint John's Wood. A strong shake of the hand to every one round, he draws a heavy carpet-bag from under the carriage-seat, and, swinging it as he goes, disappears rapidly from our sight.

"Now the bustle and confusion begin for us.

"'What luggage have you?' shouts one porter.

"'Show your tickets, gentlemen!' cries another.

"'This way!' exclaims a third.

"We move backwards and forwards—now seized upon for a 'bus, now claimed for a cab (these are abbreviations by which the English describe their carriages; the shortest name is the one they like best.)

"At length the conductor of our party appears; he marshals us in proper order; he collects our baggage; he storms at the porters, and darts fiery glances on the cabs and busses; he selects one of the latter; we are huddled into it *pêle-mêle*; the roof of the carriage groans beneath the weight of our trunks; my coffer is with difficulty raised by four stout men, on whose arms are badges of mystical letters; the word is given; splendid horses attached to the carriage violently strain their vigorous limbs: we yield to the muscular impulse, and are driven away with the speed of light, traversing the swift and mighty Thames, and burying ourselves in a dense forest of streets and houses; we are whirled along to the right, to the left—the blaze of gas dazzles our eyes, the din of wheels clamours in our ears—the 'bus suddenly stops—we descend—it is announced to us that we have reached the hotel of 'George and Vulture' (George

et le Vautour)—it is the termination of our journey from Paris to London.

"We are once more invited to eat; again we behold the *rosbif*, eternal monument of English cookery; once more we drink the bitters-ale; and then, tired out and sleepy, to each is given his brass candlestick. Pretty chambermaids appear with rosy cheeks and small waists, they lead the way upstairs; we follow, admiring their taper ankles; they conduct us along many corridors, stopping now and then to point at the numbers inscribed over our respective chambers; and as one by one we obey the signal, their clear-sounding voices exclaim (for they advertise that they speak French in the hotel), "Good night, musseer!"

"'Et bon soir, mille fois bon soir,' I reply to those charming soubrettes. 'Good night, pretty gals.' And so they vanish, laughing; and in a few minutes I am asleep in London."

CHAPTER III.

A WALK THROUGH THE STREETS OF LONDON — MONSIEUR CASIMIR BLONDEAU GOES TO THE THAMES REGATTA.

"With a large map of London spread out on the breakfast-table, where reared himself again our eternal friend *Rosbif*, anxious gazes were directed to the different quarters of this enormous city, the loud hum alone of which sufficed to shake the walls of the hotel, too slightly built of brick. The conductor of the party, Monsieur Choppin (*ancien brigadier de la gendarmerie*), had, with military skill, divided the town into as many *rayons* as corresponded with the number of days allotted to the visit; and ourselves being formed into the like number of sections, we were supplied with cards on which were indicated the great points of attraction, east, west, north, and south. Some went to Tower of London, to Docks and Tunnel; some to Greenviche and Blackheaze; some to Surrey Garden, Wauxhall, and Lambette; some to Regent Park, Museum, and Primrose Hill; others to Laycesterre Squarr, Bonstrib, and Piccadilly Hye Park; others again set off at once to Richemont, Viudsore Castle, and Queen's Palace, Hanton Cour; but the party to which I belong select Vest End, the *quartier fashionable*, filled with hotels of ministers and palaces of kings, the Chambers of Parliament, Horse Guards, and Vestminsterre.

"Leaving our hotel, we enter Cornhill (*le Mont de Blé*), once perhaps subject to the sickle, now lined with the shops of watchmakers, like the *Palais Royal*, or the *Quai des Orfèvres*. An immense crowd of people rush past, some up some down the street; there is, likely, an *émeute*; we draw back and stand in doorways to let them pass; the police (*la Garde Municipale*) approach, and say, 'Move on' (*Circulez*); we elbow our way along; a vast building on the right attracts us—we enter—it is the Exchange (*la Bourse*). Here are grand arcades, painted in fresco with rich *arabesques*; advertisements of ships sailing to all parts of the globe; merchants of every nation, each in their proper place (*leur walk*); and in the middle the statue of Queen Victoria. Outside is the Duke of Vilainton on horseback, on a too small pedestal. Bank, with a masked battery on the summit to suppress the Chartists, attracts us on one side; Mansion House, the palace of Lord Mayor (who is in rank a duke), on the other: both buildings grand and beautiful, finer than I thought had been possessed by London.

"At Mansion House and Bank are 'busses' to carry travellers in every direction; but to see the interior of this wide metropolis, walking is preferred. We advance then through Poultry (*Rue de la Volaille*) and

Sheepside (*Côté des Brebis*), turning off to visit Guilhall, with its lofty decorated ceiling and finely painted windows. This is the great *quartier comestible*: we behold Bread Strit (*Rue du Pain*), Milk Strit (*Rue du Lait*), and Cateating Strit (*Rue des Mangeurs de Chat*); the last betraying strong evidence of a barbarous taste. At the end of Sheepside we pause to admire General Post Office, then turn to the Churchyard of Saint Pol—a cathedral black but magnificent, larger and loftier than the *Panthéon* of Paris. For two-pence (called by the English ‘tuppence’) we are each admitted. The interior is a vast space, ornamented with the monuments of the brave men whom our armies and navies have killed—Sir Picton, Sir Moore, Lord Nelson, and many others: these are trophies of which a Frenchman may be justly proud. From the lofty summit of the cathedral—costing greatly beyond ‘tuppence’—our eyes, piercing the smoke, behold an interminable panorama; much of it distinctly visible, still more what is imaginary. Again into the churchyard; we salute as we pass the statue of Queen Anne, whom the English remember with a profound affection, constantly repeating to each other—though it took place nearly a hundred and fifty years ago—‘Queen Anne is dead’ (*‘La Reine Anne est morte’*). We descend Ludgate Hill amidst imposing shops, all glass outside and rainbow hues within; venison and turtle, the food of aldermen, display themselves in the windows of the confectioners (*les “pastry-cooks”*). We are near two mysterious edifices—the ancient prison of the navy, the Fleet (*La Flotte*), and the bureau of the *Times* newspaper, called also the ‘Thunderer’ (*le maître du tonnerre*). We leave behind the groaning captives of the marine (such sights are not for holiday-makers), and the mighty press-organ with the loud voice, silent never throughout the year. We hasten on through Fleet Strit, Temples Bar, and Strand. Narrower grows the way, and louder the commotion: here are, leagues in length, carts, carriages, and waggons, cabs, busses, and bogheys; thousands of aged men with boards before and behind them bearing large inscriptions,—‘Read the *Observer*’—‘Steam-boat explosion’—‘Great Railway Accident’—‘Battle between the French and the Romans’—‘Latest News;’ tower-like vehicles, bright with many colours, also profusely inscribed, ‘Laurent’s Casino’—‘The Mart of Moses’—‘Great attraction, Haymarket Theatre’—‘The Sea Serpent’—‘Banvard’s Mi-sissipp’—far more than can be remembered. Now we come to the quarter of the Jews, then the region of the newspapers; the theatres are on one hand, Waterloo and Suspension Bridge on the other. Enormous barrels of *porter* are dragged by dozens of elephantine horses from the shores of the river; they stagger beneath their load, and the fire sparkles beneath their iron hoofs; we gaze with wonder on the ponderous beasts and the no less ponderous casks of beer, called in English ‘heavy wet’ (*humidité pesante*); mutton chops and lobsters, *bistèkes* and oysters, fill all the shop-windows; there is no end to the means for eating and drinking. At last we reach Charing Cross, which the cads (*les conducteurs*) have been shouting in our ears all the way from Bank. Here is the large square of Trafalgar, with its column of Nelson, never to be finished; there its National Gallery, better never to have been begun; the church of St. Martin rises upon our right, Northumberlands house, with the British lion (*le lion Britannique, autrefois le léopard*) on the top, is a tour left; before us stand Cockspur Strit (*Rue des Eperons de Coq*), Spring Garden (*Jardin du Printemps*), and the pig-tail statue (*le roi à la queue*); beyond are the Haymarket (*le Mar-*

ché au Foin) with its grand opera-house, and Pall-Malls with its noble clubs.

"Strange to the eyes of Londoners must it seem, but the weather is brilliantly fine ; bright shines the sun, blue are the heavens, soft and balmy is the breeze from Vest-end. We look round us to consider whither we shall go. Troops of busses go by, some filled with passengers, some wanting to complete their number. On these are pasted broad strips of white paper with words in large black letters. We read them ; they say, 'Chiswick Flower-Show,' 'Thames Regatta:' but we must have heavily expensive tickets to see the first, and the time is lost for procuring them ; a shilling takes us to the latter. We decide at once, and climb upon the roof and the box, and presently we are galloping off to the Bridge of Hammersmith (*le Forgeron à Marteau*.)"

It will be seen by the above rapid narrative, that Monsieur Casimir Blondeau has occasionally fallen into the common error of interpreting the names of places rather too freely, and of substituting his own orthography for the proper one ; these mistakes, however, are so essentially French, that we have not corrected them, fearing that his account might have lost something of its local colour had we done so. If the general description be slightly overcharged, allowance must be made for the impression produced by novelty, especially on a foreigner.

Monsieur Blondeau proceeds to describe the Regatta :—

"Through clouds of dust, which rose in spiral and sweeping forms, in spite of the admirable irrigation of the water-carts, we pursued our journey, passing another statue of the Duke de Vilainton—a monster one—skirting the Piccadilly Hye Park, and traversing the town of Kensington's Garden. An immense *cortège* of various vehicles accompanied us. At Broadway we were invited to descend ; and no sooner had we reached the ground than crowds of ragged, dusty men and boys (*en Anglais* 'fellows'—*camarades*) surrounded us with cards of the races, which they thrust into our faces, crying out, 'Here you are, gents, the only correct list ; sixpence each ;' and, in spite of resistance, they forced us to take one apiece, though very few but myself could read them when in our possession.

"'Vich is de vay ?' I ask, in perfect English ; and politely several step forward to show us, demanding some 'coppers' (meaning 'sous') for their pains, when we reach the suspension-bridge, where again we pay, though only a sous. Here we are admitted to see the races, but some time elapses before they begin. The spectators range themselves in double and triple rows ; some stand in front, others on tiptoes behind them, and a third rank seat themselves upon the chains as high as the curve permits. I look upon the shores—they are lined with eager gazers wherever there is room for them to stand ; so also the houses on the left bank, the windows and roofs of which are covered ; and on the opposite side rises a pavilion where a band of music is playing, and flags are flying. Over the bridge I peep, and there, at the foot of one of the piers, stretching far into the river, are more people, and music and flags ; the river itself is covered with boats, both large and small—unlike those of Paris, which are broad and flat and cannot be overturned ; but these, long, narrow, and shallow, are ready to be upset by the slightest movement. To have them, such dangerous vessels, the English must be webfooted, or provided with fins beneath their trousers. The bridge shakes and rocks with the numbers upon it, and myself and party hold fast to the rails, through which we are staring. Now horsemen come, now carriages,

now 'pines and hautbois,' now 'ginger-beer,' now more sellers of 'correct lists;' the noise stuns us; we would gladly be back again, but this the crowd permits not, so we remain.

"The races are now soon to begin. We examine our cards, which I read to my countrymen, knowing some English. The festivities are under a grand patronage: the husband of the queen, dukes, lords, vice-chancellors, the prime-minister (*président du conseil*), and the lord-mayor; everybody races in England; they are all 'entered' (as they say) in 'a match against time.'

"The first on the list is called the 'Champion Four-oar Race'—the prize is a hundred sovereigns—it is 'open to all the world' (*libre à tous*); but who would venture so to risk drowning, except the mad web-footed English? The race is called a heat (*chaleur*), no doubt on account of the sultry weather; the sun burning our backs as we stand, scorching our faces to blisters. Presently we hear guns fired in the distance, then nearer;—again we conceive an *émence*; we are wrong. Loud voices cry 'They are off!' (*ils sont partis*), and we strain our eyes to get a glimpse of them, but a turn of the river keeps them for some time out of sight. At last they appear: first come the boats of umpires (*les arbitres*), followed quickly by the three candidates—'Watermen's Crew,' 'St. Agnes,' and 'Perseverance Crew.' They are dressed in shirts of different colours: the first purple, the second green, and the third striped. The blades of the oars fly up and down with the precision of a machine, as they rapidly advance. Coming nearer, we perceive the shape of the boats; one man alone is broad enough to fill them, but their length is incalculable; like the blade of a dagger, they are sharp at each end. In the middle of each five men are seated, one guiding the boat with long strings behind him, the rest pulling at the oars, which are supported on a light framework of iron, rising high above the side; by this invention they seize upon the water with greater firmness, and more quickly glide. Like arrows they dart along, while the heavens are rent with the shouts of the spectators—'Now green!' 'Now purple!' 'Now stripe!' they pass under the bridge—the green one is first—we rush across to see them pursue their course, the goal lying further on. Struggling, we make our way; my hat is bent in, then it is over my eyes—nothing can I see; but 'Green, green!' is shouted by all. I extricate my face by a violent effort, and get a glance in the direction they have gone; all is confusion, none can tell which is first; several cry out 'Foul' (*sale*) and 'God dam;' at last another shout is raised—the 'Green' has won; the umpires' boats return with small flags of that colour flying behind them, the racers follow more slowly. We leave the bridge to see them come ashore; thousands are met to cry 'Hurray!'—the victors land—they are led into the public-houses (*estaminets*), and gallons of *porterre* now foam at their lips, and with crimson faces they gulp it down. These men have scarcely any legs, but their arms are of gigantic size. We look for the losing boats; one of them has landed on the other side of the river, the other has sought refuge in a small creek: we witness a cunning experiment. These men say, with many oaths, that they lose the race for the want of half an inch more to the rudder (*le gouvernail*); quietly they shape a small piece of wood, so small it is hardly to be seen, and that they nail on; next time they are sure that they shall win. The men are helped into the boat, impossible for themselves to get there unassisted, and away they go, 'to try their luck.'

"We go back to the bridge, paying again each one his *sous*, to witness

another race. These are fresh boats with new colours—light blue, pink, red, and yellow-and-black, like wasps; one is called 'Brocas,' another 'Feathers,' a third 'Mazeppa,' a fourth 'Never mind it' (*N'importe*). It is the same as before; guns, music, shouting, the rapid flash of oars, the quick snake-darting. To see them with no enthusiasm is not possible; we also cry 'Go along.' More and more 'heats' succeed; the young apprentices and the watermen with their clever old skulls (*crânes*), the first contesting for 'a coat, badge, and freedom' (*la liberté, vive la liberté!*), the last, like age, for money. Not on the bridge the whole time do we remain; we go 'to stretch our legs' (*étendre les jambes*), as I hear them say; a horrible thirst assails me; I enter the public house and call for *porterre*; like a fish I drink, but when to pay I find I have no purse; it was gone when my hat fell over my eyes, stolen by a cut-purse. In my dilemma I spy Monsieur Choppin; he, more fortunate than I, has preserved his money; he pays, and I am set free. We walk off together, and on the way he tells me that he has settled we shall dine and pass the evening at a sweet place in the *faubourg* called 'Cremorne.'

"In Broadway are many 'cabs' waiting for fares (*pratiques*). For not less than a dollar (*six francs*) is each to be hired; Monsieur Choppin at first refuses angrily—finally he yields; the horses are whipped, and away we drive."

CHAPTER IV.

MONSIEUR CASIMIR BLONDEAU GOES TO CREMORNE.

"For a time, along the same dusty high-road we came by, we continue to 'spunk away' (*aller vite—entre à terre*). In England nobody goes slowly; he would be a mark for universal derision. To pass each other is the great object; and when, by chance, one of their noble cab-horses from a lame leg is unable to 'go the pace' (*aller bon train*), loud shouts assail the driver from the roofs of busses and 'four-in-hands' (*à quatre chevaux*). 'Now then, cab-bie!' is the cry—'Go it, stu-pide!'—'Doz your moz-zare know you're out?'—and fifty other opprobrious jeers; the sole reply to which from the cabman, calm and unmoved, is a singular gesture of the whip-hand over his shoulder, with, perhaps, a polite request to keep to themselves their 'chaff' (*gardez votre paille hachée*), the meaning of which is not to me very clear.

"Still is the road crowded with carriages, equipages of lords, and carts of draymen (*brasseurs*); for to see every sight is the Englishman's duty, high or low. Unimpeded, however, is not his progress, for, at distances of about a mile, small wooden houses are erected, gaily ornamented with placards of red and green, like the *affiches* on the *Boulevards*, in front of which are high spiky gates, which the noble cab-horses cannot overleap. These charming *maisonnettes* are called 'pikes' (*barrières*); they are inhabited by solitary men who wear white aprons with deep pockets in them filled with cash (*de l'argent*). To every passer-by they rush out, put forth a hand holding a small paper, which is greedily caught at by the drivers; with wondrous dexterity they catch the showers of halfpence which are flung to them, and, using a shibboleth common to England, they exclaim, 'All right!' Of a silent nature are these men, too proud to exhibit their emotions to the public. Like the Spartan boy, the fox beneath their aprons may gnaw their vitals; stoical and impassible they 'grin and bear it.'

"After some time we quit the high-road and traverse shady lanes, with here a hedge and there a brick wall; behind them the *campagnes* of

seigneurs, or the cottages of an industrious innocence. We pass numberless gardens, where grow the fruits and vegetables on which London is fed ; but still in the midst of these rural abodes exists the pikeman. He is the Englishman's Nemesis ; the more you shun him, the more heavily in the end you pay.

"An hour's drive, or less, and we are at our destination. Politely the cabmen offer to wait till we come out again ; but Monsieur Choppin, who is not in England for the first time, declines that mark of attention. We say 'adieu' to these 'good fellows' (*braves gens*), and suffer them to depart.

"A shilling a piece is paid—it is the passport to every amusement in London, when not greatly dearer—and we are in a region of enchantment. We stand upon a magnificent *boulingrin*, surrounded partly by alcoves for *déjeuners* and *diners al fresco* (like the *guinguettes* at our own barriers), partly by lofty trees and artistical elevations, in the midst of which are groupes of statues, arcades hung with coloured lamps, targets for bows and arrows, caverns, grottoes, and lavender-water bowers, with a vast representation on canvas of the Fort of Moulton. There is only one thing that takes from the effect of these splendid objects ; we have arrived by daylight. Hence the absence of that illusion which it is the constant study of mankind to seek. Moreover, we are almost by ourselves alone, for too early yet is it for the 'sports' to have commenced. Monsieur Choppin puts the interval to profit by ordering for us a sumptuous dinner in the grand saloon of the great tavern (*le restaurant*). While it is being prepared we are invited to cross a bridge, which leads to the river-side, where the grand aquatic tournament is to be held, and where the wonderful dwarfs are taking their usual promenade. Great preparations are in progress for the *naumachia*, but not yet has the tide risen sufficiently to permit of the display. A large oblong space, reclaimed from the river, is enclosed by barges ; and round the inner sides are placed pasteboard walls, painted with crimson and blue draperies, and surmounted by pasteboard vases and other rich decorations. Monsieur Choppin addresses himself to a custodian, who carries a willow wand, to know when the games begin. This man replies by a single word and a note of interrogation, for all the English speak as little as they can. 'Townernemong ?' says he. 'Oui, oui,' all of us exclaim ; and Monsieur Choppin, in fine English, repeats his question. The custodian shakes his head, and says it depends upon the tide (*la marée*). This is another feature of the manners of London ; they undertake nothing without consulting the rise and fall of their river : therefore is it that in all the journals you see a daily announcement, to say when it is high water at London-bridge. Again it is asked of him when will tide be ; to which he answers that he cannot say ; and once more we are left in impatient darkness. But a waiter of the establishment, having on one arm a circular badge, with the letters C. G. in red cloth in the centre, relieves our perplexity. There will be plenty of time for us to dine, so we turn away from the river to seek the hotel. Before we again cross the bridge we perceive the dwarfs, three in number, a female and her two males. Their heads are large, their noses scarcely visible between broad puffy cheeks, like apples swelled with roasting. The smallest of the three appears in the uniform of the emperor ; the lady and the larger dwarf wear a *costume de cour*. We interrogate them, hoping to hear our native language, but they have caught the English habit, and reluctantly reply in a jargon which even Monsieur Choppin and myself are unable to comprehend. We learn afterwards that they all come from Holstein, which

must be an admirable country to fight about, if none of the inhabitants are taller or handsomer than these.

"Our first English dinner awaits us at the hotel. We are shown into a large and handsome saloon, in which a long table is laid out. Elderly men of a grave aspect, dressed in black, wait upon us; their appearance offers a strong contrast to the gaiety of the place. I recall to my recollection the skulls which accompanied the banquets of Memphis. England being surrounded by the sea, fish is a plentiful diet. We regale upon heavy blocks of salmon served with lobsters and cucumbers, also upon eels buried in a brown sauce. There is a soup, too, of a deep coffee colour, in the midst of which are floating thick pieces of calves'-heads (*tête de veau*); we make an effort to swallow some, but quickly forbear, coughing loudly; at which I observe the waiters regard each other with surprise. Afterwards comes the *rôti*; always at this season is it lamb, whole sides of which are placed at once on the table. It is an excellent dish, but there is, it appears to me, a law in English living which will not suffer to be separated from this fine meat a most detestable sauce. Ignorant of its properties, we yield to the entreaties of the waiters, and pour it on our plates. It is green, and sharp, and sour; our teeth are set on edge,—nothing has any taste afterwards. This composition is called 'mint-sauce' (*sauce à la menthe*); *les Anglais s'y raffolent*. Added to this diet are various drinks; pale ale, sherry, and old port, too strong for our heads. We ask for *vin de Bordeaux*, here called claret; we drink and enjoy that, but the payment makes Frenchmen to stare. Soon we have enough, and at this moment the loud report of many cannons is heard. It is the arrival of a London society, called, the chief waiter tells us, the 'Licensed Wilters,' so he pronounces their name; and as he says it, so I write it down. We gaze from our large window to see them pass over the high bridge which spans the public road; they come two and two. A band of music marches first; then appear a number of elderly men with red faces, dressed in black coats and trousers and shining waistcoats; each of them wears a large silver *fleur de lis* at his button-hole—a decoration which is to me an enigma. I can only suppose it was adopted in England when it was turned out of France—the custom here with regard to all the fashions. These persons are full of a serious importance. Next comes a man who carries a blue banner inscribed with gold letters. In England blue is the favourite colour, for which reason we hear Englishmen constantly exclaiming, 'We will drink till all is blue,' that is, till we have made converts to our opinions. After the banner follows a string of young girls dressed in lavender grey and straw bonnets; behind these, many boys in caps and jackets, several wearing silver medals. It is, I am told, a training school of 'barmaids' and 'potboys' (*demoiselles de comptoir et garçons de ménage*). Again succeeds another blue banner, and then some more of the red-faced men, all *fleur-de-lisés*. This procession, moving in time with the music, marches to the grand *boulingrin*, where a brief allocution is made by the leader of the red-faces, and they disperse.

Now begin the amusements of the evening. It is "high water," and the tournament is nearly ready. To the water-side we go, and there stand in a row. Numerous boats, gaily painted, with broad platforms at one extremity, are rowed to and fro by zebra-looking men in striped shirts and straw hats. From a gay pavilion in the centre are brought forth the bodies of two wooden horses, one grey, the other black; they are placed on the platforms in the boats, and each is rowed out to a small raft, sharp-pointed at each end, where they are fixed on pivots; the assistants

then dress them in rich caparisons of crimson and green-and-gold, and have them moored in battle array, breathing at each other a proud defiance, with some distance between. Other rafts are now pushed forward, and on these wrestlers take their stand in pairs, wearing close-fitting flesh-coloured dresses. The games begin : the *lutte* is tremendous ; each puts forward his utmost energy—they reel, they fall, they rise, they struggle—into the water they are precipitated with a loud souse, and swim to the pavilion amidst the applause of the spectators. This sport is many times renewed ; sometimes only one, sometimes both, get their duckings (*ils sont plongés*).

“ A nobler game succeeds. Men of gigantic stature, dressed in close-fitting tunics of various colours, some scarlet and green, some crimson and yellow, some purple and orange, some lilac and red, and wearing caps of Phrygian shape to correspond, take each his station in the platformed boats, holding in one hand a cord to steady him, and bearing in the other a huge tilting-lance with a broad flat point. These are the aquatic knights, and each is attended by a squire, to swim to his master's rescue in case of discomfiture. They are rowed up and down, and like fencers parading before they begin, lower their weapons in courtesy the first time they pass. Then they bend themselves down, they couch their lances in the rest, the boats fly swiftly onward, and they come in contact. Once or twice they stand the shock unmoved, till a heavier thrust full on the breast, hurls one of the antagonists into the water ; he cannot sink, for he wears a patent belt, but his squire leaps promptly to his aid ; he gains the boat again, and, vanquished, is rowed on shore. At last, of many knights remain but two ; these are to close the contest on the caparisoned horses. With looks of angry defiance they approach their steeds ; the green knight is quickly mounted, but the crimson one is less fortunate. In his eagerness to bestride the nicely-balanced animal he sways it on one side, it rolls over, and the knight disappears in the stream. Both are quickly fished up, and the knight renews the attempt. Over he goes again, and this time both horse and rider are lost to sight. A third effort is made, but with no better success ; deep in the water they plunge, and sadly bedraggled they are drawn forth. Meantime the spectators laugh, and some recommend the crimson knight, as he cannot mount, to get inside. He pats his charger as if he were in his own stable (for he, as well as all the other knights, is a soldier of the Life Guards), but in vain ; the equilibrium is destroyed, and loudly the spectators cry out ‘ No go ! ’ (*ça ne va pas*.) The tilting on horseback is given up, and another amusement takes its place.

“ The aquatic king makes his appearance. He wears a military uniform, and carries a musket. Attached to his feet are small flat boats, like large shoes, perhaps two feet long. They are air-tight and float, easily bearing his weight, though it is not easy to move along the water in them, for fear of losing his balance. There is a poet kept at Cremorne, second only to Lord Byron, whose verses he has improved, *à propos* of the water-king, in the following lines, which are inserted in the bill of the performance :—

“ He walks the waters, though a thing of life,
And seems to dare the elements to strife.”

He glides about, presents arms, fires off his musket, and is hailed with loud applause.

“ Then come a host of divers, aiming to secure a small truncheon, which sinks beneath the water whenever it is approached. One swimmer balances himself on a rolling cylinder called a buoy ; another supports a cask on his

feet, as he stands on his head in a boat. All sorts of activities are performed; the life-guardsmen, in their knightly costumes, reappear, and fight with straight swords and sabres, each combat ending with a watery grave.

"The closing scene is called 'the oscillatory pole.' It is the mast of a boat, lowered parallel with the water, and at the smallest end a yellow flag is placed. The pole is rendered greasy, and along it a dozen hardy swimmers attempt to walk, endeavouring to reach the flag; he who carries it away receiving half-a-sovereign (12 fr. 50 c.) for his reward. Many times they strive; a few steps are made; the pole quivers with their weight, out fly their arms for safety, and down they tumble into the river. At last one boldly rushes to the end, he seizes the flag as he falls, and swims with it in triumph to the pavilion; and, amidst the shouting of the people and the roar of artillery, the aquatic sports are ended.

"It is clearly owing to these games at Cremorne that the English become such good sailors.

"All the company now troop off to the gardens. In front of the hotel is a noble circular temple, surrounded by a wide platform for dancing at a later hour, when the lamps are lit. The temple is filled with musicians, and singers come forward. A stout lady in a *chapeau rose* sings a pathetic ballad; a stout gentleman, with a face like an antique mask, sings a comic song in honour of the great men of England, whose images he pretends to sell. He praises Nelson, and the hearers look grave; he gives a verse to Monsieur Hudson, and everybody laughs. After this the little barmaids and potboys dance round the maypole on the *boulingrin*, the 'licensed wilters' and their wives and daughters sometimes joining; all are led by the master of the ceremonies, a saw-toothed man, who shrugs his shoulders at their want of grace, and says as he passes, in a hoarse whisper to Monsieur Choppin, whom he calls a 'professional,' that once more it is 'no go.'

"From this scene we move to the theatre, which at first I refuse to enter, mistaking it for a Gothic chapel, for such is the external appearance. Under an arcade on one side, the Life Guards are drinking brandy-and-water, and smoking cigars; hearty fine fellows they seem, and offer us to drink of their liquor. Within the theatre are pantomimes of dwarfs—again the Emperor Napoleon (whom already we have just seen outside, mounted on a gigantic white horse), and *pièces de circonstance*. Here largely assemble many *gents*, and many more ladies, who call for lemonades and sheries, soda waters and brandies, and drink them as fast as they are brought. Meantime, the shades of evening have crept on; suddenly the music sounds, the theatre is at once deserted, and all rush to the platform, where first they perform the *contre-danse*, and then give themselves *tout effréné* to the Polka. It is now enchantment. Each of us selects his partner, and if she could only speak French we might fancy ourselves at Saint Cloud, or the Barrière de Belleville. It was in this manner I made acquaintance with some charming English ladies, all of whom gave me their cards, and invited me to pay my respects at their private residences, of which I hope to profit."

Monsieur Casimir Blondeau proceeds still further to detail the amusements of Cremorne, including a supper "avec des belles Juives," and gives a critical military opinion of the storming of the Fort of Moulton. We are compelled from want of space to omit these, but we trust we shall be enabled next month again to quote from his journal; the next chapter being headed, we perceive, by the tempting title—"UN DINER DE WHITEBAIT."

MADAME DOCHE AND ARNAL.

BY CHARLES HERVEY, ESQ.

Vous êtes jolie, sandis, oh! très jolie.—

Le Legs.

Dans la science difficile
De fixer un public mobile,
Qui donne et reprend sa faveur,
Tu n'as pas trouvé de vainqueur.

SAMSON.—*Épître à Arnal.**La Dame.*—Il a une bonne figure.*Le Monsieur.*—Elle est très-bien, cette damo-la!—*Un Monsieur et une Dame.*

O RARE old Vaudeville! what a host of pleasant thoughts, fanciful and frolicsome, doth not thy very name suggest to my memory! How many merry moments have I not passed—aye, and hope to pass again—within thy laughter-echoing walls! Every inch of thy domain, every nook and corner, from the *salle* itself to the managerial *cabinet*, from the *loge* of the *premier sujet* to that of old Madame Viard the portress, with its rows of suspended keys, and its everlasting saucepan perpetually sending forth savoury odours—is as familiar to me as the admirable gems of thy *répertoire*, and their no less admirable interpreters. Seven years have elapsed since chance first led me across thy threshold; and since then what changes, administrative and artistic, have I not witnessed! Six managers successively appearing with full pockets, and disappearing with empty ones; every variety of piece, from the sombre Ancelotian drama to the *réactionnaire* political squib, by turns tenanted the *affiche*, and *en fait d'artistes*, a list as endless as one of Citizen Sauteyra's speeches, or the sea-serpent's tail.

Yes, since I first appropriated to my own habitual use one peculiar favourite stall, which that worthy soul Madame Fassiat, the *préposée à la location*, invariably reserves on all grand occasions for “ce Monsieur Anglais” (a distinct recollection of names not being her *forte*); and which she once persisted in keeping unlet, although one of my friends, who had an eye to it himself, talked himself hoarse in endeavouring to convince her that I was at the time safe across the Channel.

“C'est égal, monsieur, il reviendra.”

“Mais non, madame—”

“Mais si, monsieur. Ah bien, oui, lui manquer une rentrée de—” (*chut*, don't tell tales out of school, madame!) “Non, monsieur, vous ne l'aurez pas.”

And no more he had.

Well, since I first quartered myself in No. 19 (there, the cat's out of the bag, and some sly fellow who likes a comfortable seat may possibly slip over to Paris next winter, if the theatres hold out so long, in hopes of *forestalling* me; but I and Madame Fassiat know better, don't we, madame?)—since then, what a galaxy of talent has at one period or another blazed away in the Salle de la Bourse! What a gallant array of names are connected with its history! Arnal, Laferrière, Ferville, Bardou, Félix, Bernard Léon, Amant, Leclère, and their fair coadjutors, Albert, Doche, Darcier, Nathalie, Guillemin, and Thénard, shine pro-

minently forth amid a host of minor stars ; and of these fourteen, how many now remain at their post, proof against managerial seductions and revolutionary storms, to sustain the reputation of the Vaudeville ? Alas ! but three. Arnal, Félix, and Madame Doche are the sole relics of what was once the best-organised *troupe* in Paris ; and a glorious trinity they are !

Lucky then are ye, my determined Londoners—ye, to whom the sunny and shady sides of Pall-Mall are dearer than the woods of Baden or the broad walks of the Villa Reale—thrice lucky are ye, trouble-hating Sybarites, to have two out of these three *nonpareils* brought within your ken ; to enjoy, within a few steps of your loved resort, the luxurious treat which Mr. Mitchell's good taste has so temptingly prepared for you. Whether your fancy or your politics lead you to partake of the ambrosial dainties of Soyer, or the scarcely less exquisite inventions of his rival at the "Conservative," whether your prevailing weakness be the delicate *laitance de carpe aux truffes*, the *suprême de volaille*, or the more ethereal *soufflé*, you would never, were you even to invoke Brillat Savarin himself, hit upon a more delectable spot wherein to accomplish the process of digestion than a stall at the St. James's, in presence of the cleverest comedian and the prettiest woman that Paris can boast—of Arnal and Madame Doche.

Arnal and Madame Doche ! in other words, wit and beauty, each perfect of its kind : a wit as polished as it is communicative—*aristo* in its refinement, but *montagnard* in its social properties ; and a sweetly feminine beauty, which, were the judgment of Paris to be repeated in our own day, might not a little interfere with the pretensions of Madame Venus. It must be owned that England, in order to keep up her reputation for hospitality, is at times obliged to harbour most unwelcome visitors ; but *il y a compensation* ; it is not only easy but pardonable to forget the existence of a Ledru Rollin or a Boichot, while under the influence of the irresistible vagaries of Arnal, or of the bright blue eyes of Madame Doche.

Many and excellent are the notices already published respecting the first of these celebrated *artistes* ; few, and comparatively incomplete, are those relating to the second. If, therefore, in the present paper I dwell with greater brevity on the qualities of the *comédien* than on those of the *comédienne*, it is simply because I wish to avoid an oft-told tale. *Place aux dames* is a good proverb, but *Les premiers seront les derniers* will suit my purpose better ; inasmuch as it justifies me in temporarily transposing the heading of this paper from "Madame Doche and Arnal" to "Arnal and Madame Doche."

It is now upwards of twenty years ago since Arnal first exchanged an obscure position at the Variétés for the post of honour he has so long occupied at the Vaudeville ; and the *déménagement* was effected so rapidly and so naturally, that, ere he had well begun to climb, he was cosily seated at the top of the tree. He came, was seen, and conquered. A place was vacant, and he slipped into it as easily as a pretty hand into one of Mayer's gloves. He and his audience looked at, liked, and, what was more to the purpose, understood each other. There was an instant exchange of sympathies between the actor and his public, and *tout était dit*.

Then did Duvert—grim, grave, spectral-looking old Duvert—and his

alter ego Lauzanne, first cast their eyes on the young comedian, and take his measure for such characters as none but they could have invented, and none but Arnal have embodied. The result has been the gradual formation of a *répertoire* which in extent and excellence is surpassed by that of no living *artiste*; and the latest additions to which testify as fully to the unimpaired eccentricity of the authors, as to the equally undiminished originality and *verve* of their interpreter.

It is no disparagement to Arnal's merits to affirm, that he is indebted for much of his popularity to Dame Nature. Like Liston's, and the milkmaid's in the "Belle's Stratagem," "his face is his fortune;" his eyes have a vague and misty look about them, which, irresistible *per se*, in no way detracts from their expressiveness; his nose, especially on a side view, acts like laughing gas on the system; and there is a mixture of simplicity and archness in his smile, which is in admirable keeping with the quaint finesse of his acting. In short, his countenance may be said to resemble one of Diaz's pictures,—a combination of incongruous elements, but whose *ensemble* is harmony itself.

With all his exuberant fun and inexhaustible *entrain*, Arnal never exaggerates either by word or gesture; indeed, one of his most remarkable qualities is the apparent unconsciousness with which he utters the drollest and most inconceivable whimsicalities, which convulse his audience with merriment, while he himself remains gravity personified. His most effective sallies seem to be the result of a sudden and spontaneous impulse, wholly divested of any preparation or forethought. Thus, his very oddities appear not only possible but natural; there is a genuine *bonne foi* in his acting, which invests all he says and does with a semblance of reality, and imparts an interest to his impersonations which mere artificial talent could never give.

I am convinced that the great majority of our own *premiers sujets* might profit most advantageously by a diligent and careful study of the performances of this admirable comedian; they would soon learn to look beyond the veil of simple drollery which charms and contents the superficial observer, and to enjoy those genial touches of refined wit and caustic satire which, like the shrewd sayings of a Pulcinella or a Stenterello, derive fresh piquancy from the ambiguity which envelopes them.

The term *artiste* has of late years been strangely abused by the dramatic confraternity of Paris: formerly such an appellation was considered as a mark of distinction, and accorded only to superior merit; but now the very *bouche-trous* of the profession, even down to the camp-followers of a strolling company, lay claim to the title. The provincial *utilité*, fresh from Carcassonne or Brives la Gaillarde, and touting for an engagement in the garden of the Palais Royal, is an *artiste*; the property-man, the call-boy, the scene-shifter and prompter, are *artistes*; and I verily believe the day not to be far distant when the *pompieri* themselves, inoculated with the prevailing vanity, will become self-styled *artistes*. In the dedication of his epistle to Bouffé, Arnal has read these gentry a wholesome lesson, by conferring on his eminent comrade the honorary degree in question, and signing himself simply "ARNAL, Acteur du Théâtre du Vaudeville." Well may Samson, the *sociétaire* of the Théâtre Français, in his complimentary poem, an extract from which I have already quoted, say of our hero—

A ta longue prospérité
Ta modestie à résisté.

The eulogy is as flattering as it is just.

It would not in the least surprise me to hear that Mr. Mitchell, when he fairly got Madame Doche into the St. James's Theatre, forgot his dignity so far as first to shout, with *Renaudin de Caen*, "La voilà! fermez toutes les portes!" and then to allude to his good fortune in the words of "Un monsieur;" "Je ne m'attendais pas, madame, à une aussi riche capture." If he did so, it was no more than any one might well have done in his place. For let me tell you, friendly reader, it is no easy matter to lay hands on this pretty, inconstant butterfly, who is ever roving in search of new admirers, heedless of the innumerable thousands she leaves behind her. Nay, I would not mind wagering, that were you to present yourself (of course after having been duly authorised so to do) any day, *au hasard*, at the door of her charming apartment in Paris (I am not going to tell you where it is, for I make it a rule never to give ladies' ages or addresses), and inquire for its fair occupant, you would be told that madame was gone—say—to Lille.

"Ah, bon!" you would immediately exclaim, and deposit pasteboard.

A week after, you would perhaps, *en passant*, try again.

"Monsieur, madame est au Havre."

"Ah, bien!" would be in all probability your comment, while you mentally resolved that this should be your last time of asking.

However, the temptation proving too strong for you, you would at some not very distant period find yourself once more catechising the *conciérge* as follows.

"Madame est-elle de retour?"

"Oui, monsieur. *Seulement*—elle est repartie pour Londres."

"Ah fichtre!"

Have we not then reason to congratulate ourselves on the exceptional favour we enjoy in being allowed so long to retain among us the graceful creature, whom Brussels adores as one of the loveliest of its daughters—whom France, her adopted country, proudly points to as a *Parisienne* in everything but name—and whose Milesian origin, notwithstanding, is sufficiently evident in the *contour* of her face, and the limpid brightness of her eye?

Among the caricatures published some years back by M'Lean, under the title of the "Looking-Glass," is one representing three youths lolling on sofas, each in a most disconsolate attitude; this is headed "Effects of the fancy fairs on the smart young bachelors." Below are the following illustrative passages,—

No. 1. "I'm in love."

No. 2. "So am I."

No. 3. "And I."

If we had the power of hovering, Asmodeus-like, within hearing of the soliloquies of the fine young English gentlemen of the present day, when they have retired from their stall at the St. James's to the solitude of their own chamber, we might furnish an endless variety of *pendants* to the above graphic delineation; the only difference would be that *there* the enchantresses were three in number (at least it is to be hoped so), whereas *here* the three are combined in one, and that one—Madame Doche.

And small blame to them ; the fair star of the Vaudeville has been so long the object of enthusiastic admiration, that poetry and prose have both become exhausted in her praise ; her eyes, whose expression recalls Béranger's lines,

Dans leur douce mélancolie
Ses yeux font rêver aux amours,

her silky hair, her complexion delicate as an opening *thé rose*, her slender and elegant form, and her exquisitely rounded arm, which Praxiteles alone could have immortalised in marble,—all have been the themes of so many odes, sonnets, and madrigals, that the very echoes themselves are weary of repeating them.

La Bruyère says—"Il faut juger des femmes depuis la chaussure jusqu'à la coiffure exclusivement;" an ordeal to which few fair ones would willingly submit, but from which Madame Doche would come off with flying colours. For, search where you will, from the sabled and ermined *hospoja* of St. Petersburg, to the "model dresser" (whoever she may be) of Palmyre or Barenne, you will find no one who has the mysteries of the *toilette* so patly at her fingers' ends as *la reine du Vaudeville*. She does not comprehend the vocabulary of a London lady, wherein the words to *dress* and to *overdress* are synonymous ; she does not offend the eye by a glaring and ill-assorted profusion of colours, or by wearing velvets in June, and straw bonnets in December. Above all, she eschews those abominable inventions, those unbecoming appendages to female attire, yclept flounces ; those ridiculous excrescences, fostered by bad taste and vulgarity, which, attached to a *robe de jour*, reduce the prettiest woman to the level of a penwiper, and suggest the idea that she will begin incontinently to whirl and whisk about, for the purpose of more effectually achieving that ambitious feat popularly designated by the term "making a cheese."

No, no, ladies, you will find no resemblance between Madame Doche and those apocryphal figures wafted every fifth day from the *bureaux* of the "Petit Courier" across the Channel as correct transcripts of Parisian costume. Believe them not, sylphs of May Fair, and beauties of Tyburnia. Think not for a moment that, in so disfiguring your loveliness, you are thereby assimilating yourselves to a *femme à la mode* of the Rue de Varennes, or even of the Rue Mont Blanc ! Well do the cunning devisers of those unearthly falsities know, that were they to transmit the simple reality of Parisian every-day dress to their Britannic customers, they would not have a dozen subscribers left in the United Kingdom at the end of the current quarter. Well do *they* know, though *you*, my pretty ones, do not even suspect it, that in their pictorial delineations eccentricity and display are alone to be aimed at ; that in London a lady's dress is prized, not according to its good taste, but in proportion to its cost. Farinelli is reported, on his return to Italy, to have employed the wealth acquired by him in this country in the erection of a villa, to which he gave the name of the "English Folly." If ever the proprietors of the thousand-and-one *bulletins de modes* become rich men in their turn, I would recommend them by all means to follow his example.

No, no, I repeat, Madame Doche is not indebted for the rare perfection of her *toilette* to those fickle Will-o'-the-wisps by which so many deluded victims have been led astray, but to her own pure and exquisite taste.

An instinctive and profound tact is her only guide through that mazy labyrinth, whose windings are so perplexing to the uninitiated; but Theseus himself could never have desired a safer, a more unerring clue. It has taught her to rely, not on the fancies and caprices of fashion, but on her own intuitive perception of what is beautiful and becoming; and to please herself first, as being the surest way to please others. Thus, whether her dress be that of a princess or of a peasant girl, whether the richest jewels glitter on her brow, or a simple rosebud peep modestly forth from among the folds of her *corsage*, the perfection of the *ensemble* is invariably the same; one has but to cast a single glance at the artistic harmony of the details and the exquisite effect of the whole, to feel sure that "le goût de Madame Doche a passé par là!"

"I cannot understand," I overheard a lady remark the other evening at the French play, "how it is that Madame Doche always appears better drest than any one else; her *toilette* in the piece we have just seen is simplicity itself;—no diamonds—nothing but a little locket, and yet—"

And yet! What a world of significance is centred in those two tiny syllables!

I hope I shall be acquitted of any desire to underrate the dramatic capabilities of this delightful actress, when I say that they have been hitherto less generally and less fully appreciated than the more external qualities already alluded to. The reason is simply this: a pretty face and a bewitching *toilette* are self-evident facts, and fall within the range of the dullest comprehension; whereas it requires not only the keen eye of a *connoisseur*, but the self-denial of a Cato, to turn from the contemplation of so beautiful a casket, even to the priceless gem enshrined in it—from the *image* to the *réalité*. And yet, in this instance at least, *le jeu vaut bien la chandelle*; the Rubicon once passed—a step, I own, likely to be preceded by much unwillingness and hesitation—the attention once yielding, not to the fascination of the eye, but to that of the soft and musical voice—the understanding once convinced that the union of feminine loveliness and sterling talent is not an impossibility—and the rest is all plain sailing.

For Madame Doche's histrionic merits, notwithstanding—or perhaps, indeed, on account of their unobtrusive excellence, and freedom from all pretension or parade—once acknowledged, are not readily forgotten. The utter absence of all straining after effect, and the engaging *gentillesse* of her manner, impart to her acting a peculiar charm, whose influence grows on you like that of an ear-haunting melody, and tempts you to analyse more acutely those qualities, the effect produced by which is so inexplicably captivating. And analyse them as you will, I warrant they will stand the test; bring all your critical powers to bear upon them, and no disappointment will ensue—

Try them, try them;
Prove ere you deny them;

and right well do I know what will be the result of the trial.

In that apparently easy but really difficult line of parts, called *l'emploi des ingénuités*, Madame Doche and Mlle. Anais of the Théâtre Français have long disputed the palm of superiority. There is as wide a difference between their impersonations and those of the common run of

ingénues, as there is between Mario and Lavia, or Charles Mathews and his imitators. Without pausing to discuss the relative merits of these two *artistes*—a comparison, indeed, which the disparity of their respective ages would render invidious and objectionable—I may express my decided conviction that, putting Mdle. Anaïs out of the question, Madame Doche stands alone as the representative *par excellence* of this particular class of character; or, to quote the singularly *à propos* title of one of her own creations, as “l’Ingénue de Paris.”

If the dramatic population of France include some thousand specimens of the *genus Agnès, jeunes premières* are hardly less plentiful; but the quality, alas! is far from being on a par with the quantity. In the former *emploi*, an agreeable person, a moderate share of elegance, and an occasional touch of *naïveté*, may secure a beginner from positive failure; but the exigencies of the latter are of a very different nature. In addition to the above-named qualities, a degree of versatility is necessary, which the most experienced *artistes* often find unattainable. In this respect, Madame Doche may safely challenge any of her competitors; she has assumed with equal success every variety of part, from the political to the domestic drama, from *la haute comédie* to the light and airy *vaudeville*. Her *répertoire* embraces the most opposite, the most apparently irreconcilable characters; some bringing into play that sprightly and seductive grace, the secret of which has not perished with Mademoiselle Mars, and others exacting a display of energy and sensibility, which so delicate and volatile a creature could hardly be supposed to possess. Nevertheless, I once more venture on the assertion, that Madame Doche’s position as an actress, high as it is, is still inferior to her deserts; I believe her capable of far more ambitious efforts than any she has hitherto made; and I am sure that, were she to turn her thoughts to Molière and to Marivaux, many an ineffectually rendered masterpiece might through her instrumentality be worthily and efficiently restored to us.

But as long as people prefer exaggeration to Nature, as long as they content themselves with regarding Madame Doche merely as a beauty, as a *femme à la mode*, and with allowing her no other claim to superiority over her contemporaries than that expressed by *L’Etourdi*—

Vous leur dérobez leurs conquêtes plus belles,
Et de tous leurs amants faites des infidèles!—

as long, in a word, as they consider dramatic pre-eminence incompatible with distinction and refinement, so long will the *real* powers of our charming visitor be comparatively unexerted, if not unknown. How is it, indeed, to be expected that an accomplished *artiste* like Madame Doche, whose aim is to imitate, not to distort nature; who speaks as every one else speaks, without screaming or gasping, but with a soft musical voice, which every one unluckily does *not* possess; who does not seek to appear *spirituelle*, but who cannot conceal that she is so, for her very eyes tell a different story; who almost invariably does more for her authors than they for her, and yet with so little pretension that even the *amour propre* of the dramatist himself cannot take offence at it—how is it to be expected that she should find favour in the sight of those, in whose opinion good taste is a superfluity, and over-acting a *sine quâ non*?

Fortunately for herself, Madame Doche is one of those *rare aves* who prefer the approbation of the discerning few to the indiscriminating suffrages of the many; and in thus limiting her ambition she has acted wisely. She might, indeed, had she chosen, have acquired a different kind of celebrity; but that is a distinction which, in the words of *Champignol*, "je la félicite d'avoir perdu de vue."

The nine representations recently given by these too fugitive birds of passage at the St. James's Theatre have included most of the popular stock-pieces of Arnal's *répertoire*, with the exceptions of "Passé Minuit," and "L'Homme Blasé." Several of the vaudevilles produced have been so favourably received as to warrant their frequent repetition; "Ce que Femme Veut," "Renaudin de Caen," "Un Monsieur et une Dame," "Monsieur et Madame Galochard," and "Le Mari de la Dame de Chœurs," having each been performed three times. Of these, "Ce que Femme Veut" has unquestionably proved the most attractive, partly owing to its own intrinsic merits, and partly to the admirable acting of its principal supporters. Few, if any, of the combined efforts of Messrs. Duvert and Lauzaune are so well calculated to show off the mirth-exciting properties of Arnal; none contain a richer store of wit and genuine humour. Every scene is studded with the broadest jokes, the most ludicrous situations; from the first entrance of *Champignol* to the fall of the curtain, the dialogue (except during the narrative of *Madame Delaunay*) is one constant running fire of the most amusing sallies, the liveliest repartees. Like the damsel in the fairy tale, Arnal cannot open his mouth without something brilliant dropping out of it; and though many of the jests and allusions are so essentially Parisian as to lose much of their effect when *dépaysés*, enough still remain to tell pretty considerably on the risible muscles of the audience.

I would recommend any ambitious youth who has ever imagined himself equal to the Herculean task of supplanting Arnal, to see him in his character of *Champignol*: if that does not bring him to his senses, nothing will.

With such excellent materials *sous la main* for keeping the public in good humour, an actor may safely confine himself to what is set down for him without indulging in those occasional interpolations, or—not to mince matters—*blagues*, in which the *comiques* of the Palais Royal and Mr. Wright peculiarly revel. During the whole course of Arnal's performances I only detected five instances of the kind: one of which, marked below in italics, occurred in the piece under notice.

"Vous avez donc une bien mauvaise opinion des propriétaires?" says Madame Delaunay.

"Oui, madame, *je suis comme Monsieur Proudhon*. Et je crois que je les flatte!"

In "Un Monsieur et une Dame," Arnal substituted the name of Jullien for that of Berlioz, when referring to the "Concert Moustre" of the latter: this *mot de circonstance* was highly effective.

In "Le Mari de la Dame de Chœurs," a complimentary allusion to Mademoiselle Plunkett's symmetrical figure was warmly responded to; but a second casual *improvisation* in the same piece hung fire altogether. Upon which Arnal, turning to Madame Doche, gravely remarked, "*Cà a fait four!*" and plunged anew into the tribulations of *Moquet*.

Lastly, in "Renaudin de Caen," when expressing his surprise on discovering in his hat the note deposited there by *Suzette*, he added, "Car c'est mon chapeau—oui, c'est bien mon chapeau (looking at the maker's name) Wolfe (Woulfe ?) Regent Street. Oui, c'est bien ça."

I have seen the part of *Agathe Delaunay* performed, first by its original creatress, Mademoiselle Nathalie; secondly, by Mademoiselle Meley at the Gymnase; and thirdly, by Madame Doche. Mademoiselle Meley's conception of the character was so wofully tame and spiritless, that one could not help longing to contribute a slight impetus to her words and movements by the judicious application of an ounce or two of quicksilver. Mademoiselle Nathalie, in her impersonation, exhibited much energy and pathos, but a total want of distinction and refinement. Madame Doche appears to me to have carried out the intention of the authors with more accuracy than either of her predecessors; in her hands the rôle has become a little *chef-d'œuvre* of grace and sentiment, combining the most fascinating elegance with the liveliest and most genuine sensibility. This, I am sorry to say, is the only opportunity Madame Doche has had in England during the present year of exhibiting the *côté dramatique* of her talent; it is, however, only justice to the fair actress to add, that she has certainly made the most of it.

Next to "Ce que Femme Veut," no piece, supported by the joint exertions of Arnal and Madame Doche, has obtained a more legitimate success than "Renaudin de Caen." First produced at the Vaudeville in 1836, this most amusing little comedy has ever since been considered as part and parcel of the *répertoire* of that theatre, and as an infallible resource in the hour of managerial need. Not only is the plot an *imbroglio* of the drollest incidents, but the characters are well drawn, the dialogue witty, and the music of the *couplets* unusually melodious, especially the charming *terzetto* at the end of the first act. Moreover, *Renaudin* is a part cut out for Arnal with Stultz-like nicety. And *Suzette* !

We were talking of *ingénues* a short time back, and I then cited Madame Doche as a *modèle du genre*—an assertion in which no one who has ever seen her *Suzette* will, I think, refuse to bear me out. I defy the most imaginative enthusiast to create for himself an ideal endowed with more artless *naïveté* or more enticing piquancy; displaying by turns the most bewitching candour, the prettiest timidity, and the most enchanting coquetry. The *physique de l'emploi*, too, was there in perfection; and at the close of the *couplet* in which the gentle *pensionnaire*, after referring to *Renaudin's* complimentary allusions to her beauty, says,

Un miroir a beau vous le dire
On aime encor l'entendre répéter,

the applause from all parts of the house was *very* significant.

"Un Monsieur et une Dame," in addition to its favourable reception at the St. James's, was also represented with great success at Lady Wilde's on the 6th of July; and on the following day Madame Doche received a handsome fan, as an acknowledgment of her valuable exertions.

I must pass rapidly over the remainder of these interesting performances, although each of them well deserves a separate notice. It would, however, be unfair to omit a word of encouragement to Madame Mancini,

the *duègne* of the company, the spirit and humour of whose acting, albeit slightly marred by exaggeration, neither the press nor the public have been slow to acknowledge. Her burlesque dance in "Le Mari de la Dame de Chœurs" was admirably given, but she must guard against yielding too freely to the impulse of the moment. She has only to remember the maxim of the celebrated Molé, that, in order to arrive at real excellence, an artist must *garder sa tête et livrer son cœur*; let her treasure up this golden axiom, and opinions no less golden may one day fall to her share.

"La Mansarde du Crime," "Lustiferu," and "M. et Madame Galochard," each alternated most agreeably with the foregoing pieces; and if "Riche d'Amour" and "Un Bal du Grand Monde" were less effective, the fault must not be attributed to Arnal, but to his *entourage*.

On Wednesday, July 18, the great attraction of the programme selected by Madame Doche for her benefit was the first and only performance of "L'Image," that magnetic *bijou*, which has long been enshrined in the memory of every London and Paris playgoer. In it Scribe has been as prodigal of wit, fancy, and sentiment as his fair interpreter has of her own peculiar attributes; from the first bar of that lively air,—

Les filles de Bretagne
Ont le cœur de rocher,

to that melodious inspiration, the *couplet final*, the eye and ear are constantly kept on the *qui vire*: one fears lest a single look, a single note, should be lost, or even imperfectly caught. Fain would I dwell on this delightful *soirée*, and on its successor, the farewell night, when at the parting *rappel* the house rang with applause, and the stage became as it were carpeted with *bouquets*; but my limits, already far transgressed, imperiously enjoin silence. They bid me say to the gifted couple, whose recent successes I have endeavoured imperfectly to chronicle, not indeed *adieu*, but *au revoir*. And yet a few last words remain behind. In offering to *Madeleine* the following slight tribute of admiration, suggested by her matchless impersonation of the Breton peasant girl, I am emboldened to do so from the consciousness that, however indifferently I may have expressed them, the sentiments it contains will be warmly responded to by all whom the talent of the actress and the graces of the woman have power to charm. However unworthy of its object may be the homage, it is at least sincere. *L'éloquence manque, mais le cœur y est.*

AIR—"Le Couplet Final de l'Image."

Chez nous, trop longtems étrangère,
Vous revenez passer de courts instans,
Et des amis, que votre choix préfère,
Chercher encore les applaudissemens
Que méritent vos charmes, vos talens.
Voici, madame, le suffrage
Que vous promet notre fidélité,
Nos mains, qui battent pour l'Image,
Nos cœurs, pour la réalité!

July 23, 1849.

THE SOURCES OF THE NILE.

THE undiscovered sources of the Nile will ever remain the most extraordinary instance of a geographical problem, which has frequently been on the point of solution only to be removed further off than ever. The inquiry concerning the sources of this beneficent and bounteous stream, to whose inundations whole nations have been from time immemorial indebted for their very being, dates from antehistorical times. The philosophers of Meroë, who first established the relation in point of time between the heliacal rising of the dog-star and the inundation of their sacred river, also undertook observations to determine the site of its sources. The same inquiry became an object with the greatest monarchs. It is said that Sesostrius preferred the honour of such a discovery almost to all the victories he obtained. But whether by this much abused name Amunmai Rameses II., or Shishank of Bubastis is meant, is not made clear. When Alexander the Great arrived at the temple of Jupiter Ammon he made inquiries concerning the fountains of the Nile, even before he asked about his own descent from Jupiter. The priests are said to have given him directions for finding them, and the Macedonian employed natives of Ethiopia to make the search, but in vain. Ptolemy Philadelphus succeeded Alexander in his attempts to discover the source of the Nile; but he likewise proving unsuccessful, the task was next undertaken by Ptolemy Evergetes, the most powerful of the Greek princes who sat on the throne of Egypt. Cæsar had the same curiosity with other conquerors to visit the springs of the Nile, although his situation did not allow him to make any attempt for that purpose. Nero, however, was more active. He sent two centurions into Ethiopia, with orders to explore the unknown fountains of this river; but they returned without having accomplished their errand. They reported that, after having gone a long way, they came to immense lakes, of which nobody knew the end, nor could they ever hope to find it. Bruce denounced this report as a fiction, as the Blue River, which he considered to be the Nile, forms no lakes throughout its course, excepting that of Tzana or Dembea, the limits of which are easily perceived. But we now know that the White Nile presents for a distance which comprises several degrees of latitude nothing but a continuation of inland lakes with islands, and so many tortuous streams as to lead to a confusion that may well have baffled early travellers. It is most probable, then, that Nero's expedition ascended the White Nile to a certain distance. But the attempts of the ancients met with the same uniform want of success, till *Caput Nili quærere* became a proverbial manner of denoting the impracticability of an undertaking; and the mystery was even made to assume a mythological character:

The frightened Nile ran off, and underground
Concealed his head, nor can it yet be found.

Ovid, ii., 296.

The first who in more modern times made an attempt to discover the sources of the Nile was a monk sent into Abyssinia, in the year 522, by Nonnosus, ambassador from the Emperor Justin. This monk is called Cosmas the Hermit, and likewise *Indoplaustes*, from his supposed travels

into India. He, however, followed the course of the Tacazza, or north-westerly tributary to the Nile, and was thus led to Axum. Next was Peter Pæz, also a missionary, of whose travels an account is given by Kircher. There is much reason to believe that Pæz anticipated Bruce. That he may have written Sabala for Sacala, or have imperfectly described the exact number and size of the fountains, is of minor importance compared with the great facts established by him, and corroborated by Bruce, that these fountains are situated in the highest part of a valley, which resembles a great plain on every side surrounded by high mountains, in the west part of Gojam, and in the territory of the Agows. This, however, relates to the sources of the Blue River. It is now ascertained beyond doubt that the most distant tributary to the Nile is the White River; and whatever doubts we may entertain, and which we shall soon enter upon at greater length, as to the detailed results of the expeditions undertaken by the Pasha, Mohammed Ali, still the great leading facts remain unimpeachable; a giant river forming a succession of inland lakes lying in the heart of Africa—the Mountains of the Moon, which have for so long a time been made to adorn the great space left on maps by the unexplored central regions of the same country, positively swept from the face of the globe—and the long-sought-for sources of the Nile not only carried to beyond the Line, but to a remote distance, which some connect with the basin of that great and little-known lake or inland sea, the Nyassi; others again, with the true Mountains of the Moon, as known to Ptolemy, skirting downwards in a line almost parallel to that of the eastern coast of Africa, to the regions designated as Zanguebar, Mozambique, and Mongas, Mocaranga, Monomotapa, or Monomoczi.

The discovery of a snow-clad mountain in the very regions in question, has lately come to impart a new and additional interest to this view of the subject. This discovery was made by a missionary of the name of Rebmann, who, on the occasion of an expedition into the interior, saw a mountain in the distance, called Kilimandjara by the natives, which had every appearance of being snow-clad. This simple and unpretending fact has, as is usual in the case of geographical discoveries, been violently assailed. Mr. Cooley (in the *Athenæum*, No. 1125) altogether denies the existence of snow on Kilimandjara. This he does upon the grounds that an intelligent native, who had described to him the mountains called Kirimanjara, and which he with much plausibility supposes to be the same, denied positively any knowledge of snowy mountains; and, secondly, because Mr. Rebmann was short-sighted, and he might be mistaken—and *ergo* he *was* mistaken. To a scepticism of this very negative and purely controversial character, and for a proneness to which Mr. Cooley has earned a very unenviable notoriety, it is sufficient, till better evidence is obtained, to oppose the simple statement of a credible eye-witness. But, even supposing that the reverend gentleman was labouring under some mistake, the report of snowy mountains in the district now under review dates from a period long anterior to Dr. Beke's supposed exposition of Ptolemy's views, or Mr. Rebmann's accidental discovery of a snowy mountain. In the Rev. Father Joao dos Santos's "History of Ethiopia," published in Paris in 1684, we find mention made of the Lupara, or *Spine of the World*, a range of shaggy mountains of prodigious height towering to the regions of the clouds; and in the "Great Edinburgh Geographical and Historical Atlas," the same range may be

seen under the name of Lupata, or "the Spine of the World," marked down and described as being covered with perpetual snow.

The name given to these mountains by Mr. Rebmann and Mr. Cooley appears to be compounded of that of the great river of the country, called Zambese, and also sometimes Kilimani, or more commonly written Quilimane. It may, therefore, be presumed, that this river, as well as others that flow into the Indian ocean, have their sources on the eastern slope of these mountains, while the Nile has its sources on the western. If, it might pertinently be asked, the Nile does not drain the western slope of the Kilimandjara mountains, what does? The same rivers, it might be answered, and which have their sources beyond the mountains, and flow through them as the Great and Lesser Zab do the Persian Apennines, and the great rivers of the Punjab do the Himma-leh; but this has not been shown, and the small body of water which the littoral rivers of Eastern Ethiopia carry to the Indian Ocean, would favour the idea of their being solely derived from the eastern slopes of the mountains.

The objects of the late viceroy of Egypt, in sending successive expeditions up the White Nile, do not appear to have been of so pure and praiseworthy a character as those entertained by his regal predecessors, if we are to believe Mr. George Gliddon, late United States' consul at Cairo, in his "Appeal to the Antiquaries of Europe on the Destruction of the Monuments of Egypt." "While mystified Europe rejoices at the prospect thus apparently opening to penetrate to the unknown sources of the Nile, and England congratulates herself upon the opportunity of opening a new trade with the interior of Africa, a new means of connexion by the Nile with the Niger expedition (!), his highness the viceroy chuckles at the prospect of sending his unprincipled soldiery to carry all the horrors of combined Annoot and Egyptian warfare, and all the atrocities of slave-hunts, amongst *peaceful*, and therefore probably *defenceless*, negroes." Nor does the history of these expeditions far belie Mr. Gliddon's anticipations.

In a scientific point of view, the results of the first expedition, sent in 1839, were ludicrously unsatisfactory. This first expedition was asserted to have reached the third degree of latitude, and hence to have penetrated (according to the result established by the careful comparison of the observations and the map) along a level country by the river, and without noticing any particular elevations, beyond the Mountains of the Moon. "Europe," observes Mr. Gliddon, "upon this was mystified; and the fact seemed unaccountable, till an examination was made in Egypt of the *mode* in which the only scientific man in the expedition—a post-captain of the Egyptian navy, and consequently a navigator and lunarian, sent up 'ad hoc' with this expedition—a Turco-Egyptian educated in England—had made his observations. It was discovered that he had kept a regular dead-reckoning account all the way up the river, heaving the log at stated intervals, and noting the daily run accordingly; but, apart from this original notion of a log in river navigation, as he had made no allowance for the current running from three to five knots against him, he had actually gone on his chart more than double the distance of his diurnal voyage! This at once accounted for his having gone over the Mountains of the Moon without seeing them!"

This was a very unpromising beginning; so the next expedition was accompanied by three Europeans—two French engineers, Messrs. Ar-

naud and Sabatier, and a Prussian, Ferdinand Werne, whose peculiar qualifications are not made manifest, but who appears, upon comparing his account of the expedition of 1840 and 1841* with those of the two Frenchmen, to have been the most trustworthy of the European travellers present on this great occasion. The distinguished Prussian geographer, Ritter, has warmly espoused his countryman's cause, and has stated that "the discoverer of the source of the White Nile, under the vertical rays of the sun, in Equatorial Inner Africa, will share the same fate as his illustrious predecessor, James Bruce, the discoverer of the sources of the Blue Nile, if many of his statements should be doubted, criticised, and misunderstood." Premising, however, that we do not see aught in the various accounts published of these expeditions, or in the maps which accompany them, to entitle any of the gentlemen present to the reputation of discoverers of the sources of the White Nile; we must express our hope that, in any observations which we may feel ourselves called upon to make upon the narrative now before us, it will be understood that we have nothing but fair and honourable criticism in view; no mere spirit of controversial scepticism to gratify, no personal emulation to vindicate, no "malicious presumptions or arrogant hypotheses" to defend; and we may further be justified in hoping, that in the simple search for truth we shall not doubt without reason, or misunderstand with *malice présumée*.

M. Werne traces the expedition into Kordofan and Fazogl, and the explorations of the White Nile, to the embarrassments which followed upon the Syrian war. Russegger, who was first of all appointed to work those gold-mines, from whence the old Venetian ducats had been obtained, was soon superseded by a less competent person, Boreani, who undertook to bring the much-talked-of mines into operation at a less expense. M. Werne indulges upon this occasion in some sarcastic observations upon Russegger of a most uncalled-for character. Russegger's competency as a man of science is known to every geologist; and we especially dwell at the onset upon the *animus* manifested in this case towards an Austrian, as it militates, to a certain extent, also against the validity of the incessant aspersions which the author heaps upon the Frenchmen. The difficulty is to separate the just from the unjust. Together with this bold journey to Fazogl, Abu Dagn (father of the beard), as Mohammed Ali was familiarly designated, decided upon a navigation of the Bahr al-Abiad, or White Stream, with the same golden object. The scientific conduct of this first expedition was entrusted to the frigate-captain Ahmed (the Swiss Baumgärtner); but this poor fellow dying at Khartum, he was succeeded by the frigate-captain Selim. This first expedition, instead of reaching the latitude of 3 deg. 35 min., as reported by its commander, according to the results obtained by the latter expedition only got as far as the country of the Elliabs, in 6 deg. 35 min.!

The second expedition was resolved upon in 1840. The equipment consisted of four dahabiyahs (vessels with two masts and cabins), each with two cannon, from Cairo; three dahabiyahs from Khartum, one of which had also two guns; two kaiases (ships of burden with one mast); and a sandal or skiff for communication. The crews were composed of

* Expedition to discover the Sources of the White Nile, in the Years 1840-41. By Ferdinand Werne. From the German, by Charles William O'Reilly. 2 vols. Richard Bentley.

250 soldiers (Negroes, Egyptians, and Syrians) and 120 sailors and mariners from Alexandria, Nubia, and the land of Sudan. Suliman Kashef, a Circassian, was appointed to the chief command; Selim-Capitan of Crete, to the naval and scientific command. Feizulla, Effendi, from Constantinople, was second captain. The other officers were two Kurds, a Russian, an Albanian, and a Persian; the Europeans were Arnaud and Sabatier, as engineers; Thibaut, as collector; and the author, who at least had the advantage of being an independent passenger travelling at his own expense.

Such was the motley band that assembled in November 1840 at Khartum, the capital of Beled Sudan, or "the land of the Blacks," and at the junction of the White and Blue Rivers. It is called Khartum (point of land) from this position; has a mixed population of 30,000 souls; and lies, according to Duke Paul Wurtemberg, under the 15th deg. 41st min. 25th sec. north latitude. On the 23rd of the above-mentioned month, the line of vessels unwound itself into a curve from the shore of the Blue River, and sailed, amid the sound of cannons, drums, and pipes, into the White River. The Bahr Asrek, or Blue River, is called at the junction the Bahr el Nil; and if the natives are asked wherefore so distinguished, the answer is, because it has beautiful and good water.

Entering the White Nile, the waters were found to extend majestically, forming an elliptic bay, towards Senaar. To the west lay the desert of Bajuda, with the village of Omdurman in front; to the east, Al Jezirah, or the peninsula of Senaar, corresponding in part to the ancient island of Meroe. Joy and pleasure reigned on board the vessels at starting; the fresh air had a beneficent effect upon all; and, besides, continual motion and variety are the principal conditions in the South, on which good humour and pleasant feelings have to depend for their sustenance. The prospect of attaining their aim—viz., of seeking and finding the sources of the Nile, even beyond the equator—appeared, however, to our author, at the onset, to be doubtful, from the composition and constitution of the expedition. The vessels, he says, were to follow one another in two lines, one led by Suliman Kashef, the other led by Selim-Capitan; but already, when sailing into the White Nile, this order was no longer thought of. Every one sailed as well as he could, and there was no trace to be discovered of nautical skill, unity of movement, or of an energetic direction of the whole.

These gloomy impressions did, not, however, last long: the scene around was too picturesque, too peculiar, too exciting. On the left, the flat extended land of Senaar was clothed with copse-wood and trees, and on its flooded borders rose strong and vigorous mimosas out of the water, high above the low bushes that covered the earth below. The left shore was similarly wooded; but beyond the belt of green the bare stony desert showed itself, extending upwards in profound and silent tranquillity. The expedition started, it is to be noticed, at the period of flood; and the aspect of the bed of the river, its numerous lakes and branches, cannot be received as representing the usual condition of the river, but that which it assumes at the period of flood and inundation. The Jibal Auri on the Senaar side, and the Mandera hills on the west, presented the first high ground met with. In this, the lower part of the White Nile, the river was partly dammed up by downs, behind which was low ground covered with verdure; while upon the downs themselves were occasional groups of tokuls, or huts of native Arabs, who live chiefly by

hunting deer and hippopotami. These, when pursued, take refuge in impenetrable thickets of thorns and creepers, or into sloughs and swamps of equally difficult access. These swamps are described as being covered with luxuriant aquatic plants. From the above-mentioned downs also expanses of water might be seen at times, stretching far over the land, out of which the tops of the taller trees peeped forth like verdant islands; and beyond these inundations still older dams were visible, no longer disturbed by water. The chief Arabs of this region were the Baghara, or cow herdsman (from baghr, a cow), and the Kabbalish (collective for many kabyles), a widely spread nomade race, possessing large droves of camels and horses.

On the 28th of November, M. Werne describes the French engineers as setting about their calculations with a great air of importance. "I hear," he adds, "with astonishment, that the calculations made hitherto by these gentlemen are said to agree to a hair's breadth with those made by Selim-Capitan in the preceding year. Strange! But I don't believe in such an exact coincidence." We have already heard (see ante, vol. i. p. 83) that Arnaud's windows were covered with curtains; that he did not venture out of doors, but contented himself with *merely now and then* looking at the box compass, although the vessels turned at every moment, and went first upon the right and then upon the left shore. The following is equally ominous:—"Selim-Capitan laughed when he yesterday *instructed Arnaud in handling the instruments*. Thibaut remarked this as well as myself; and it perfectly corresponds with the expressions of Sabatier, who calls his colleague an *ignoramus*, because he abandons to him the calculations he does not know how to make himself." Take one half of this as true, and it is evident that nothing really satisfactory can be derived from the results obtained by the French engineers. We must consider ourselves happy, from these and from other sources of error we shall have occasion to point out, if the results obtained are within a few degrees of the truth. There is nothing even to satisfy the reader as to the great correction of minor errors that would lie with Selim-Capitan, since he could use instruments. A rudely educated mariner, he might be practically acquainted with the use of the sextant at sea, and yet not on land. Did he use an artificial horizon? and if so, did he use it on board his dahabiya? After the first few days' journey up the White Nile, the country was not safe enough to allow the expeditionists to land often; and under such circumstances it would have been not only satisfactory to know how the altitudes of sun or stars were obtained, but absolutely essential to the reception of the whole mass of geographical results obtained.

The channel of the river began to swarm with islands through the country of the Hassaniyah. Luckily their presence was indicated by trees. The stream, however, was still majestic, and bordered by green osiers; the islands were often grouped very picturesquely, and sometimes appeared to bar the river, and dam it into a lake. El Aes, a village which they came to on the 29th, belonged to a city of the same name lying in the interior, and which was one of the chief places of the Hassaniyahs. At this point the expedition had reached the boundaries of the Turkish dominions, or what Werne designates "the intricate and organised Turco-Egyptian system of plunder." White-grey long-tailed apes began to abound in the woods; crocodiles were numerous, and

hippopotami not uncommon. The Hassaniyahs drive a brisk trade in kurbashes made of the hide of the latter. Guinea-fowls, also, provided the expedition with roast dainties. In these regions, also, doghen—a kind of corn commonly used in Kordofan—the well-known Oriental vegetable, bamiyah (*Hibiscus esculantus*), and malochiyah, a kind of spinach—grew wild in abundance. Birds and fish abounded, as did also river oysters (*Ampulla tubulosa*), and other shell-fish. Grass extended over the water, and high reed-grass filled the space between the trees; while the double white lotus glistened forth magnificently from a floating world of flowers. This was certainly a region favoured by nature, whatever it might be to man.

On the 1st of December, the summit of Mount Njemati seemed to promise, from the distance, something more magnificent than the hills that had hitherto appeared in the horizon; but the bed of the river continued to be as much obstructed by islands as ever. This was now the country of the Dinka negroes, who were to be seen occasionally at a distance jumping in the air, whilst they raised one arm, and struck their shields with their spears, in token of defiance. Long swampy islands prevented their villages being seen. On this and the next day's journeys, sailing towards the south in an immeasurable tract of water, the blue lotus disappeared. A sailor, who had plunged into the water, was seized by a crocodile.

On the 3rd, the first tamarind trees appeared on going south; and the various shades of light and dark green of these beautiful trees, with their luxuriant foliage, are described as causing an agreeable sensation. The fruit is the first and last support of the Ethiopian. The immeasurable expanse of water, and innumerable islands, began either to weary or puzzle the expedition by this time; and we have the annexed observation: "It is sufficiently clear to me, that it is almost impossible to make an accurate map from a single voyage: this seems to have struck, also, the very learned Arnaud, for he is always consulting Selim-Capitan. Sabatier is ill, and the task, therefore, devolves on Arnaud, not only of observing the course of the river, but also the direction, beginning, and ending of the islands, &c.—and all this with the windows hung with curtains!"

The country the expedition was now entering upon, between N. lat. 10 and 11 deg., was, up to 9 deg. N. lat., tenanted by the Dinkas on the east and the Shilluks on the west. The islands had ceased to be wooded a little beyond the 12th degree; the first doum-palms appeared about 11 deg. N. lat. Near about the same parallel, a few hills—Girabal-Esch on the one side, and Jibal Defafanugh, supposed to be of volcanic origin, on the other—stood alone, like the mountains Taka—islands, as it were, in an extensive desert marsh and water-basin. The natives did not show themselves, but Suliman Kashof having spied out some sheep, almost the whole expedition turned out to seize them, whilst shots were fired in the air to frighten the owners. This was a singular but common method of provisioning the expedition. Imagine the first navigators of the Euphrates or Indus making a descent upon the first herds of cattle that presented themselves! yet they had just as much right to do so as the Turks had to rob these inoffensive negroes. But it will be seen that, throughout, the last expedition made to discover the sources of the Nile was a continued scene of robbery, devastation, and violence. The expe-

dition sailed onwards as through a blooming park. "High doum-palms, with small heads, rise over dark tamarinds, which shine like gold ; whilst between are magnificent masses of creepers, and bowers of flowers on a green grass ground, the blooming lotus shining through them." The harmless inhabitants of this terrestrial paradise came forth occasionally to look at the Turks, "neither as enemies nor as friends." The perfection of this paradise is, however, in no slight degree militated against by persevering gnats, small and angry wasps, and large camel flies. In some parts of the river, and at certain seasons and periods, the gnats or musquitoes were so formidable as to render life a burden. Our traveller was neither able to eat, drink, nor sleep for them. His body was covered with sores ; his head, hands, and face swollen ; his whole system in a state of extreme irritation and fever, and his sufferings constant and almost without alloy.

As they proceeded up the river with a favourable wind, the number of villages of Shilluks began to increase, till the author describes the population as immense. This must be owing to the great facilities for procuring food. Both Dinkas and Shilluks alike live upon wild dates and tamarinds, and the fruit of the geilid ; wild corn ; the seeds of various high grasses, called "children of grass ;" wild rice ; wild bamies, which grow in immense tracts ; ommos, a sweet fruit with a pod ; and the lotus, which covers equally immense expanses of water. But they have also cattle, sheep and goats, guinea fowl, and other birds and fish, and they do not despise the flesh of the crocodile or of the hippopotamus. But for the gnats, the want of salt (and for which they have a very repulsive substitute), and the inroads of the Turks, the vast population of the Shilluks and Dinkas appear to have a happy life of it on the best part of the White Nile. "There is certainly no river in the world," says M. Werne, "the shores of which are, for so great a distance, so uninterruptedly covered with habitations for human beings." These isolated and little-known people have, it appears, neither camels nor horses, which are not fitted for their marshy soil. When they take a horse or camel from the Turks they do not kill it, but put out its eyes, as a punishment for having brought the enemy into their country.

In this country, the river, including marshes under water, attained the extraordinary width of three hours (nine miles at least). On the banks were continuous villages, interspersed with forests of tamarinds, inhabited by an incredible number of birds ; and beyond, the treeless, immeasurable Nile meadows. In one hour they counted seventeen large and small villages. A little beyond the tenth degree of north latitude, the white lotus disappeared and leeches became abundant. On the 7th of December an attempt was made to entice the sultan or bando of the Shilluks, who is said to rule over a population of 2,000,000 of souls, on board ; but the negro-king was too wise to trust himself in the hands of Turks. As they proceeded onwards and neared the tropics, baobab-trees adorned the villages, and the aspiring slender dhelleb-palm protruded with the doum-palms over the mimosas. Six ostriches were seen on the 7th of December walking on the banks of the river ; and the numerous crocodiles showed no alarm at the rustling of the vessel through the water. The same evening the expedition came to the mouth of a river flowing from Habesh or Abyssinia, five hundred paces broad, six fathoms deep, and two miles in rapidity, whilst the main stream had only half-a-mile current. The

river was called Sobat, or Nahr el Makada, and it disembogues itself under 9 deg. 11 min. N. lat. At this point the Nuehrs succeed to the Dinkas to the east. The Shilluks are in a similar manner succeeded by the Jengahs, a short way further up on the west shore, near where the White Nile is joined by the Kibo or Njin-Njin, a little river flowing from the west.

High grasses and bog shrubs began now (about N. lat. 9 deg. 4 min.) to supersede wood; and with this change the gnats also came in such abundance as to drive the half-naked sailors nearly mad. The tokuls of the Jengahs and Nuehrs are no longer so carefully built as those of their neighbours, the Dinkas and Shilluks. Giraffes are now abundant. Numerous marsh birds begin to shew themselves; and for the first time the *Papyrus antiquorum*, supposed by some to have become extinct on the Nile, and to exist only at the fountain of Cyane, near Syracuse, rose out of the morass to a great height, with large corollas similar to a tuft of reeds, with here and there long bare stalks.

On the 16th of December, the expedition sailed slowly into the great lake, wherein the Gazelle river (Bahr el Gazal) disembogues itself. Grasses impeded its mouth, which was not explored. The expedition of the preceding year had also been unable to enter it, owing to the reeds. M. Werne says, however, that he could distinguish plainly from the elevated poop that it emptied itself by two arms into the lake. The lake itself was from eighteen to twenty sea miles square. The latitude, according to Selim-Capitan, was 9 deg. 16 min. north, and 28 deg. 55 sec. east longitude. It is remarkable that this great central tract of country, which lies south of, and, as it were, at the head of the four rivers which disembogue themselves so near to one another, is occupied by an isolated mountain district, called Morre, and said to be inhabited by a brave and warlike pagan negro race.

An important geographical problem attaches itself to this so-called Gazelle River. Some have supposed that it flows from Lake Tchad; but this supposition, supported on the one hand by the evidence of natives who have professed to come by water from Lake Tchad to Egypt, is on the other hand contradicted by the comparative levels. The elevation of Lake Tchad, according to the barometric observations of Denham and Clapperton, does not appear to exceed 1000 feet—M. Jomard says 920 French feet;* whereas the Nile is already at Khartum 1431 feet above the level of the sea, and may be supposed to be at the junction of the Gazelle River 2000 feet above the sea, and cannot, therefore, receive waters from Lake Tchad at an inferior level. M. Werne rather adds to than diminishes the interest of the question, when he tells us that the river is said to flow from the country of the Magrabis, or Berbers. This is scarcely credible; but wherever it flows from, it is the most distant westerly source of the Nile; and its sources most probably arise from the same watershed which in an opposite direction supply tributaries to the Niger and the Cameroons rivers. This would, therefore, be the most feasible line at which to cross Central Africa.

In this great inland lake, hippopotami especially abounded. These unwieldy animals were continually emerging from the water, and bellowing on all sides. Dead fish, real monsters in size, were seen floating

* *De la Pente du Nil Blanc*, &c. Bulletin de la Société de Géographie.

about. Small snakes abounded, and would drive against the vessel, although thrust at with poles. In the marshes serpents were seen equal in bulk to a moderate tree. Among the reeds were many ant-hills, and these fierce insects obliged the expedition to anchor in the middle of this great inland watery expanse. Beyond this lake the river is described as partaking somewhat of the character of a canal hemmed in by a border of high reeds, which were soon superseded by luxuriant long grass, amid which flowered the ambak tree; and the gigantic rush (*Papyrus*) showed itself here and there like little pine-forests. Gnats and locusts abounded; millions of glow-worms fluttered around; and the exhalations from the marshes were oppressive. The 13th of December, twenty-five sheep were captured at a village which had been devastated, and the sheikh shot down by the first expedition. The river for the next few days continued to wind so much, that M. Werne observes,—“We ought to have the log continually in our hands, with these eternal windings of the river, as the vessel, more or less, sails according to the ever-varying stream, and with the very same winds.” We have here, it is manifest, a rich element for error in laying down the amount of ground gone over. Wearied by nights rendered sleepless by the gnats, even M. Werne, whom we would suppose, from his criticism upon others rather than from any detailed evidence of the fact, to have been more on the alert to avoid causes of error, acknowledges himself to have fallen asleep at times, merely directing the men to wake him when the river took another direction! On one occasion we observe that two miles only were accomplished during one night’s navigation.

The 17th of December, they had still on the right shore the dhelleb palms of the 16th. On the 18th, the same palms which previously stood south of them retreated to the left shore, and at length in the evening were brought within gunshot. On the 19th, M. Werne relates, “We bend immediately to the west, and I see before me, to my astonishment, the sixteen palms again standing on the left towards the east!” How often may the same devious navigation have been pursued, with no tell-tale group of palms to warn of the fact! It is evident from M. Werne’s astonishment, that his bearings had not intimated to him the fact of the extreme windings of the river. What greater confidence can we therefore place in his map than in that of the French engineers?

On the same day, the 19th of December, not a family but a small army of elephants were seen moving slowly here and there under the trees, apparently for the purpose of tasting the dhelleb fruit. At this period of the navigation M. Werne remarks, “We have already passed the limits wherein the Mountains of the Moon have been placed. If we find the river having here a breadth of 500 paces, and a depth of from three to four fathoms, we continue to ask this question, From whence does this enormous mass of water come?”

In about N. lat. 6 deg. 30 min. according to Werne’s map, but in 5 deg. 11 min. according to Selim-Capitan’s observations, the country of the Keks was left for that of the Bandurials, a negro tribe, who, however, spoke the same language as the Keks. The river was still two or three hundred paces in width, and two-and-a-half fathoms deep, with precipitous shores. But a sailor on the mast had counted eight lakes from noon of the 5th to noon of the 6th of January. The Bandurials were giants in point of stature, varying from six to upwards of seven feet. “We

ourselves," says M. Werne, "were like pigmies among these giants." On the 7th of January two men were lost in the reeds, supposed to have been destroyed by wild animals.

The Bohrs, who succeeded to the Bandurials, were even still taller than their predecessors, being seldom under seven feet. These men looked like trees in the distance, and ant-hills served to them as watch-towers. The expedition began now to do a considerable turn of business in bartering beads for ivory and skins of wild beasts. Another negro tribe, called that of the Elliabs, who occupied the western shore, appear to have been in a state of hostility with the Bohrs.

It may be remarked here that gnats had in great part disappeared; crocodiles had left the lakes and taken more to the river, in which were also many snakes. The copse wood had taken another form, and a woody region extended far and wide on its banks. Shallows and sand-banks also began to show themselves. M. Werne was taken very ill, and passed several days in total unconsciousness. Suliman Kashef having also fallen sick at the same time, Arnaud was actually accused of having tried to poison the kashef and the Prussian traveller! The hippopotami struck the vessels on different occasions, so as materially to injure them. The country they were now travelling through was that of the Tshierrs, who had different shaped tokuls and a different language from the Elliabs. The country also presented, to an unseen extent, a cheerful cultivation of corn, tobacco, white beans, castor-oil plant, purslane, gourds, water-melons, and other useful plants and vegetables. Large ivory tusks were purchased for a few beads. The Tshierrs were a very handsome race of men; tall, strongly built, and well-fed. They had an open, friendly physiognomy, and great good nature and courtesy in their behaviour. The population is described as enormous. "I can scarcely persuade myself," says M. Werne, "that I am in the middle of Africa."

Notwithstanding this excellent character given of the natives, on the 20th of January, owing to a misunderstanding of the most trivial character, twelve or thirteen of them were shot in cold blood, and an unknown number wounded. These men belonged, however, strictly to the Bari tribe, as is noticed afterwards; and between the country of the Bari and that of the Tshierrs, as well as throughout the country inhabited by the latter, the river appears to divide itself into numerous branches. In the country of the Bari there were several mountains visible—Nerkongi to the west, and a whole group, to which we shall subsequently come, to the south. On all sides now were plenty of stones and rocks, and a numerous, well-behaved, and friendly population; "the beauty of the country," M. Werne says, "could not be too highly praised." The Bari were among the most civilised negroes met with during the expedition, and they were also as distinguished by their physical development. They were ruled over by an intelligent king called Lakono, with whom the expedition interchanged hospitalities and visits of friendship. The capital of the country was called Belenja, and was situate on a mountain of same name. To the north by west was Mount Nerkongi; to the west, Mount Konnobih; behind it, in the far distance, the mountain chain of Kugelu, lost in misty heights. This chain of mountains, seen at a distance of twenty hours, M. Werne thinks lies upon the left or west side of the river.

King Lakono's palace consisted of several straw tokuls lying together, encompassed as usual with a seriba. He had forty wives. The king

was surrounded by giant negroes, well armed; the very appearance of whom, M. Werne says, sent a thrill of horror through the veins of Frenchmen and Turks. It is evident that, from the moment that the expedition found itself travelling amidst a nation more powerful than themselves, and from whom, instead of being able to carry on predatory and tyrannical sway, they had every reason to expect successful resistance, the desire to return became the prominent feeling and the tacit intention of the greater number. King Lakono's dress was said to come from Berri, a negro country to the eastward; and M. Werne remarks, that, although Bari was a central point of negro cultivation, that is to say, surpassed any the expedition had met with, Berri and other succeeding countries may be superior to the kingdom of Bari. It appears, that previous to the interview with the king, the expedition had received a very intelligible warning that they were to remain on the right shore, at the original landing-place, because the king would not allow them to move any further. The king is described as having an imposing figure, with a regular countenance, marked features, and somewhat of a Roman nose.

On the 25th of January the expedition sailed up the river, notwithstanding the king's injunctions to the contrary; but the vessels found numerous obstructions, the channel being 500 paces in width, and full of shallows. Nineteen mountains were counted from the mast-head, without reckoning small ones. The same evening rocks showed themselves for the first time in the bed of the river. "Three large, and several small ones form an ominous cross-line for our voyage. At five we halt at an island near these rocks." This was the furthest southerly point reached by the expedition, and it was, according to the "calculations" of the French engineers, in 4 deg. 40 min. N. lat., and 41 deg. 42 min. E. long. from Paris; but, according to Selim-Capitan, in 4 deg. 35 min. N. lat., and 30 deg. E. long. (only eleven degrees, or upwards of 400 miles difference in longitude!)

King Lakono and the great men of Bari again visited the expedition whilst they remained at this island, called by the natives Tshanker. They learnt from them that it required a month, the signification of which was interpreted by thirty days, to get to the country of Anjan towards the south, where the Tubirih, as they called the White Nile, separates into four shallow arms, and the water only reaches up to the ankles. There were further said to be very high mountains in the same region, in comparison with which those now before them were as nothing at all. This at once puts the question of the discovery of the sources of the White Nile by this expedition out of the pale of controversy. They never, by their own acknowledgment, approached them within thirty days' journey. King Lakono did not, M. Werne says, understand rightly the question, whether *snow* was lying on these mountains. He answered, however, "No." "Now, when I consider the thing more closely," he adds, "it is a great question to me whether he and his interpreter have a word for snow; for though the Arabic word *telki* is known perhaps in the whole land of Sudan, yet *snow* itself is unknown.

The territory of Mono-Moezi is somewhat arbitrarily placed in the maps between 15 and 20 degrees of southern latitude. Now from north latitude 4 deg. 40 min., or 4 deg. 50 min., at ten geographic miles a day, the traveller would not get much beyond the tropics in thirty days;

at twenty miles a-day, he would only reach 5 deg. 30 or 40 min. south latitude; and even at thirty miles a-day (which is altogether out of the question in a straight line), he would only reach 10 deg. 30 or 40 min. south latitude. It appears, therefore, that the sources of the White Nile remain to be discovered in the mountainous regions of Zanguebar, most probably in a continuation of the Lupara or Lupata of the middle ages, and of the Kilimandjara before noticed, and that in a position northward of Mono-Moezi, and of the great inland sea of Nyassi or Marave. It appears also that there are several head tributaries to the White Nile; which lends additional interest to this great unexplored tract of central Africa, situated immediately south of the equator, and tending towards the east. There are reasons thus to expect an extensive upland or mountainous country, a better climate than might otherwise be expected, and lands not improbably at once fertile, cultivated, and more or less densely populated. There is nothing but the outer range of the great mountain barrier—"the spine of the world"—to be crossed, to reach these untried and interesting districts. The timidity or the jealousy which stopped Dr. Biallobotsky at the threshold of an enterprise which had been undertaken with the very view to solve this important geographical problem (although probably undertaken in a too southerly latitude) is deeply to be deplored. It has thrown back the progress of geographical inquiry possibly a quarter of a century, and has drawn upon itself the animadversion of all lovers of enterprise. There are few discoveries to be made without some risk or some danger. That risk must be very glaring, that could authorise a consular officer to deny support to an expedition sanctioned by the Prince Consort. As to the opposition of the missionaries, it was no more than was to be expected: it is a common feature of human nature—whether missionary or geographic—not to like to be anticipated in a new field of research or discovery.

But while thirty days' journey, it may be observed, might carry the traveller to the division of the White Nile, forty might not reach its sources. At the island of Tshanker, the most southerly point attained by the Turk expedition, the stream was upwards of 300 yards in width from the island to the right shore; and there were two other arms. The waters were at this period of the year falling, and the vessels could only by taking out all their freight pass the only defile that remained in the rugged gneiss rocks. Had the expedition arrived twenty days previously, M. Werne says, "neither would all these rocks have been an obstacle, nor would they have been a pretext for not proceeding further."

The expedition ultimately started on its return, under salute of a shower of stones from the negroes. No wonder, when they had killed eleven of their countrymen—were perpetually cheating or plundering them—and had assumed in their intercourse with them the air of masters and lords of the soil. It certainly is unfortunate for future travellers that they should have been preceded by a Turkish expedition. The ways of Providence are, however, not always to be easily ascertained; and the results of this imperfect and half-civilized exploratory expedition are still of the highest interest and importance. Although the sources of the White Nile have not been discovered, it has been positively determined that they are situated far more to the south than was ever imagined by the boldest theorist—that they come from a great mountainous land wholly unknown and unexplored—that they water lands densely popu-

lated and abounding in the gifts of nature, both in the animal and vegetable worlds, and rich in objects of commerce—and that the waters of the Nile do not flow through these inland regions in the shape of a narrow continuous stream, but expand into lagoons and lakes, and are thus made to become a reservoir for inundating a lower country, and, at the same time, to fertilise an immense tract of country under an almost tropical sun.

"If," says M. Werne, "we consider this enigmatical stream territory, we ask ourselves whether the White River, of and by itself, with such a weight of water, can maintain these lagoons under an African sun? Were the Nile one stream, it must flow off faster; for the rains have already ceased here and previously—indeed, under the Equator itself. How could the Nile, which still shows its peculiar disposable mass of water, in its main-stream supply, quite alone, that enormous mass of water—and even to the present time maintain under water these immense reedy lakes—unless other tributary streams, the mouths of which stagnate, owing to the level nature of the ground and the counter-pressure of the main-stream, supplied a nourishment great beyond belief to this, with which it equally rises and falls? For the whole mass of water *in complexu* must suffer an incredible diminution during such a long tract, in its slow ebbing under a burning sun, or this Bahr el Abiad must have real giant springs in its source."

We do not think that it is in the least degree necessary to have recourse to these vague notions of tributary streams with stagnated mouths, or giant springs, to account for the phenomena in question. In the first place, the springs themselves are probably more distant than is imagined; and being derived, as before reported, from four different quarters, they may be far more productive than has been hitherto supposed. But a still more important fact to be kept in mind is, that this great hydrographical system is in part produced where it is met with. At the rainy season, according to the blacks, the rain falls in these regions in indescribable streams, and a single drop (to use an Arabic comparison) is as thick as a musket-ball. Subsequently to these violent showers, innumerable shallow lakes may be found in many places swelling up, and at last pouring their water into the Nile. "The character," says M. Werne (vol. i., p. 249), "of an emptied lake-basin is expressed in the whole stream territory."

An hypothesis before set up—that of making the White Nile spring from great lakes—would be thus partially confirmed, but the theory could not be extended to the united Nile, for both rivers increase and fall at the same time. The two arms of the Nile, the White and Blue Rivers, begin to ascend nearly simultaneously on the 2nd or 3rd of May; and it is scarcely possible that even one drop of these first rains in the high land, which the thirsty soil, moreover, immediately absorbs, and which are swallowed up by a course in a long valley-land, should reach Khartum in so short a time. The regions lying lower, and equally subject to the tropical rains, would appear, then, to be the cause of the first swellings of the White River. "If we should not," M. Werne justly observes, "take the nearer district of the tropical rains as an explanation of the simultaneous swelling of both arms of the Nile near Khartum, we could not explain this phenomenon, for the mountain waters of the White stream must, though with a far slower course, make three times as long a way

as the Blue Nile, in just the same time." "It would almost seem," he remarks elsewhere, "that the river is accumulated in a cauldron-shaped valley, the declivities of which encroach with long arms on the African world, and from which the discharge, after the periodical rains, would be also only periodical."

"A steam-boat," M. Werne also remarks elsewhere (vol. i., p. 187), "here might surmount many difficulties, and give us the necessary corrections for a map, which cannot be effected by sailing with a constant wind, owing to the often diametrically opposite windings, and the endless difficult calculations. The greatest difficulty," he proceeds to remark, "would be the establishment and protection of coal-magazines; and with regard to applying charcoal to this purpose, although the White Nile in its lower course has forests enough, yet not so on its middle and upper part; and even if the requisite wood should be found, much time must be lost in felling and preparing it for charcoal." This last objection is founded on mistake: the steam-boats which first navigated the Euphrates were for a considerable time worked by green wood, cut on the banks of the river. In a pamphlet on river navigation in India, by Mr. John Bourne, noticed lately in the City Article of the *Times*, a plan is developed for adapting a new kind of vessel to shallow and shifting waters. Upon this plan, which is of a composite boat—consisting, in fact, of several vessels connected by one deck, and which admit of a wide distribution of tonnage—it appears that 250 tons of cargo or fuel might be carried upon *twelve inches' draught of water, with a speed of fifteen miles an hour*; a peculiar construction of wheels being also resorted to, with the view of assisting the vessel in running over shoals. For the building and fitting of a boat of this kind, with engines of 350 horsepower, an estimate, it is said, has been sent in at 35,000*l.*, by Messrs. James Watt & Co., who feel no difficulty in undertaking it, and who believe that, in anticipating a speed of fifteen miles an hour, they have left an ample margin for all contingencies.

It is obvious, that with such boats, all the great rivers of the world might be opened to scientific exploration, and to commercial and friendly intercourse. Mr. Bourne anticipates, that not only might the distance between Calcutta and Allahabad, which now takes on the average twenty-two days, be reduced to three-and-a-half days, but that the entire distance to Delhi might be accomplished in from six to seven days. The navigation of the Indus might, by the same means, be extended to the five rivers of the Punjab; and, with the newly-opened navigation of the Euphrates and Tigris, would once more restore to Great Britain the commerce in the East which has lately been absorbed by Russia. The interior of China would be laid open by its main arteries. The mail could be taken up the Euphrates in about five days, travelling only by daylight. The unhealthy portion of the Niger could be passed over in the briefest possible space of time, and its more healthy interior opened to commerce and civilisation. The Nile also, it now appears, opens to the missionary, to the merchant, and to the man of science, the central regions of Africa—regions hitherto marked in the map as mountainous or desert, but in reality well peopled and fertile. For such great objects, M. Werne justly remarks, "Europeans alone are fitted, for," he adds, in true Teutonic simplicity, "they have ideas of humanity, and subjection to the will of One."

THE SPIRIT OF CHANGE IN SOUTHERN EUROPE.

BY JAMES HENRY SKENE, ESQ.

CHAPTER III.

SCHEMES OF THE SECRET SOCIETIES OF ITALY.

THE Austrian police was most vigilant for the purpose of detecting the Carbonari, and most active and persevering in hunting them down when discovered, or even suspected. In Lombardy there have, indeed, been instances of persons passing their whole lives in prison for this alleged offence, who had never had the slightest connexion with any political society. Among others, Marco Fortini, a most humble and single-minded priest, was condemned to the dungeons of Spielberg for being one of the Carbonari, of whose existence he had actually never heard, in his narrow sphere of life; and of whose denomination he positively did not know the meaning, as was evident on his trial. These redoubted prisons of Moravia were the bugbear of the Italians, who asserted that the unspeakable horrors committed within their walls equalled the almost fabulous cruelties of San Hermadad and the Holy Inquisition of the Spaniards in the middle ages, or of the Christian persecutions under the Romans. And the Nero of Spielberg was the Emperor Francis, who was called by his Austrian subjects "Der Gute Franz." He reserved to himself the exclusive direction of these dungeons, even in the most minute particulars; and this trait of character, together with the kind and humane disposition which he displayed towards the Germans, offers the most unaccountable anomaly of savage barbarity and implacable hatred harbouring in the same heart with mild benevolence and active charity. He found himself in possession of a part of Italy, which the course of events had united to his hereditary dominions: this territory was inhabited by a population foreign to that of Austria in language, in sentiments, in manners, and in origin; and it desired to remain Italian. In the eyes of the emperor, such ideas constituted a crime almost equally heinous with parricide; and the Lombard who was found guilty of entertaining them, became, in his sight, not only an enemy to be conquered, but also a great criminal to be punished, and above all, to be amended.

Carbonarism was, therefore, a political combination injurious to the interests of the state, which the imperial policy was prudent in suppressing; and at the same time it was a violation of the laws, both human and divine, which the imperial conscience could not leave unexpiated. Francis kept a plan of Spielberg in his study, with a detailed report of the daily and hourly occupations of its unhappy inmates, on which he issued orders for the minute direction of the state prison according to a penitentiary system of his own. He insisted that there existed no moral distinction between the prisoners condemned for Carbonarism or other political crimes, and the ordinary convicts who had been robbers or assassins. They were confined in similar cells, they wore the same style of prison dress, and they bore chains of equal size and weight.

He once ordered that each state-prisoner should have a criminal chained to him, like hounds in couples ; but the murderers and highway-men remonstrated against this, as being an aggravation of their sentence, not awarded by the court of justice which had tried them ; because they saw that greater hardships were inflicted on those who were punished for their opinions, than on those who were condemned for their acts. Starvation, for instance, was one of the means by which the good Francis hoped to redeem the refractory Carbonari ; and books and conversation were prohibited to them. They were also obliged to work ; and such men as Federico Confalonieri, the young Marchese Pallavicini, Pietro Borsieri, who was one of the first poets of Milan ; the delicate Conte Oroboni, who died of hunger ; the well-known Villa ; the great lawyer, Munari ; Colonel Moretti, a veteran of Napoleon's Imperial Guard ; Foresti, a magistrate ; the French author, Andryane ; and the celebrated Silvio Pellico, with his friend Maroncelli, were forced to knit one pair of coarse woollen stockings per week, in default of which their always loathsome food was totally withheld, or they suffered the *bastinado* ! Having perceived, on one of his inspections of Spielberg, that the loopholes of the state-prisoners' cells afforded them a slight glimpse of the beautiful valley of Brunn, the emperor had a high wall built to intercept the scanty view. But it would be endless to attempt to multiply the alleged instances of refined torture which they underwent ; and in everything the express order of Francis dictated the particulars ; whilst this inhuman treatment was borne, in some cases, for ten years ; in others, for twenty ; and in many, for a whole lifetime.

Such, then, was the Good Francis ; good towards every one, with the sole exception of his unfortunate Italian state-prisoners, whom he regarded as the most atrocious felons. He was a model as a husband and a father ; he was adored by his German subjects ; he governed Lombardy with paternal kindness ; and in all else he displayed good temper and moderation. When he received the heart-rending appeals and petitions of the miserable families of his victims, he would answer, with the greatest apparent kindness and with the most feeling manner, "He is not yet sufficiently corrected : " and when their period of incarceration had expired, he would evince the most touching solicitude for their future welfare. Thus, when Andryane was restored to his relations, after having expiated his imaginary crimes by ten long years of hunger, thirst, cold, and chains, the emperor recommended them, in writing, "to clothe him warmly, as he might catch cold ; and not to give him too much to eat at first, as his stomach was weakened, and must be gradually habituated to receive a sufficient quantity of food." These are striking instances of the natural tendency of man to abuse the power entrusted to him, when it is unlimited ; they show, how too great a control over the destinies of his fellow-creatures is apt to obscure the mind and to deprave the heart ; and they prove that he can be, at the same time, kind by nature and cruel by system.

Another secret political society was formed in Italy, which bore the title of Sanfedists, or the Partisans of the Holy Faith. It owed its existence to the intrigues of Austria, and it was a casual result of her policy with regard to the Italian States ; for the ambition of the emperors had long been directed towards the great object of annexing that peninsula to their empire, as they have done with Hungary, Transylvania, Bohemia, and a great part of Poland and Illyria. Lombardy and the

Venetian dependencies were already in their power, and their influence was actively, though secretly, exercised throughout the country, even as far as the Lylibaean promontory. Latterly, the Emperor of Austria had allowed it to be more evident how much he longed to get his leg firmly established in the boot, and the Italians have endeavoured, as unequivocally, to keep it out. This spirit of encroachment has been the subject of bitter invectives on the part of the natives, who stigmatised the German policy as being grasping and perfidious. Its immediate aim was to render foreign intervention necessary in Italy, and to precipitate that country into a dilemma from which it could not be extricated without their mediation. The means employed for this purpose may not have been always perfectly legitimate, and they had the effect of rendering the Austrian name odious to the Italians. Disorders were fomented, difficulties were raised to obstruct the tranquil progress of administration, and snares were laid for the petty princes, whose inheritance was coveted by the emperor. He gave them artful counsels, which induced them to commit errors; he encouraged them to be rigorous to an excess in their mode of governing, in order that they might become unpopular; and, like a crafty usurer, he placed his overflowing coffers at the disposal of their needy finance departments, for the purpose of having their crowns pawned to him. If an insurrection occurred, which was perhaps excited by his own agents, he would offer his assistance to put it down, and then he would intercede for the pardon of the rebels, appearing thus in the favourable light of a friend and protector to both parties. This deep and wily policy of the Ghibelline faction was principally put in practice with regard to the temporal interests of their ancient antagonists, the Guelphic adherents. Over this ample field the imperial eagle soared, in watchful expectation of a favourable opportunity for pouncing down on the strong fortresses, rich provinces, and wealthy cities of the Papal States.

The priest looked on in silence, and buried his rancour in the impenetrable recesses of the Vatican. He saw his enemy advancing with slow and stealthy but irresistible steps, surmounting every obstacle, whether by cunning or by violence, and marching onwards from conquest to conquest, with alternate clemency and rigour towards the vanquished. The sullen Guelph chafed the bit, and resigned himself to the repeated affronts which were lavished on him by his rival, for the hour of retribution had not yet sounded. He, too, at times indulged in bright visions of the unity of Italy, but with self-deluding ambition he thought only of the papal supremacy of the middle ages, and fancied that he might again subjugate the whole peninsula, as in the days of the great Popes, Innocent, Gregory, or Leo. These bold aspirations and wild anachronisms were concealed, however, within the precincts of the councils and consistories of Rome; while, to all appearances, the Pontiff bowed his priestly crown before the vassal who had formerly knelt in abject humility to crave his recognition. He smiled on his oppressor, received him as a protector, and confided his forts and towns to his care; chanting at St. Peter's the "*Te Deum laudamus*" for every victory gained over the Holy See by the encroaching German. The other princes of Italy, also wincing under the iron pressure of the grasping talon of the imperial eagle, rallied round their spiritual pastor, and formed a league against the slow and gradual invasion of the barbarian, as they had already been united in their efforts to put down their equally formidable foes, the Carbonari.

This pact gave birth to the alliance which was known under the clerical title of the Consistory of the Sanfedists. The principal luminaries of the anti-Austrian combination were the King of Sardinia, who had always belonged to the Guelphic faction both from conviction and from interest, the King of Naples, and the Duke of Modena. These two latter were blinded to the claims of previous protection by personal ambition; and one of them, the Duke of Modena, forgot even the ties of consanguinity. Several of the German princes, who were naturally opposed to the undue aggrandisement of one of their confederation, also joined the conspiracy. The Pope was the grand master of this species of order, and the Jesuits were its apostles, while only persons of high rank, either in the church or at these courts, were affiliated. Feudal Catholicism was their leading principle, and their sworn purposes were, war with Austria, and death to the Carbonari.

The Sanfedists, like the Carbonari, had their statutes, their emblems, and their hierarchy, consisting of different grades and functions. Every novice received, on initiation and on admission to the sanctuary, an iron medal, on which mystical symbols represented the objects of their association. These were composed of a Madonna, supported by a group of angels, and holding in one hand a palm-branch, while she brandished a sword with the other, after having immolated with it the Spirit of Darkness, which lay dead at her feet. The allegory is evident: the Madonna was Italy or the Church, the angels were the Sanfedists, and the Spirit of Darkness was Austria. Their oath was the most horribly impious bond which was ever elicited from the perversion of the human heart. They swore to persecute and to slay their enemies by whatever means they could; and they vowed "not to spare a single individual, whatever might be his birth, parentage, or fortune; not to have compassion on the tears of childhood or old age; and to shed, even to the last drop, the blood of the infamous liberals, without regard for sex, age, or rank." And this was to be done in the name of the Holy Faith, and in support of the Church of Christ! This oath was taken at a time when they had suppressed their hatred of Austria, and had admitted the Imperial agents into their ranks; for the Parisian revolution of July, 1830, had created such a panic in the breasts of both the Guelphic and Ghibelline parties, that the Emperor and the Pope trembled for their respective claims on Italy. Their common fears, then, drove them into an alliance against the Carbonari, who had derived fresh confidence and sanguine hopes from the fall of Charles X. This pact was cemented by a curious oath, and a form of catechism, from which the following are authentic extracts:—

"In presence of God, the Omnipotent Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, of Mary the ever immaculate Virgin, of all the Heavenly Court, and of the Honoured Father, I swear rather to let my right hand be cut off, my throat cut, to die of hunger or in the most atrocious tortures; and I pray the Lord God Omnipotent to condemn me to the eternal punishments of hell, rather than I should betray or deceive one of the honoured fathers of the Catholic and Apostolic Society, in which I am now inscribed, or than I should not scrupulously fulfil its laws, or than I should not assist my needy brethren. I swear to continue resolute in the defence of the sacred cause which I have embraced. Finally, I swear implacable hatred to all the enemies of our Holy Roman Catholic religion, unique and true.

“ Question : How do you recognise a man who is faithful to his God and his prince ?

“ Answer : By three words—faith, hope, and indissoluble union.

“ Question : Who received you among the Sanfedists ?

“ Answer : A venerable old man with white hair.

“ Question : How did he receive you ?

“ Answer : He made me place my knee on the cross, and my right hand on the Holy Eucharist, while he armed me with a sword which he had blessed.

“ Question : Where did he receive you ?

“ Answer : On the banks of the Jordan, in a place not contaminated by the enemies of the sacred religion and of the prince's, at the self-same hour when our Divine Redeemer was born.

“ Question : Which are your colours ?

“ Answer : I cover my head with yellow and black (those of Austria); and I cover my heart with white and yellow (those of the Pope).

“ Question : Do you know how many we are ?

“ Answer : We are certainly sufficiently numerous to annihilate the enemies of the Holy Religion, and of the monarchy.

“ Question : What is your duty ?

“ Answer : To hope, in the name of God and of the only true Roman Catholic Church.

“ Question : Which way does the wind blow ?

“ Answer : From Palestine and from the Vatican ; it will destroy all the enemies of God

“ Question : What are the bonds that unite us ?

“ Answer : The love of God, of our country, and of truth.

“ Question : How do you sleep ?

“ Answer : Always at peace with God, and with the hope of awaking at war with the enemies of his Holy Name.

“ Question : How are your steps called ?

“ Answer : The first is Alpha, the second is Noah's Ark, the third is the Imperial Eagle, and the fourth is the Key of Heaven.

“ Courage, then, brother, and perseverance !”

This exhortation, which concludes the interrogatory, is repeated both by the initiator and the catechumen, to whom several other questions of minor import are addressed, according to the form of affiliation of the Sanfedists.

Thus, the Carbonari laboured* for the liberation of Italy from the trammels of her princes and her priests, and for the formation of the whole country into one Ausonian Republic ; and the Sanfedists intrigued to save Italy from the encroachment and oppressive protection of Austria, excepting on that one occasion, and to preserve the thrones of her petty sovereigns from the fall prepared for them by the Carbonari. These two sects were, therefore, equally opposed to Austria and to each other, inasmuch as the former was the democratical party, and the latter supported the national monarchies.

But there arose, as it were out of the differences which existed between the rival leagues, a third political society, advocating the cause of the people against their rulers both native and foreign, and without desiring unity under one government. This institution of patriots took the name of Young Italy, and its object was to reduce the country to the form of

small federal republics, or united states. They argued that the geographical peculiarities, as well as the moral state of Italy, rendered her more susceptible of being divided into an organised confederation of independent provinces, than of being amalgamated under one central administration; which would, in their opinion, be productive of weakness instead of strength. They contended that the loss of a single battle, or the taking of the capital, might make the whole country pass under foreign rule; that, had this been the case during the past vicissitudes of Italy, the French or German language would at this moment be spoken from the Alps to the southern coast of Sicily; and that the subdivision of territory had, more than once, eventually saved the whole, by rendering the occasional subjugation of a portion more easy. Their motto was, that union, not fusion, constituted power.

The Young-Italy sect followed an altogether different mode of proceeding from its predecessors, and it carried on its operations by means of agents in the different countries where political refugees from Italy had found an asylum. It preached a general crusade of Italians, from all parts of Europe where they were living in exile, against the Austrians, and against the princes of Italy who were attached to Austria, or who governed absolutely; while no effort was spared in order to excite a universal internal revolt. Various works were published for the diffusion of their doctrines; and, among others, that of Gioberti warmly advocated the cause: it appeared in the year 1843, and was styled, "The Civil and Moral Supremacy of the Italians." He endeavoured to rouse his countrymen to make another struggle for their independence; and argued that strength can only exist for Italy in federation. The centre and nucleus, he wrote, should be the Pope; and he pointed out the throne of Sardinia as its greatest natural bulwark.

This publication created a great sensation in Italy, although every attempt was made by the Austrian police to prevent its circulation; and it may be considered as having acted as a powerful stimulus to the revolutionary disposition of the Italians. In the following year an expedition was even undertaken, in the hope of inducing the Calabrians to take up arms at once, by landing on their coast with incendiary and exciting proclamations.

Since the Neapolitans revolted in 1821, and the Bolognese in 1831, and were both put down by the armed intervention of Austria, Italy had remained in an attitude of tame submission to the overwhelming force and predominant influence of the hated Germans. The Piedmontese, it is true, had imitated the movement of Naples, but with no greater success; and general discouragement pervaded all ranks of society after so many failures. There are, however, among mankind ardent and sanguine spirits, to whom hope is never a stranger, even in the lowest stage of adversity, and although their scheme may be in itself wild and visionary. Such were Emilio and Attilio Bandiera: they were the sons of an admiral in the Austrian service, and they also held actual rank in the Imperial navy.

Having become suspected, they took refuge in the Island of Corfu, where they organised their plan, and were joined by several persons of some note among the Italian refugees. These were Riciotti, formerly a major of infantry; Moro, a lieutenant in the navy; Nardi, an advocate; and others, forming in all a party of eighteen; and among them was a

young man of the name of Boccaciampi, a Corsican, and the son of a field-officer of one of the foreign regiments in the service of England. When they landed in Calabria, the latter left the devoted band, and denounced them to the authorities at Cosenza. Soldiers were sent out against them; and an engagement ensued, in which one life was lost on each side, the remainder of the expedition being taken alive. The two Bandieras, Riciotti, Moro, and two more, were condemned to death and shot; while the others were sentenced to imprisonment. Vengeance was yowed by the secret society; and funeral rites have been performed annually on the day of their death, in order that the memory of the victims might be held in honour, and that their bold example might be followed by others. These incidents were evidently the precursors of a more general movement; and the state of the popular mind in Italy was such, that it was universally believed the whole nation was about to undergo a great political change.

CHAPTER IV.

GENERAL STATE OF FEELING PRODUCTIVE OF THE LATE POLITICAL MOVEMENTS IN ITALY AND SICILY.

THE general peace of Europe, which commenced with the Congress of Vienna in the year 1815, had lasted upwards of thirty years. During this period Italy groaned in sullen dissatisfaction beneath the corrupt rule of foreign princes, who were themselves the mere vassals of the greater powers; or languished in an equally degrading state of servitude under the administration of their native sovereigns, which was in every respect similar to it. She was also oppressed by her nobles and her priests. These two classes, both most numerous, and both forming a dead weight on the more useful portions of society, seemed to have combined and made a common cause. Improvement, moral as well as material, was their enemy, and they declared war against innovations or progress of every kind which could endanger their power. Although united in sentiments and in interests, there was, however, one great difference between them: the nobility were poor, and the priesthood affluent; the former were too proud to do anything, either for themselves or for others; whilst the latter, albeit idle in habits and disposition, contrived to carry on a thriving trade. The nobles were impoverished by their indolence, their vices, and their rapid augmentation in number, as each member of a family inherited the title and honours of the parent, which he could not adequately support on his proportionate fraction of the property, divided equally among the heirs; and the priests were enriched by preying on the weak consciences of the people. Their number was, also, excessive, for the Romish policy had kept it up to a scale which is almost incredible; and in the Papal States the ecclesiastics amounted to nearly five per cent of their population, so that, had they all been effective pastors, the flock of each would hardly have exceeded twenty individuals of every age. The three great evils which pressed on Italy were, therefore, the subjection of her sovereigns to foreign influence, the immense increase of a dissolute and domineering aristocracy, and the venality and corruption of her overgrown church. These required re-

form, but the reforms have run to seed, and instead of constitutional stability, they have produced anarchy and demoralisation.

The Carbonari deemed that the sole remedy was to be found in the formation of the Ausonian Republic; but a careful examination of the map, and the minute study of the characteristics of the different populations, suffice to prove their error.

Italy, being separated from the remainder of Europe by the most lofty chain of mountains existing in this quarter of the globe, possesses an individuality, pervading both her moral and physical condition, which is more indelible than in any other continental country. This general character, which is apparent in the whole length of the peninsula, is, however, subdivided into many classes of distinctive features, which are peculiar to the different states. The Apennines, running from the West to the South-east, and forming an elbow, divide Italy into two long and narrow belts of similar form and of almost equal extent. A country thus longitudinally bisected by a mountain chain, in many places inaccessible, must necessarily offer insurmountable obstacles to a system of centralisation; whilst natural boundaries present themselves for small and compact states, which would greatly facilitate the development of their various and respective resources. The Apennines leave towards the north, for instance, the wide plains of Piedmont and Lombardy, which possess every means of internal prosperity, and would gain nothing by being incorporated with the other provinces of Italy.

Thirty-six thousand square miles of fine alluvial soil, watered by six rivers—the Po, the Piave, the Tagliamento, the Adda, the Ticino, and the Adige, besides innumerable smaller streams, which fall from the vast amphitheatre of the Alps and Apennines, whose perennial snows, partially melted by the burning sun of an Italian summer, send down in all directions a never-failing supply of water for irrigation—constitute an essentially agricultural country. Rich pastures and abundant harvests are thus easily produced on the lower lands, while the slopes of the hills are clothed with mulberry-trees and vineyards, rising gradually until they are lost in the lofty forests which crown their rugged heights. Husbandry is in a state of high perfection, especially as regards irrigation, which is reduced to an admirable system; and Indian corn and rice are grown in great abundance. Artificial meadows are successfully cultivated, and the produce of silk is three times what it was twenty years ago, as it now yields annually ten millions sterling. These are certainly advantages which are not enjoyed by all the provinces of Italy, and they are turned to the utmost account by a sober and industrious population. But the Calabrians and Sicilians are a people of very different habits and temper; and the Lombards would have a just cause of complaint were the surplus wealth of their plains shared with the indolent and luxurious inhabitants of Southern Italy. It is the same with commerce as with agriculture; Genoa in this respect eclipses Rome; and the active trader would not see with pleasure the fruits of his labours and his risks enjoyed by a distant capital, instead of being concentrated in his native city. The Ligurians of Genoa, also, show a marked difference of race and constitution from the people of any of the other Italian states. They proudly claim descent from the Celtic tribes, which were the last to be subjugated by Augustus, and which had allied themselves

with the Carthaginians against the Roman empire after the second Punic war; they have always been a nation of sailors and of merchants; and the descendants, as well as the ancestors, of Columbus and Doria displayed the greatest aptness for maritime and commercial enterprise. In personal appearance they differ so much from the other Italians, that they still show their foreign extraction; their complexion is swarthy, their black hair is lank and smooth, and their short figure is robust; forming, thus, a striking contrast to the light brown hair, blue eyes, and tall stature of their Tuscan neighbours beyond the Magra. They possess, therefore, no spirit of nationality in common with the inhabitants of the other states, and they even derive from their historical reminiscences a feeling of alienation from them.

After studying these and other lights and shades in the Italian character, the theory of one united government can hardly be supported. Italy is peopled by Piedmontese, Lombards, Tuscans, Romans, and Neapolitans; these races have each their ambition and self-love, which cannot be made subservient to those of another province; and Turin, Milan, Florence, Rome, and Naples, would all claim the right to be the capital of united Italy. No one of these would yield to another, because they are not like the provincial towns of England or France, but are, in fact, all capitals; and even the Eternal City, the Immortal Rome, would fail in obtaining the submission of the others. Besides this, the Italian nation being composed of many heterogeneous elements, the same institutions would not suit the condition of all; and a central government must either legislate on different principles for the separate races, and administer their respective affairs according to various systems, or fall into the inevitable alternative of partiality and injustice by sacrificing the interests of one people to those of another; for a common standard would have the effect of the bed of Procrustes.

The area of the continental portion of the Kingdom of Sardinia, including the Alps of Savoy and the Maritime Alps, contains 19,850 square miles, and supports a population of 4,140,000 inhabitants. The most productive region of this territory is the broad valley of Piedmont, extending downwards from the Simplon and Mount Cenis to the Maritime Alps and the Apennines. It is watered by the Po, and it produces maize, as well as wheat and hemp, in abundant quantities, but they merely suffice for the internal consumption of the people; silk and wine, however, are exported to a considerable amount. The districts around Genoa, which are now called Maritime Liguria, are formed of a lengthened series of undulating mountain-terraces and ravines, which are merely a continuation of the Alps and Apennines; and the olive-tree is successfully cultivated on them. The geographical position, therefore, of this country, stationed, as it were, between France and Italy Proper, and acting as an outpost in defence of the latter against invasion from that quarter, could not but influence the character of its inhabitants and the conduct of its government in a manner which can never be experienced in the valley of the Arno or on the plains of Romagna. The dynasty of Sardinia, differing from the other reigning families of Italy, was always remarkable for the warlike disposition and the statesman-like qualities of its princes. Equally gallant in the field and sagacious in the cabinet, their peculiar fitness for governing such a state was preserved and enhanced by their being constantly kept on the alert against foreign

aggressions. Piedmont is the key of Italy ; the Savoyard princes are the Lords of the Marches ; and the court of Turin is consequently a school of war and diplomacy. After ten centuries of feudal ferocity, the pride of this long line of ancestry fell before the irresistible hurricane which swept over the north of Italy in 1792 ; and, broken by the tempest, the noble and unbending oak lay prostrate beneath the overweening insolence and grinding oppression which have ever accompanied French conquest ; but, at length, the European triumph over Bonaparte restored the kings of Piedmont to their throne.

The character of Charles Albert, the late king, has never been thoroughly understood, so contradictory have been his actions and so varied his policy. For a time he appeared to be wholly possessed by the spirit of national independence which pervaded the country, and was concentrated in a focus formed by the Young-Italy association ; but he subsequently seemed to have abandoned their alliance, and he adopted a system of government which amounted almost to absolutism, although it was ably concealed under an affected deference for popular impulses. He then protected the Jesuits, and evinced a truly Italian reverence for the priestly and monkish tyrants who enslaved the people. In his daily habits he acted the part of a person expecting to be called on as a leader of the nation ; abstemious and hardy, he lived as a soldier, having already displayed courage and military talents in the French campaign of 1823 against the Spanish liberals ; and quick of perception, acute in judgment, and sufficiently crafty withal, he proved himself to be an apt disciple of Machiavelli, the great preceptor of Italian rulers. These qualities marked him, in the eyes of the Italians, as the most fitting rival whom Italy could bring forward against the Emperor of Austria ; and being of more purely Italian descent than any other of her princes, they considered him to be the only suitable champion of her independence.

The spirit of Italianism in Piedmont was, nevertheless, of tardy growth, because the mercantile industry and municipal liberty of the Genoese republic and its dependencies had in some measure given place to territorial, and almost feudal, influence. However prejudicial this may have been to general progress and improvement, it still was productive of a degree of hardihood and tenacity of nature among the inhabitants, which rendered the Piedmontese nation more than ordinarily adapted to receive an extension of their freedom. They were attached to the established government, and although they ardently desired its amelioration, they acted at first with so much prudence and moderation that it became possible for the throne to make concessions to the people without endangering the peace and prosperity of so promising and hopeful a country, whilst the claims of the subject might thus at the same time be reconciled with the prerogatives of the sovereign.

In the heart of the peninsula two of the Italian powers are closely united : Tuscany and Latium, Florence and Rome, are the undivided centre of the country. The Tuscans, although enjoying comparative welfare under the absolute government of their Grand Duke, who happened to be a just and good man, were not behind the other populations of Italy ; and the posting of placards against the Austrians at different times, proved that a certain degree of effervescence existed also among them. A political demonstration took place at Pisa on the 7th of March, 1847, which left no doubt that a seditious movement was in preparation ;

and at Leghorn a restless spirit seemed to have pervaded the citizens, which led to some disturbances in the beginning of the month of September of the same year. All business was discontinued, the streets were constantly crowded with people, and bands of young men marched in all directions, carrying drums and flags. The government was paralysed; and the troops quitted their colours, assuming the Italian cockade, and "fraternising" with the mob. The inhabitants of Pisa poured into Leghorn in great numbers, and, uniting with those of the latter town, they repaired together to the cathedral, where a "Te Deum" was sung, and the national standard was consecrated and blessed. Professor Montanelli of Pisa harangued the people, exciting them to achieve the independence of Italy, sword in hand; and he was enthusiastically cheered and applauded.

The Duke of Lucca, alarmed by the desire of reform which animated his subjects, fled to Modena on the 12th of September, 1847, and abdicated in favour of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who took possession of this small state on the 10th of October. The Duke of Modena followed his example shortly afterwards, and for the same reasons.

Under Pope Gregory XVI. the dungeons of Rome were constantly occupied by prisoners for political offences. Persons thus accused were tried by military boards instead of the ordinary courts of justice; no regular proceedings were entered, no defence, no publicity was allowed, and the process comprised only the indictment and the sentence.

Trials involving the liberty of the subject and the welfare of his family were decided by intrigue, unmasked and shameless; private enmities found vent in denunciations; and the fears, jealousies, and animosities of a timid and corrupt government dictated the secret reports of stipendiary spies. An inquisitorial and summary examination sufficed to banish those who had thus given umbrage, or to consign them to prison. A band of myrmidons, called "Centurioni," invaded the streets of Rome by night, insulting, ill-treating, or arresting all who had the misfortune to be seen by them and to displease them. Numerous meetings, were it merely to sup together, were regarded as state crimes; while liberty of opinion was unknown, and the slightest expression of dissatisfaction with the government called down prompt and signal vengeance on the devoted head of the imprudent malcontent. No national representation existed, no means of evincing public feeling—no justice, and no security; but all was abuse of power, tyranny, and corruption.

On the 1st of July, 1846, Pope Gregory died; and on the 16th of the same month the Bishop of Imola was raised to the papal see, under the name of Pius the Ninth. His first act was to unbolt the doors of the state prisons, and to restore their wretched inmates to their homes and families, while he invited all political refugees to return to Italy. No less than 6000 persons thus recovered their liberty in one day; and an infinite number of exiles regained their native country, in virtue of a proclamation which was published at Rome on the 17th of July. This document was not only the expression of the warm and kindly feelings of one of the best hearts that ever existed, but it was also a masterpiece of statesmanship. Its mild and dignified tone offered nothing that could hurt the wounded pride of those who received his clemency; while its moderation equally avoided any appearance of censure on the past administration. It was the production of a Christian priest, who called to

mind that he was also a sovereign, in order to prove his right of granting pardon. It breathed the very quintessence of the spirit of forgiveness and conciliation; and, as a political decree, it was as new in style as in matter. It is no wonder, then, that popular gratitude and appreciation should have raised its author so much above his pontifical predecessors and his royal contemporaries, and should have placed him for a time, as it were, on a pedestal, to be admired and worshipped. After this inauguration, his reign commenced with the suppression of many abuses, and he vigorously applied himself to the cleansing of the Augean stable. So far he was successful; but over-excitement drove the people to wish for more than he could grant, and the Pope has been the victim of his good intentions.

There was a party, however, in the Roman States which opposed these reforms; and they even questioned the legality of the election of Pius, whom they persisted in calling Count Mastai. This faction was headed by the Jesuits, whose emissaries visited the legations, and endeavoured in vain, to excite discontent among the people. At Modena, which was the focus and head-quarters of Jesuitism, a sermon was preached by one of them on the great dangers which threatened the Holy See, in consequence of the existing spirit of innovation; but their doctrines did not please, and they were ironically called the Paradisians. Their opposition to the Pope was not confined to preaching, however, for they fomented riots also. At Cesenatico, in the month of February, 1847, a country curate suddenly appeared with 500 armed peasants, whom he had been haranguing, and they attempted to plunder the town; but the population, supported by the garrison, attacked this horde of fanatics, whose evident object was to stir up a civil war. The fight was obstinate: 9 were killed, 90 were wounded, and 180 were arrested, among whom were four priests. After this, another collision took place between the Gregorians, as they styled themselves, from the name of the late pontiff, and the dragoons of Pius, at Foligno; but the result was not so serious. Thus the partisans of the old system wished, at every cost, to overthrow the rational advantages which the Pope was gradually conferring on his subjects; for there was no doubt of the origin and character of these disturbances, as, among other indications, it was soon remarked that there was an unusual circulation of Austrian money, known by the name of bavaro—a coin very rare in the Roman provinces, and which became most abundant at that time.

The occupation of Ferrara by the Austrians was the first act of the open rupture between Germany and Italy, which had long been inevitable. If strength was on the side of the aggressor, right was certainly with the assailed, because it was as much a flagrant violation of the Treaty of 1815 as the annexation of Cracow was; and it was the progressive ameliorations, which Pius was introducing in the social and political condition of the Italians, that roused the German Autocrat to oppose their further improvement. The moderate, prudent, and cautious steps of the Pope, leading his subjects to the enjoyment of the municipal privileges, which are the sole guarantees of the peace and prosperity of a people, alarmed him, and he determined to check their further progress. The Pope resigned the power vested in his predecessors, which he considered to be incompatible with the welfare of his subjects; and a stranger came forward to order him to continue to misgovern his people, because it did

not suit his views that they should be more free. Sword in hand, the foreign intruder resisted the abolition of the abuses and indignities which other nations cast from them, in proportion as education and industry succeed to ignorance and indolence; and after intrigues had been used in every way, in order to frustrate the measures of Pius, and plots and conspiracies had been formed to circumvent them, open violence was resorted to. Austria foresaw the consequences, and resisted any change, with the conviction that it would not be possible to check it when once commenced; and the issue has proved the correctness of her views.

If actions are to be judged by their results, the policy of the Emperor, in this instance, cannot justly be condemned; and it would have been well for Rome if his opposition had been sufficiently vigorous to check the inordinate spirit of change which has plunged her into so calamitous a position; but on the other hand, it cannot be denied that the system of government called loudly for improvement, and Pius was but doing his duty when he endeavoured to purge it from its defects, which were so flagrant and aggravating to the population. The only legitimate conclusions which can, therefore, be arrived at are, that the latter could not conscientiously avoid acting as he did, and that the former, having calculated probabilities more correctly, allowed himself to be guided by expediency rather than by equity.

The kingdom of Naples was the second cradle of the Hellenic race; it was called by them *Magna Grecia*; and it is even now the Greece of Italy, if so paradoxical an expression may be permitted. Its inhabitants still possess the true Doric genius, though it is less sober and temperate in them; and they are the reverse of the Northern Italians, for they err by excesses, as the latter do by deficiencies, in their moral constitution. They are remarkable for their lively imagination, ardent impetuosity, great mobility of thought, and for their exaggerated style of expressing it; but these qualities are to be envied in a people, as they only require to be moderated in order that the nation possessing them may be brought nearer to perfection. Such redundant excitability is, however, dangerous in critical circumstances; and a combustible train was prepared in the kingdom of the Two Sicilies, which readily fired at the first spark of incendiary revolutionism.

Society had for a long period hung on loose hinges; and the anarchy to which it had been, in some measure, a constant prey, was the consequence of the accumulated evils of many centuries. Latterly it had been chiefly owing to the forced ignorance of the people, that this state of matters was made to continue; for the diffusion of knowledge had been prevented by the most impenetrable veil which prejudice ever spread before its enlightening rays. These beautiful dominions, though they seem to call on their inhabitants merely to take advantage of the bounties of nature in order to make them a paradise upon earth, were afflicted with the greatest curses which can fall on humanity, as the annals of history afford but few instances of such malignant imbecility on the part of the rulers, such barefaced perversion of justice, and such universal corruption. A violent effort to remedy these evils was made by the population in the year 1821, and the king granted a constitution; but he left his capital soon afterwards on the plea of bad health, and re-

turned with an Austrian force to take it from them. In the Island of Sicily this short respite became the origin of still greater sufferings.

From the time of King Ruggiero down to the year 1812, that is, during an uninterrupted term of seven centuries, it had enjoyed the undisputed right of having a separate constitutional charter, and a parliament of its own. These privileges had been respected by thirty-eight successive sovereigns of the most powerful dynasties of Europe, to whom the island was subject at various periods. Sicily, therefore, possessed the most ancient representative government in the world. On one occasion this national chamber of deputies opposed a new tax, which was projected at Naples, and which threatened to impoverish the country. The principal members, who were the heads of the first families, were arbitrarily thrown into prison or exiled for their crime; they invoked the intervention of England, and a new and more liberal constitution was founded, which was intended to secure the rights of the subject against similar aggressions on the part of the crown.

It was in the year 1812 that Great Britain attempted to redeem Sicily from her state of degradation, by giving her greater freedom; but, instead of bettering her condition, the new constitution soon gave place to the proclamation of martial law. It may be asked how such a consummation could be the result of so promising a political experiment. The answer is simple: England did either too much or too little—too much for the preservation of public tranquillity, and too little for the establishment of civil liberty. She attempted to engraft an improved form of representation and administration upon venality and iniquity in the distribution of justice, oppression on the part of the nobility and priesthood, bigotry and ignorance, which characterised the people, and dissoluteness and vice in all classes. These evils ought either to have been eradicated before the foundations were laid for the construction of the edifice of political freedom, or they should have been gradually levelled with the ground, by introducing progressive practical reforms into the existing system of legislation and government. But neither of these courses was followed, and the free constitution, so plausible and specious in theory, which sprang up to perfection at once like a fairy palace, vanished also like that baseless fabric, without leaving any traces of its existence.

The higher classes hailed the extension of civil liberty with hypocrisy, in the hope of taking their own advantage of the people; who, on their part, soon perceived and resented the bad faith of their superiors, and it therefore became unprofitable to all parties. The only manner of solving the difficulty was to cut the Gordian knot, and both classes agreed to invite the English to take the exclusive power into their own hands.

This extreme measure had indeed become an unavoidable necessity, in order to prevent a civil war; and thus ended an experiment of political regeneration in Sicily, which was made either too imperfectly or too prematurely.

In 1816, when Ferdinand IV. had recovered his throne, this constitution was declared to have been abrogated, without returning to the more ancient representative system; and Sicily was reduced, by a royal decree, from her place in the family of states, to be merely a province of the kingdom of Naples. The same dynasty which had twice sworn to pre-

serve intact the separate government of the island, and which had found a hospitable asylum there for ten years, degraded it by a stroke of the pen. In doing so, however, the perjured king lost sight of the fact that his act of spoliation annulled also the right of his family to the sovereignty of Sicily; for this branch of the house of Bourbon reigned in that island only in virtue of its constitution.

His government became, therefore, a mere usurpation; and it continued from that time forward to be founded solely on the right of the strongest; it was supported only by physical force, and cannon and bayonets formed the principal basis of the political relations which existed between the monarch and his subjects. A series of acts of vexation and oppression, provoked, indeed, by mutual hatred, then commenced, which continued without remission until the beginning of the past year; and laws were framed and institutions founded for the exclusive benefit of the continental portion of the kingdom, and to the inevitable detriment of the island. The Sicilians allege that the Neapolitan ministers had declared, on returning to Naples with Ferdinand, that "they would leave nothing to Sicily save her eyes, that she might weep;" and they have not belied the omen, for they have certainly been unhappy. When the constitution, which was extorted from the king by the people of Naples, was withdrawn, this became the occasion of new sufferings on the part of the Sicilians; for a fleet, bearing ten thousand soldiers, was sent against Palermo. The Palermitans repulsed this force, and it went to Messina, where it gained admission by deluding the inhabitants with a promise of making their city the capital of the island. When once it was received in Sicily, the Neapolitan army treated the population as a vanquished foe, by imposing tributes, making prisoners, dismissing public functionaries, and electing, at the point of the bayonet, representatives of the people, whom they sent to legislate at Naples. Palermo did not yield, and was besieged for nine days, during which the citizens fought with such gallantry that the beleaguering army capitulated. A treaty was signed by General Florestano Pepe on the part of the king, and the Prince of Paterno for the Palermitans, containing the express condition that Sicily should enjoy administrative independence and a separate chamber of deputies. But it was not ratified at Naples, and Pepe resigned his rank with indignation, refusing, likewise, the order of knighthood and the pension, which were awarded to him for his campaign. He publicly stigmatised the conduct of his government as a shameful act of bad faith and injustice, and he withdrew from the service.

Sicily having been thus reduced by treachery, she followed the fallen fortunes of Naples, and suffered a foreign military occupation for eight years. During this long period many prayers and petitions for a constitution were in vain laid at the foot of the throne, which remained inexorable, until the exasperation of the people had at length reached its utmost limits at the close of the year 1847.

Such was the history of the rise and progress of the spirit of change amongst the Italians; and this was the moral and political condition of the Italian states at the commencement of the past memorable year, the events of which are too well known to require any comments.

LEGENDS OF LEUBUS.

BY JOHN OXENFORD, ESQ.

LEUBUS! What is Leubus—or where is Leubus? Why, Leubus is a place that affords two or three very tolerable stories, and therefore we fasten upon Leubus, small though it be, hoping that any other gentleman will be able to give as good a reason for his particular fancy.

Leubus, near Breslau, is in itself small and insignificant, but its convent was one of the most famous in Silesia. When the north-eastern part of that country was inhabited by the Suevi, there was, it is said, a temple to the God of War on the site where the convent was afterwards erected. The holy edifice owes its origin to the good Duke Casimir I. of Poland, who had such an exalted opinion of the piety of monks, that he fetched twelve Benedictines all the way from Clugni, in France, to work at the moral reformation of his subjects. To provide them with a suitable habitation he founded two monasteries, one near Cracow and the other at Leubus, knocking down the old heathen temple to make room for it. This was done in the year 1053, when Paganism was not quite extinct in Silesia.

The Benedictines went on comfortably in their convent for upwards of 100 years, but they afterwards fell into irregularities, which attracted the unfavourable notice of temporal authorities. On the death of Boleslas III. (surnamed Wry-mouth), Duke of Poland, in 1139, his dominions were divided among his sons, the eldest of whom, Uladislas, obtained Silesia, and the supreme authority over his brothers. This Uladislas contrived to fall out with his subjects, and was driven from his dukedom. But the story of the revolution is worth telling, and therefore we will digress awhile from Leubus.

Boleslas III. doubtless thought he had done a vastly clever thing when he divided Poland among his four sons; and when, on being asked why he had bequeathed nothing to his fifth and favourite son Casimir, he answered, "The four-wheeled chariot must have a driver," he was deemed to have made a tolerably smart reply. The division, however, like those of which we read in Merovingian history, proved a deplorable failure. The younger brothers of Uladislas did not care much about matters of form, and therefore they had no objection to consider him their feudal superior; but when, by a national assembly held at Kruswick, they were forced to recognise him as their practical sovereign, and to leave him the sole power of declaring peace and war, they looked very sulky indeed. Nor was there a better feeling on the other side, for Uladislas, sovereign as he was, grudged his brothers the possession of their provinces, and considered that the right of primogeniture had been grievously violated to his own especial disadvantage. Urged by his wife Agnes, a German princess (daughter of the Emperor Henry V.), who supplied him with all the discontent he could not produce from his own nature, he convened an assembly of nobles at Cracow, which, we should observe, was contained in his share. There he very plausibly dilated on the evils of division, and explained that the only method of benefiting the country would be to place the whole of it in his hands. This was all right in the abstract, but the nobles had no objection to the existence of

a weak sovereignty, and therefore, far from being convinced, they insisted loudly on the sanctity of the Wry-mouthed duke's will. Uladislas was not a man to give up his scheme on account of the great Cracovian failure. What Poles could not do, Russians might; so he procured a good body of the latter, and drove his brothers from their respective territories. The manner in which the troops were paid was a singular instance of ducal coolness. Uladislas first exacted an extraordinary contribution from his Polish nobles, and then he used it to carry out the very measure against which they had explicitly voted.

He had thus gained his point, but he had made himself fearfully unpopular; and so very mutable was his position, that an unlucky event was sufficient to overthrow him. A certain rich Count Peter was a favourite at court, on the strength of a friendship with the deceased Duke Boleslas; and the duke once thought it a pleasant jest—let us admire the delicacy of the times—to rally this count on the over-familiarity of his wife with a certain abbot. The count, not to be outdone in facetiousness, hinted—(and hints were *broad* in those days)—that there was a corresponding familiarity between the Duchess Agnes and a certain page. Uladislas, who could give a joke better than he could take one, recorded the repartee to Agnes, who felt by no means complimented. Resolving that Count Peter should never make another joke of the same kind, she adopted the sure expedient of cutting out his tongue, and likewise deprived him of his eyes. This act of cruelty brought about the crisis. Uladislas was hated in every direction. Uszelor, the palatine of Sendomir, who had always declared in favour of the princes, defeated the Russians; the church came down with its thunders of excommunication on the heads of both duke and duchess, on account of some refusal of assistance against the infidels; and Uladislas, instead of being sovereign in Poland, found himself a fugitive in Germany. Agnes was taken at Cracow by the princes, who had her respectfully conducted over the frontier. Boleslas, the second son of the Wry-mouthed Boleslas, was elected to the dukedom, but he allowed the sons of Uladislas (who soon died), viz. Boleslas the Tall, Micislav, and Conrad, to divide Silesia among them, and to hold it as a fief of Poland. These three brothers were the patriarchs of the Silesian dukes of the Piast dynasty, which lasted till 1675,* and were the original cause of Silesia being cut up into petty dukedoms.

We may now return to Leubus and our Benedictine convent. Boleslas the Tall (not to be confounded with his uncle, the Duke of Poland), hearing of the irregularities of the monastic debauchees, resolved to purify the convent if he could not reform its inhabitants; so he drove the Benedictines out of Leubus, and put a respectable host of Cistercians in their place.

From the delinquency of Duke Boleslas of Brieg, the monks of Leubus once derived considerable profit. This duke so far forgot himself in fast-time as to eat nine (!) chickens at a meal; and the exploit brought on such an awful fit of indigestion, that he thought his last hour was at hand. With all possible speed he sent for the Abbot of Leubus to administer extreme unction. The crafty abbot saw his advantage; and making

* The death of young George William, the Piast Duke of Liegnitz, which occurred in this year, and which was immediately followed by the Austrian occupation of his territories, was the cause of the long Silesian wars between Austria and Prussia.—J. O.

the most of the duke's sinful meal, refused to give absolution except on the condition that the convent should be endowed with two villages in the duchy of Brieg, about the ownership of which there had long been a debate. The duke, though he fancied himself at death's door, was not so far gone that he did not endeavour to make the best bargain he could; and after a world of haggling, he agreed to give up the villages, but added a condition of his own, viz., that his body should have a comfortable grave in the convent, and that a lamp should be kept burning over his tomb. The moment the lamp went out, the villages were to revert to the duke's heirs.

We all know the proverb:

The devil he fell sick,
The devil a monk would be;
The devil he got well again,
And the devil a monk was he.

In like manner, our good Duke of Brieg got well again, and sorely repented of his bargain. He was obliged to keep his word, but his successors had an hereditary grudge against the convent on account of the two villages. Many a smart lad of the ducal house of Liegnitz and Brieg devised subtle schemes for puffing out the light, and thus puffing the precious property back again into his estate. But the monks were quite as cunning as the dukes, and notwithstanding every stratagem, they contrived to keep their lamp alight till the race of Boleslas was extinct.

A couple of old tombstones, one situated in a chapel in the convent of Leubus, and the other placed across the entrance of the chapel, furnish us with a reasonably interesting tale.

Once upon a time—it was in the days when crusades were still going on, but were getting a little out of fashion—there were two knights, yclept Wolf von Uraz and Conrad von Heinzenburg, of completely opposite temperaments. Wolf was a boisterous, obstinate, unruly sort of person, and not generally popular. Conrad, equally valiant in the field, was gentle in his manners, and was consequently the favourite of all knights and ladies, especially the latter. The country for miles round was in a state of honest wonderment to see the brutal Wolf and the lackadaisical Conrad the best friends in the world.

"This will not last long," said an old woman in the village; and her prophecy proved so true that she ought to have been burned as a witch. The friendship of Wolf and Conrad did *not* last long, and—as our readers have already guessed—a lady was the cause of the disunion. The lady in question was Wanda, the daughter, of an old burggrave, named Pribuslaw (pretty names, are they not?), who resided by Leubus; and she had been promised from childhood to the unpleasant Wolf von Uraz. As she grew more charming and as he grew more detestable every year, it was natural enough that their loves should move in inverse ratio. He was always anxious to fix the wedding-day; and she would gladly have named some time after the Day of Judgment, but dared not so openly avow her dislike. She pined in secret; for, as our readers have already surmised, her hatred for Wolf was increased by a hidden love for Conrad.

As our readers have also anticipated—for our readers are very acute—Conrad loved Wanda in return; but he tried to suppress his passion,

from regard to his ill-conditioned friend. Were we to describe minutely the fearful struggles which took place in the heart of the virtuous Conrad, we should be the greatest "bores" that ever put pen to paper.

But of what use were all these struggles? Of no use whatever. Not only did the eyes reveal what the lips refused to utter, but that demon of mischief, Opportunity, soon made the lips speak out likewise. One day, when the old burggrave was out hunting with Wolf, Conrad was in the castle-garden, walking up and down with his arms folded, and indulging in the most melancholy reflections. He breathed a deep sigh, which, to his astonishment, was answered by another that insinuated its way through the foliage. Pushing aside a few branches, he found himself in the presence of the lovely Wanda, who was sitting in an arbour with her face suffused with tears.

Considering the intimate terms on which he stood with the family, the gallant Conrad did the least that he could under the circumstances; that is to say, he asked the fair weeper what was the matter. She, being of a candid turn of mind, set forth in lively colours her hatred of friend Wolf, making the commonplace remark, that she would rather die than become his wife; whereupon Conrad, glowing with love, and somewhat oblivious of friendship, swore that his right arm should prevent any forcible opposition to her wishes. One word led the way to another, and he soon found himself making a declaration of love, while she found herself confessing a reciprocal feeling.

The voice of Wolf fell with terrible discord on the soft converse of the happy pair. Its tone was that of a sort of gruff choking thunder, and his appearance was in perfect keeping with the tone. He talked about violated friendship in a long broken discourse, into the interstices of which Conrad endeavoured to slide an excuse. The attempt at justification was vain, for somehow or other the rugged Wolf was not altogether in the wrong. When the jealous knight had talked enough, he drew his sword, and Conrad in self-defence was obliged to do the same. He would not have hurt his obstreperous adversary, for the world, but Wolf was so blind with fury that he contrived to skewer himself on the friendly sword, and fell bleeding and senseless.

When he got well again—for he was carefully treated at the castle—he reminded the old burggrave of his promise, and claimed the hand of the fair Wanda without delay. Poor Wolf! His temper, not naturally sweet, was doomed to endless trials; and now he was forced to hear from the old gentleman a long-winded sentimental tale about "happiness of an only child," and "the heart knowing no laws but its own," the whole winding up with an official statement of Wanda's affection for Conrad. Looking at the burggrave with infinite disgust, Wolf stalked portentously from the castle, and Pribuslaw looked scornfully after him, talking to himself about the trouble of daughters;—for mind, good reader, the statement which he made to Wolf was but the result of a long crying scene between him and his child, which, for brevity's sake, we have passed over.

Somewhat less than two years had elapsed since the interview between Wolf and Pribuslaw, when the good Conrad was sitting anxiously at the bedside of Wanda, now his wife. The worthy old burggrave had recently departed this life, and his death had made such an impression on his affectionate child that she was seriously indisposed. All of a sudden

he was startled by the mingled sounds of the warder's trumpet, the clang of arms, and the shout of battle, and the apartment was most disagreeably illuminated by a red glare. The din and the glare were speedily explained by one of the retainers, who with pale face and quivering lips stated, that the terrible Wolf von Uraz, with all his rabble of adherents, had attacked the castle without giving any previous notice, and was very deliberately setting it on fire. The only plan left was to get out of the edifice as soon as possible by means of a subterranean passage, and the sickness of the lady made this plan exceedingly inconvenient. The unhappy Conrad, with two or three faithful retainers, wound his miserable way through the dismal passage; and when he came into the open air, in the midst of a wood, the first thing that he saw was his castle blazing in the distance. The hut of a charcoal-burner furnished a sorry refuge; and there poor Wanda, for whose delicate health the last shock had proved too violent, breathed her last. We grieve that our tale should be so woful. If the whole of it had depended on ourselves we should have brought in an affecting reconciliation between the *quondam* friends, and made everything end happily. But we *find* our legends, good reader, we do not *make* them; and though we please ourselves as far as concerns the way in which we tell them, we do not venture to alter the facts with which we are supplied by Herr Gödsche—the collector of Silesian traditions.

If the events we have just recorded seem to our readers too tragical, to the ferocious Wolf they did not appear nearly tragical enough. When he found that he had *only* burned down a castle, without the owner, and when his scouts brought him word that the only corpse they had found was that of the fair Wanda in the charcoal-burner's hut, he felt that he had done nothing—literally nothing.

On the principle of liking a "good hater," Dr. Johnson would certainly have adored Wolf von Uraz. After making industrious inquiries as to the whereabouts of Conrad, he at last learned that he had set off as a Crusader to the Holy Land. A gentleman of moderate malignity, especially in days when travelling was difficult and expensive, would under these circumstances have given up his scheme of revenge as a bad job; but this giving up did not belong to the temperament of our resolute friend. He fitted up a ship on his own account, and certainly it was provoking that he reached the port of Venice on the very day that Conrad's vessel had left it. Still he did not abandon his point, but sailed on to Palestine. There Conrad joined in the pious crusade against the infidels, while Wolf carried on a little impious crusade of his own against Conrad. The same ill-luck which had befallen him at Venice followed him to the Holy Land: as soon as he reached any given point, he was certain to find that Conrad had just quitted that point, so that he was always about half a day's journey behind. At last Fortune, in a fit of more than usual unfriendliness, caused Wolf, who was thinking of nothing but the object of his revenge, to be surrounded by a little party of Turks, who put a stop to further progress. In vain did he represent to them that he was merely travelling on his own private affairs—that he had no connexion, direct or indirect, with the Crusade—that they might, as far as he was concerned, roast every Christian pilgrim at a slow fire—nay, that the demolition of a knight who happened to be a crusader was the object of his journey: the suspicious Mussulmans shook their heads and winked at

each other, and Wolf was obliged to remain a slave in the interior of Syria for—ten years.

The chains with which Wolf was loaded were exceedingly heavy ; the tasks he was forced to perform were hard and humiliating ; the conduct of his masters was tyrannical and unjust ; but all this he endured without a murmur. His only torment was the thought that he could no longer pursue his enemy.

At the end of ten years he contrived to escape ; and, joining the Christians, he lost no time in asking what had become of Conrad von Heinzenburg. He learned that the pious knight had gone back to Europe long ago ; and, accordingly, off he went to Silesia. The old ill-luck still pursued him, for he found that his enemy was dead, and had been buried in the convent at Leubus. This was an escape that no expedition could make good in this world, so the bold Wolf left all his property to the convent, on condition that he should be buried just at the entrance of the chapel which contained Conrad's remains : thus, he thought, he would be able to seize on him at once at the general resurrection of the dead.

The above story explains the position of the two tombstones in the old convent of Leubus.

It has not been without its troubles, that old convent. Those great professors of practical theology, the Hussites, carried here their usual system of burning and devastation. About 200 years afterwards, the Swedes came in for their share of plunder ; and in the times of the great Frederic, the Prussians and the Austrians, though opposed to each other, were so completely united in the common cause of annoying Leubus, that the convent was nearly deserted. The quartering of a middle-aged Prussian officer during this last period, when nobody lived in the edifice save the *klostervogt* (steward of the convent), brings us to our last story about Leubus.

This officer was a mild, gentlemanlike man, who seemed rather an *esprit fort* as far as concerned supernatural appearances, and who soon became friendly with the hospitable *vogt*. When he first came in, and saw the dismal aspect of the place, he cracked a joke or two about ghosts ; but ere he departed the laugh was on the other side of his mouth.

The under part of the convent being in a very dilapidated condition, the officer was lodged up-stairs in an apartment which, though somewhat gloomy, was at least distinguished by the luxury of whole windows. He seemed to be heartily glad to get such a decent room ; but when he came down to breakfast on the first day, he looked fidgety ; when he came down to breakfast on the second day, he looked pale ; and when he came down to breakfast on the third day, he looked thin.

The *vogt* was bursting with curiosity to know the cause of a falling off so gradual and so steady, and was exceedingly delighted when his courteous guest solicited the favour of a private interview. By means of this interview we happily possess the cause of our good Prussian's uneasiness.

On the first night of his sojourn at the convent he had gone to bed fatigued by a long march, and had soon fallen asleep ; shortly, however, he was awakened by a very uncomfortable noise, and amused himself by counting the twelve dismal strokes of the convent clock, as it stated the

hour of midnight. Then came something like a banging of doors, and a monotonous choral, the agreeable quality of which was not at all increased by the circumstance that it drew nearer and nearer to the door of our friend's chamber. He started up in his bed, and his horror was increased tenfold when he saw the door open and a funeral procession enter. Half-a-dozen choir-boys with burning torches led the way, and were followed by the monks, carrying a bier, on which was a dead monk, upon their shoulders. A number of other dismal people brought up the rear; and a ghastly spectacle it was for the gentleman in bed, when this horrible train went round his room, every single man, corpse included, fixing upon him great goggling lifeless eyes. When the monks set down the body at the very foot of the bed, and deliberately went through the burial service, he became nearly distracted. At the end of the service the monks quietly took up the body, and the whole procession quitted the apartment. At the banging of the door, which followed the departure of the unwelcome visitors, the convent clock struck one.

This was the apparition that made our Prussian fidgety. The second night brought with it a repetition of the ceremony, with this little variation—that the Prussian, plucking up courage, was just going to fire his pistol into the midst of the company, but received such a look from an ill-favoured monk, that not only did he desist, but it is a marvel he ever survived to tell the story. This made the Prussian look pale. A repetition on the third night, without the episode of the pistol, was the cause that he looked thin.

As for the meaning of this apparition in the good convent of Leubus, we are totally without information on the subject. We may be allowed to conjecture that the ghosts of the old Benedictines driven out by Duke Boleslas visited the place of their sins, like the nuns in "*Robert le Diable*;" but it is only an unauthorised surmise of our own. This we are happy to record—that the vogt, after hearing the particulars of the "best room," gave up his own apartment to the officer, who, not being troubled again, recovered his former comfortable appearance. To see a ghost for once and away, with the certainty that it will not come again, is all very well; but to go to bed night after night with the expectation that a score of spectres will occupy an hour in fixing their two-score of eyes full in your face, this is enough to break a man's spirit, however light it may appear to the readers of the *New Monthly*, who are not in an old ruined convent; and who, if they at all sympathise with the terrors of our Prussian, can at any rate console themselves with the knowledge that they will soon come to an article far more lively and entertaining than the "*Legends of Leubus*."

A VOICE FROM CEYLON.

THE speech delivered by Mr. Baillie, and the opinions thrown out by other members of the House of Commons, regarding the affairs of Ceylon, both civil and military, must impress on every unbiassed mind the folly of agitating any topic, whether colonial or otherwise, without looking impartially at facts, and mastering them entirely beforehand, forgetting or keeping concealed for the time all party feeling. If the honourable member's political views had not attached him to another party than that of Lord Torrington, the world, and more especially the colonists on whose account he delivered such an harangue, might have given him and his partisans some credit for having their interests at heart, and passed by the manner in which his lordship was assailed, on the score of the ignorance of the assailants, on his being the victim of misrepresentation; but when we see such a powerful microscope applied to the errors or weaknesses of any man in a difficult and harassing position, whilst all his better acts and intentions are so carefully avoided, is it not natural that such circumstances should lead us to believe that ambition of power and the discomfort of the enemy were the reasons, rather than the welfare of the colony?

But be as it may. Is the prosperity of any nation, dependency, or community, to be obtained by such violent and unjustifiable attacks, founded on party feelings expressed in newspapers conducted by men ambitious of making themselves notorious for abuse against the ruling power; declaring the bankrupt state of the colony, and the depressed condition of its commerce, to be the consequence of misgovernment; and advocating with a show of zeal the cause of men governed with leniency and consideration at all times, that ought to call forth their warmest gratitude, for having endeavoured to overthrow their benefactors?

Let me now ask what the condition of Ceylon was on the appointment of Lord Torrington to its Governorship. Were not the consequent effects of those estimates and calculations made by our sage capitalists and merchants at home—promising well enough upon paper, doomed to be carried into effect by their agents here, and making the cultivation of coffee open up as a mine of gold to them since deluded visions—appearing ere he began his thankless rule?—thankless enough the governorship of men ruined in the very project that was to have raised them to the pinnacle of fortune, watching every move of government with the same anxiety that a drowning man would watch a plank upon the water's surface, doubting whether it would have sufficient buoyancy to snatch him from impending death. Did he not, as he tells Lord Grey in one of his despatches, reduce the export and import duties on the produce and wants of the island, so as to make a great deficiency in the annual revenue; thus giving a fair proof of his zeal to cure the unhealthy state of commerce by relieving her of part of her burden? Now allow me to ask the honourable member what course his model government under similar circumstances would adopt (for I pass it by as a thing not admitting dispute, that the abolition of some and the modification of other duties was judicious and called for). Would his beau-ideal have immediately reduced the expenditure of the island in the

same ratio and manner as he did the taxes? If so, let me assure him that such a statesmanlike manœuvre would not have been sufficient to prevent the colony from becoming bankrupt, or such an one from the envious fangs of party; more than he who, by levying a fair, even, and just tax, bearing on the whole of the population, European and Asiatic, so as to produce a sufficient revenue, which being accomplished, would look around and dispense with as many officials as should be consistent with a powerful and efficient government, delivering us from the brink of bankruptcy to the solid footing of a surplus revenue.

Now let us look at the more immediate circumstances regarding the rebellion as connected with the obnoxious taxes, and which, as we are told, so unfit his lordship for his present office. Admitting for argument's sake they were the cause, let us, first, examine the condition of the so-called poor, unfortunate, and tyrannised Singhalee peasant, as compared with our well-paid, independent, and free peasant of the mother-country. Let us look at the amount of labour required from both to furnish the annual wants of life, and we shall find the poor tyrannised man working in his paddy-fields certainly not more than three months out of the twelve; and with this quantity of work he is able to sow and reap sufficient to allow him to lie idle during the remaining nine, as the idea of raising more rice than would be sufficient for his immediate wants would be thought by him as preposterous, as the honourable gentleman's becoming his governor would be to us. Surely, then, if three months' labour, and that not of a very severe kind, will find him the means of being at his ease, chewing betelnut, and contriving plots against the government, the other nine, without any great straining of his physical power, or degradation in the eyes of his fellow-creatures, headmen or priests,—another month's labour in cultivating a little more ground and raising a little more paddy, for which he could find a ready market, and pocket sufficient money to pay all the taxes that ever were levied or were likely to be levied against him,—was not such a diabolical supposition for Lord Torrington or any other governor to entertain, presuming such were his notions? In fact, setting aside the necessity for an adequate revenue to support a government, without which no nation can hope to prosper, a wiser policy could not have been adopted as a stepping-stone to rouse the natives out of the indolent habits to which they have sunk: for wherever low cunning is of use, they are not wanting; and wherever shrewdness in piercing and tracing out any act or proposition, either of government or private parties, likely to infringe on their rights, they are not asleep; yet when total submission, feigned ignorance, or a volume of lies, are likely to avail them, and attract the pity of such as the honourable member, they are quick enough at practising the deceit: for which we have, in a great measure, to thank former governments, for showing them so much leniency and easy protection, and wishing to pass over their evil doings as a people incapable of judging between right and wrong, or having an idea beyond the knowledge that eating, drinking, and sleeping are necessary to life.

But I now wish to inquire, Where, throughout Great Britain, is to be found the peasant who, by labouring three months out of the twelve, can, with the greatest frugality, scrape together sufficient to keep him the other nine in a state of ease, with all his wants and necessities around him? If things have not materially altered since I emigrated from the land governed

by the Imperial Government, the peasant, under its easy and humane laws, has to labour, not at his pleasure, but with the whole of his powers, for ten hours a-day, without intermission, throughout the year; thus barely earning sufficient wages to supply himself with the commonest wants of life. Yet this man has to bear his portion of the revenue, and that without time or wish to give a dissentient voice; whereas, on the other hand, the Asiatic peasant is to pay or reject, in open rebellion, any or all the taxes imposed to swell the revenue—which revenue is to be expended in securing them the blessings of a civilised and Christian government. For, surely, the greatest villain or madman amongst them—stimulated by whatever design—will not dare to compare it to that which swayed them a few years back—the horrors of which must still remain before the eyes of those who, under the persuasion of their priesthood, nourish the idea that its return may have its comforts: and undoubtedly it may, if their minds are so constructed—to pay revenue to their king in kind, even to the virtue of their children, rather than contribute a few days' labour to his civilised successor.

Next, let us see what sound grounds of objection can be put forward against the Road-ordinance, which imposes on all the subjects throughout the colony an annual payment of three shillings, or six days' labour; which purposes to effect repairs on roads already formed, and to form new ones. So that it has two objects in view; the one to relieve the treasury from the heavy annual pull on its resources, found so unable to bear them—for surely the most interested in our colonial arrangements will not endeavour to persuade his lordship or the public in general that this is unnecessary, and an useless squandering of public money, in an attempt to ape the imperial government; and secondly, it will tend to increase the value of government property—making those lands saleable which are now lying in a complete state of uselessness from difficulty of access: for he would, methinks, be a man fonder of speculating than some of our Ceylon speculators have proved themselves to be, to purchase land, bring it into a state of cultivation, and then find he has to petition government to furnish him with a means of egress for his produce. But perhaps the honourable member for Inverness-shire, from the perfection already obtained by science over steam, has some vague idea that those operations necessary for transport, and hitherto perfected by the comparatively tedious and expensive method of man's physical force, may be equally well performed by the same powerful agent. If such are his views, we call on him to make them known, if for the sake of this colony alone, in the welfare of which he seems so highly interested; and would at the same time urge on him the necessity of exporting his macadamising machine at once, as it will be greatly needed to perfect the roads for the transport of this year's crops. Thus will an everlasting benefit be conferred on the colony, and the blessings of the people, especially the planters, be showered on their then real benefactor. But if no such scheme can be introduced, and those whose property lies in the interior cannot be persuaded to do without the means of transporting it to the mother-country in barter for the world's idol, then I see no help for the overworked energies of this tyrannised race, unless the European population can be persuaded to dip their hands a

little deeper into their almost-exhausted pockets, and allow their Asiatic friends still to share in the honey without the fatigue of collecting it.

We next come to the Gun-tax; and before condemning or applauding it, let us see for what purpose the Singhalee has always been so anxious to possess himself of a gun, the eagerness for which will, sometimes, provided the planter is not too hard on his labourers—that is to say, will allow them to play away their day about the works, or pick as much coffee as is consistent with their idea of work—condescend to realise sufficient money in this manner for purchasing one. Is it to protect himself from the violent assaults of midnight marauders? Certainly not. Is it to protect his property from the roaming disposition of his neighbour's cattle? No. Is it, then, that he is so fond of occupying a portion of his leisure hours in sport? or, on the other hand, does he hope to make it the means of procuring a more dainty meal than usual? or, again, is it that he has the energy or ability to make it the means of gain, by bringing in game for the purchase of the European population? I will venture to say, that the reason lies in neither of these; but in a deep-rooted wish to be prepared with a weapon, when the rascality of the Buddhist priests or ambitious headman may fancy an opportunity occurs of forwarding their own views by its use. Where, then, is the harm of making men who entertain such schemes pay for their notions? Where, I say, is the harm of government endeavouring to ascertain the number of armed men who may rise in insurrection against them at any moment? Is it because former governments have been either blind enough to overlook, or timid enough to fear, the frown of the Inverness-shire member and his party, that Lord Torrington is to be condemned and abused for having the foresight, and feeling it his duty, to possess himself of the accurate number of guns already in the hands of the 2,000,000 human beings—a number that does not far exceed rebels under his charge; and put a stop to their silent but not less effective method of being ready to make an attempt to shake off British taxes, and seriously disturb the commercial interests of the island? To those who deny the reasons I have above asserted, and feel disposed to attribute the Singhalee's love of a gun to a taste for sport, a refined palate, or means of gain, is it at all harsh or tyrannical that men, black or white, who can afford to spend the day, not in the exercise of their mental or physical powers, but in pleasure, should be made to pay a due portion towards the maintenance of a government which insures such a happy state of things by protecting their lives from their ambitious fellow-countrymen, and their property from the strength of their superiors, who for centuries knew no other law than that of the strong hand? Perhaps such parties may argue, that the tyranny lies in the conqueror enforcing on the conquered that which is objectionable to himself. But let me remind them, that though Great Britain does not exact a tax on the guns kept by the people, she prohibits in the shape of her game-laws their use, unless upon terms which produce a larger sum to the revenue than all the taxes of our Asiatic friends put together.

In Ireland, where rebellion may break out at any moment, and where sufficient troops are always ready at hand to suppress it, the registration is thought necessary by the Imperial Government. Why, then, in a distant colony like Ceylon, is it thought so impolitic, where we have

never more than 1000 or 1500 men stationed? I am rather inclined to believe it becomes the duty of every government, where rebellion is to be apprehended, to enforce such laws, for the better protection of those who do and ought to claim such as a right. Yes! in the land of liberty the poor starving peasant is restricted by the game law, and the law of trespass, from obtaining that which from circumstances is often really necessary to life; whilst the oppressed oriental, comparatively speaking in a land of abundance, knows not the one, and is wise enough to be ignorant of the other. Then again we hear others lauding the tax as a means of registration, but condemning the idea of taking money from the poor man for the forced registration of his gun. What would they have? Would they have government officials labour in carrying out the necessary plans without remuneration? Or would they have such remuneration collected under the designation of the pistol-tax? Let such parties petition; and may the Colonial-office be able to find a use for waste paper as long as people can be found capable of committing such absurdities!

The next objectionable tax is the Dog-tax. How absurd it is, and how strongly does it point out the frailty and weaknesses of man, that the British Government, thinking itself as it does the very model of humanity, should be capable of confirming a tax on the canine race—kept for what purpose by the Singhalee it is difficult to say, unless as a help to their guns in exterminating their conquerors. For, leaving out of the question the danger inseparable in all hot climates from hydrophobia, a greater source of danger and annoyance cannot be well imagined than half-starved howling whelps, with cavities beneath their ribs sufficient to hold you and your horse, giving you chase at full cry through every village you pass. How many times have different parties, through the public papers, expressed their disgust and astonishment that some means was not taken by the authorities for ridding or modifying such danger and annoyance! Yet no sooner are steps taken likely to accomplish their wishes, than a clamour is raised because their prayer has been heard. Experience must be bought, and sometimes dearly; but I would bring to the memories of such malcontents the fable in which a change of kings was prayed for once too often. To those who desire to know why Lord Torrington could not be satisfied in collecting the revenue in the same way as his predecessors, it will be only necessary to draw their attention to the Custom-house returns, and see the quantity of Kandean productions exported; and we shall find that in a few hundredweights of coffee consists the whole of their exports for the year, and which now passes out of the country free. Then again the imports. And what is the Kandean's consumption? Literally nothing. Is it then to be wondered at that any governor, with a just idea of collecting a revenue from all those who enjoy the blessings it returns, should see fit to enforce a reformation by equalising to a certain extent the burden hitherto borne by those engaged in commerce and the European population?

We will now pass on to a bird's-eye view of the rebellion, from the day it broke out until the day his majesty was scourged; and I think we shall find the honourable member, in likening it to an English mob breaking a few doors and windows in two or three towns, has come to a conclusion as erroneous as hasty. In the first place we will remind the honourable member, that towns in Ceylon are not quite so numerous as they are in the country he has been accustomed to; and seeing that the

rebels first concentrated themselves at Dambool, a distance of forty-five miles from Kandy, with an intention undoubtedly of possessing themselves of that town, I cannot very clearly see how they could have broken doors and windows in any towns but Matille and Kornegalle, as they are the only two within their reach between the famous temple in which the king was crowned and Kandy, the seat of their ambition. Nothing can be more ridiculous than the manner in which foreign countries are spoken of at home by parties who only seem to be aware of the difference between the inhabitants, and entirely lose sight of the respective features of the countries. Again, are public men to be impeached for securing the lives and properties of her majesty's peaceable subjects, surrounded by an overwhelming number of demi-savages in arms, with hearts capable of committing the most savage excesses—as the wholesale slaughter of Major Davis's party on the banks of the Mahavilla Ganga sufficiently proves?—a similar tragedy to which I defy any, with show of reason, to say would not have been reacted in '48, but for the energetic and effective manner in which the smouldering fire, for want of a little fuel to send it forth in all its fury, was quenched by the authorities.

What, then, was the condition of the party commanding the troops in Kandy on the night of the 29th of July, when called upon by the government agent for means to subdue an insurrection broken out at and beyond Matilly? Why, with a handful of men he had not only to meet, with decisive steps, insurrectionists, whose numerical strength he could neither ascertain nor guess at; but he had to guard against a treacherous attack from other quarters on the garrison and town of Kandy. The consequence was, that as many of the 15th regiment and rifle corps as could be spared (in all not amounting to a couple of hundred men) had to be marched at dead of night over sixteen miles of jungle-road; and to be fired on, without returning the compliment, by men who told the government agent they had no intention of laying down their arms, at the same time treacherously firing on the troops: and we have only to thank their own futile malice, that induced them to charge their guns from three to six inches deep with powder and missiles, the concussion from which sent the bullets harmless over the heads of the troops below. Is it to be wondered at, then, that the revengeful blood of the Malay vented itself in the earnest use of his weapon of defence; whilst the British soldier stood with coolness in his brain and scorn in his eye, at a foe against him, contemptible under the circumstances? If, then, to the horror-stricken eyes of men shut up in a fort, or, what is better, securely placed on the banks of Old Father Thames, there appeared any unnecessary effusion of blood from the well-known character of the Malay, why blame Lord Torrington? Rather blame those who first admired them as soldiers, and thought them worthy of fighting under the British flag, which I believe they have never yet disgraced. This, then, was the first disturbance, for the direct subduing of which Lord Torrington and those employed under his orders received such censure, not only from private spleen, but from public men. This was the first outbreak of a deep-laid conspiracy which no one then knew: and what is more, no one yet knows to what extent it was burning in the breasts of men not found guilty, or even publicly suspected; but in those who had the cunning to keep their hands out of the flame until receiving ocular demonstration of the effect it would have upon the fingers of their more

expert and forward friends. What made men, more interested in the welfare of the colony than that of party, come forward on the spot, and, in a public body, express their thanks for the able manner in which not only Lord Torrington, but the commandant of Kandy, and the commandants of the out-stations, exerted themselves under the intricate and almost insurmountable difficulties of sifting out evidence to be relied on, and administering justice accordingly? What was the meaning of the different fires appearing, night after night, on the heights surrounding the disturbed districts? It must be some one more conversant with the Singhalee character than Mr. Baillie, to make me believe this trouble was taken without a motive: and that motive, in conjunction with a liberal distribution of false reports, was the hope and expectation of draining Kandy of the troops left to protect it; and, when its evacuation was sufficiently perfected to leave no doubts in their minds of its falling an easy prey, the signal would have been given, and a rush from all sides, whether disturbed or not, would have been the result. If it was only a mob-riot, why, even as late as November, did the government agent deem it necessary to be on the alert, and constant in his inquiries; seeking out information which was of an unsatisfactory nature enough to induce him to distribute government rifles and ammunition amongst the Europeans on coffee plantations, with an injunction to keep drilled men on the estates, as it was impossible to say how soon their use might be necessary? But I suppose certain individuals, snugly within the Fort of Colomba and elsewhere, had better opportunities of ascertaining the truth than the government agent on the spot. The time has gone by for Lord Torrington, or any one else in a similar position, to shed blood unnecessarily. Public indignation is sufficient guarantee against wanton outrage.

I must not conclude without saying a word about the policy of shooting a priest in his robes, and scourging a pretender. The priest was tried, found guilty, and sentenced, not by a court-martial—the straightforward and certain proceedings of which appear to fill the hearts of many with disgust, determined, as they seem to be, to disbelieve the capability of military men judging with impartiality—but by the civil code of the island, in a supreme court appointed specially for the purpose of dealing out justice to such as had been accused of taking part in the rebellion: and there is no reason to doubt but that the jurymen were convinced by the evidence laid before them of the man's guilt, which was to the effect that he had greatly aided the rebellion by administering the coronation oath according to the custom of the country, within the walls of his temple; thus plainly throwing off all allegiance to the queen, and enticing others to follow this king of their own making, who would himself, provided he could have found an advocate sanguine enough, have tried to establish his own innocence at his trial, and endeavoured to make believe he was a loyal subject coerced. Will any one be foolhardy enough, who knows, not by history alone but by his own experience, the influence the priesthood have over their laity, and that the villages surrounding the Damboot temple for miles are actually temple lands, directly under the hands of these men, whose word is law, and to whom is shown the greatest mark of reverence, according to their notions, that man is capable of—namely, prostrating the bodies before them,—can people be actually found credulous enough, with these facts before their eyes, and

a knowledge of the Singhalee character, to believe, that these villagers, without the sanction and approval of men so generally adored, were led away by a man, not of royal or even noble blood, to commit acts of such magnitude in the shape of high treason, from which they shrank themselves with horror?

It is not surprising to see such men as the honourable member for Inverness-shire trying to produce an effect; but I must say it is surprising to see a man like Sir Robert Peel get up in the House and endeavour to show the impolicy of Lord Torrington's government, by comparing the priests of Buddhoo with those of the Romish Church. If comparisons are to be drawn in this manner and admitted as valid, let the right honourable baronet and his partisans contemplate the indignation that would pour forth from all quarters of the globe professing a Christian faith, if the home government thought it necessary to strip the Romish Church in Ireland of the Virgin Mary and relics around the altar. Yet until within a very short period the withholding a relic,* equally adored by the followers of Buddhoo, was thought necessary and politic. I wonder where the honourable baronet's acute feelings of violated religion were then?

Very little need be said as regards the pretender himself, or rather his representative, who thought, and very naturally, that being carried about in a palanquin, possessed of a few round acres of coffee plantations and paddy fields, would be far preferable to driving a pair of lazy bullocks yoked to a cart on the dusty roads;† and the pores of whose skin Lord Torrington thought fit to open with the lash, after which a removal from the land in which he had been led to believe authority was worth a risk, as a warning to his brother labourers that the hill he was aspiring to ascend offered but a precarious footing for adventurers.

It is almost difficult to picture the indignation that would spread throughout Great Britain, if a waggoner (honest man in his way) who could, through the influence of others, manage to obtain sufficient followers, daring enough to attempt to seat him on the "royal chair," was to fail, be brought to justice, found guilty, and sentenced to a severe lashing in Trafalgar Square, with an intimation that a change of climate would check his disease and prevent its becoming infectious. Yes, all loyal hearts, picture, if you can, the indignation that would burn within your own breasts at such an outrage!

One word in conclusion, not to those who profess an interest in the colony's welfare, but to those to whom its welfare is life.—Keep Lord Torrington as your governor; guide him according to your wishes and real wants; with your legislative councils concentrate your resources each and all; concentrate your interests in parliament; and make a firm stand for a continuation of that right, under whose smiles you were first led to embark your capital in the cultivation of coffee.

* *Buddhoo's tooth*, or rather his supposed tooth.

† Some say he was a vender of medicinal herbs; but however this may be, it is very certain he is a man without any just claim to royal blood.

THE SWAN RIVER—FREEMANTLE—PERTH.

BY J. W. F. BLUNDELL, ESQ.

IN our last article on Western Australia, we endeavoured to disabuse the mind of the intending emigrant of some of the chief fallacies which surround the subject of colonisation; and it is now our purpose to describe the settled localities of that portion of Australia—opening out to the unprejudiced mind the resources of a country of peculiar character, yet one in every respect adapted for men of moderate views and pretensions.

Like many portions of that great continent, the one of which we speak has not at first sight a very inviting aspect. To eyes long accustomed to the verdure and cultivation of England, few lands fresh from the hands of Nature will be otherwise than forbidding. It is only upon a more intimate acquaintance, and a forgetfulness, if it be possible, of the scenes of bygone years, that the heart is accustomed to its new position, and the early trials of a life essentially different to that hitherto experienced. The first glance at Western Australia is not, then, without its disappointments. This portion of the coast is supposed to be *rising*; hence the belt of territory which lies at an average distance of twenty miles from the Darling range to the sea is of a sandy character, varied with limestone hills, alluvial lands on the banks of rivers, and extensive clay plains comparatively valueless to the agriculturist. This peculiar coast formation has necessarily occasioned that dispersion of the population on the sea-board which is so much deprecated in the case of this particular spot; yet, were it a matter of the huge importance which some would fain ascribe to it, an almost insurmountable barrier would be raised to the success of the settlement. It is idle in Australia to speculate on such things as concentration; the nature of that country forbids it; and it must appear still more senseless to force a people to congregate against their real interests, or in other words, to locate themselves according to the rule of some paper plan, rather than to the fitness of the country for their future operations. To suppose that any sane man or body of men would from free choice plant themselves and their families far away from neighbours if such a casualty could be avoided, is so far removed from the suggestions of common sense that it is somewhat astonishing how such notions could have ever gained ground upon the knowledge and experience of legislators and others. Why or wherefore they have done so is not now our province to inquire, any more than it is to treat of the early history of the settlement. The public care little for the annals of the past, beyond the proofs they may furnish of the true capabilities of a country for the employment of those who must annually be poured forth from this densely populated isle; they are so tired with mere speculation, that they naturally ask for plain disclosures of simple points and facts; and therefore we will first describe the country itself, and, if need be, dwell upon its merits hereafter.

It has been already stated that the western coast of Australia is deficient of harbours. The Swan River, like all the rivers upon the coast, discharges its waters into an estuary, which may be said to commence at the point of land whereon the capital, Perth, is situated. The waters of the estuary flow into the sea over a rocky bar, which may some day or other be entirely removed, as great exertions are at the present time being made

to destroy it. The summer anchorage of vessels is in Gage's Roads, which is protected by the three islands to which we have formerly alluded. In the winter season this roadstead is considered unsafe, and vessels are then required to anchor in Owen's Anchorage, distant about three or four miles from the former ground, and, being protected by Garden Island and several sand-banks, is rendered perfectly secure from all winds. During this season the north-west squalls are at times very violent, and have occasioned in bygone years many wrecks upon the coast; but experience, combined with the observations and directions of surveying parties, particularly of Captains Wickham and Stokes of the *Beagle*, will in future obviate such disasters. These north-west squalls are common to the western coasts of South America; they bring with them those genial showers which clothe the land with verdure, replenish the lakes and streamlets, and afford those necessary supplies of moisture which had been previously exhausted by the dry and parching heats of a summer sun.

The seaport town of Freemantle lies upon the right bank of the river Swan as you ascend, immediately at its mouth. In this part a lofty headland, called Arthur's Head, juts out into the sea. It is crowned with a flag-staff, four harmless cannon—which are only fired to give notice of the arrival of a vessel from England—and that consolation to Jack ashore, the jail. It is tunnelled through, for the purpose of communicating with a whaling establishment and jetty, built there for the service of bay-whaling parties during the seasons of such pursuit. Below lies the town, built upon a limestone mass, which affords abundant and excellent material for walls and houses.

On the south side of this town—the north having the waters of the river—is a small bay, well sheltered by the headland before mentioned, and deep enough for boats of considerable tonnage. Here goods are usually landed, and then, if not bonded at the customs, transhipped to Perth, the capital. The custom-house is placed at the deepest recess of this small bay, and all shipping business is thus transacted without the delay which might otherwise be occasioned by the distance of the seat of government from the seaport. The principal street is the High-street, which, with the handsome little church at its extremity, several excellent and commodious inns—which have brought great credit among travellers—stores, and private dwellings, presents a very orderly and respectable figure from the summit of the massive stone steps rising above the entrance to the tunnel. From this street branch off several of minor importance, containing nevertheless some well-built cottages and small dwellings, though blocked up in a measure by the sandy accumulations left there in years past by the waters of the river.

The chief traffic of this small township being confined to the shipping, which is at present comparatively small in numbers, it cannot be expected for some years at least to rise to much importance. Its incidents are few, and, like all colonial seaports, the most usual are derived from the characteristic interludes which distinguish the life of the sailor from the every-day existence of those placid mortals who live "on dry land." It is a sad thing to say, but it is no less true, that the tar of blue water, he of long voyages, appears to consider the shore of most countries as alone taking part in the share he has of this world in general, so far as it administers to the delights of intoxication. Hence Freemantle is but a spot upon the chart of his existence; and that white, blank-looking landmark we have described, the temporary fulfilment of his indulgences. It

is moreover such a clever trap for the helmless devotee at the shrine of Bacchus, that we cannot refrain from exposing its snares.

What is it that arrests the attention of the passers-by, turns every head to one particular point, and distorts every face with a vacant, gaping smile? It is a son of Neptune, making short boards (tack upon tack) towards the spot where he would fain believe the boat is moored to convey him back to toil and discipline. Alas! he has already passed the last turning which leads to the jetty, and nothing but blank walls on either hand tend towards the entrance of the tunnel, and those fatal steps which are the very meshes of his destiny. The tunnel is not his mark: he is sufficiently conscious for that. The steps lead somewhere—probably to fresh air, or repose. The crowd, who are in the secret—for there are few *specials* in that region—follow the victim in their gaze as he slowly mounts. At the summit he is received by the lord of the castle, and urged some few steps farther to an open door; another flies back at his approach, and Jack finds himself—with natives, and unsteady characters—the tenant of an octagonal building, reared like a castle of indolence, near to which is the misty vale of remorse and punishment.

There never was a common sailor yet who knew rightly how to appreciate a foreign region, save in the land of dreams. His first transactions are with the extortionate, and his last with the representative of the law. Freemantle is by no means proverbial for what we may rightly term accumulated drunkenness, but, like other members of the same category, the episodes in its monotonous existence are furnished in the freaks of those to whom the shore is a glad refuge and a joyful relaxation.

The chief society here is confined to the circle moving around the worthy government resident and magistrate; and boating, fishing, with occasional visits to Perth, make up the sum of amusements. There is always a change occurring in the temporary sojourn of traders and others visiting the port, which relieves it in a great degree of the dulness incidental to such places. The climate is extremely healthy and delightful; and, apart from the summer glare of the white rock upon which it is built, this is a desirable residence enough; in the latter case the eyes should always be protected by coloured glasses, which are easily procured. No more agreeable lounge could be taken anywhere than upon the summit of Arthur's Head at sunset. The far expanse of ocean, broken at three distinct points by the islands lying off the shore; the ever-rolling thunder of the surge upon the beach, extending as far as the eye can reach; the giant swell, which rises like a second horizon, and then curls over the rocks and reefs which lie around this island cluster, give a solemn melancholy to the spirit of more than ordinary character. A calm hour on such a coast is more exquisite in effect than one upon the far unbroken expanse of ocean. The usual murmuring sounds of breakers are at rest; the stillness of the air and of the deep is broken alone by that occasional burst of slow-moving thunder which issues from the rocks and limestone fissures, as the mighty mass of waters, before unchecked, resents as it were the resistance of the main. The sea-breeze, which in the afternoon is usually very strong, is gradually expiring, and a balmy atmosphere shedding around.

The population is estimated at about 450 souls—quite enough for the wants of the place; and there is every convenience for the site of a considerable township at some future period, as well as an abundant supply of water. In fine, should the steamer, which is expected to replace the

government schooner *Champion*, arrive within the present year, a very important intercourse may spring up between that country and the East. Indian visitors, who are alone deterred from visiting these colonies on account of the uncertainty and delay of all communication with them, will be found but too glad to avail themselves of a climate so admirably adapted to revigorate their failing constitutions.

So much for the little township of Freemantle : let us now direct our steps to the capital. The communication between them is kept up either by the road which crosses the river or by a ferry near Rocky Bay, or by the river itself. The road, owing to its sandy nature, is only used by horsemen, but a few hundred pounds judiciously laid out thereon might render it in every way serviceable to traffic of all descriptions. Therefore it is that the river is the more frequently resorted to of the two as a means of conveyance : passage-boats leave Perth every morning at an early hour, returning during the afternoon, and carrying passengers, luggage, and goods. A small steamer would answer exceedingly well, and is very much needed, as she could make several trips during the day ; whilst, by the present mode of conveyance, you have to wait the change of wind from land-breeze in the morning to sea-breeze in the afternoon, and are often put to much inconvenience when these fail.

The scenery of the Estuary of the Swan, after you pass Rocky Bay, and open out the splendid sheet of water of great depth in places, called Melville Water, is picturesque, diversified, and pleasing. There is a good deal of timber upon the banks, and though the land is sandy and of a limestone character, still it is not bleak and bare, as people imagine in this country ; for there is a virtue in sandy soils, which, some day or other, will be rightly understood and appreciated by mankind. The town of Perth is really delightfully situate ; and as soon as the inhabitants complete their roads and streets, by mixing clay and other materials with the sand—for it is on sand-hills overlying a stratum of excellent clay and brick-earth—a more pleasant township will not be found in any part of Australia. In front is a reach of the estuary, called Perth Water, communicating by a narrow channel with Melville Water at the foot of Mount Eliza, which is a high mount, decreasing in elevation as it curves round and joins the hills upon which Perth is built. This reach is about a quarter of a mile broad, and affords a delightful and constant recreation to the townspeople in the shape of boat-sailing. Fish is abundant in this river : the qualities of the fish of the south are, however, not very praiseworthy ; some are very palatable, and make up in quantity what is deficient in quality. Game is not very plentiful in the immediate neighbourhood ; the ravages of years will of course produce this ; nevertheless, on the lakes which lie around Perth are large quantities of wild fowl—ducks, teal, swans, pigeons, and parrots of every hue. The natives are the chief purveyors of the latter ; they will at any time go out with your gun and a few charges, and invariably return with a supply of some sort or other. But, apart from this, the small settlers, who are in the habit of visiting the town almost daily with vegetables, butter, and other produce, have usually game of some kind to dispose of.

Perth commands an extensive view over the expansive waters of the estuary, and of the country towards the interior which is backed at length by the Darling range, the highest hills of which are generally about 700 feet above the level of the sea. Its principal streets lie

parallel with the banks of Perth Water; they are of considerable width, and from them branch off at right angles other smaller streets. The only drawback to the position of Perth lies in the sandy character of the soil; it is watered abundantly, and commands an excellent view of the scenery of the river; is refreshed by sea-breezes, and possesses many very beautiful walks, particularly by the gardens which lie at the base of Mount Eliza as well as on its sides. The latter spot is celebrated for quantities of fruit, graperies, and banana clusters; and in the summer season is a very favourite resort of the inhabitants and the settlers, although the latter grow by this time plenty for their own consumption. We shall have occasion to speak of the vine and olive, and its prospects there, by and by; but we cannot refrain, when alluding to Mount Eliza and its pleasant walks, to which for some years we faithfully devoted ourselves morning and evening, from here stating distinctly, and without any reservation whatever, that if any benevolent individual in this country should wish to give the inhabitants of Perth a pleasant walk—a retired, recreative spot—he will grant such small funds as may be necessary to make a clay path from the top of the main street to its summit, traversing the extent thereof, and descending to join the path which already winds round the skirts of the excellent gardens we have described.

So far as public buildings are concerned, it may be said to make a very fair show. The church of St. John, now complete in every portion except the tower, is built in the most conspicuous part of the town, flanked on each side, with more utility than taste, by the barracks of the military. Immediately in front of the church is a large plot of ground, which in a few years will present a highly ornamental appearance, as it is intended for a public garden; and steps have long since been taken to furnish it with rare plants and shrubs, as well as with plantations of olives, and other productions of more immediate use to the settlement. To the right of this square, facing the church, stands the building erected for the various offices of government: it is sufficiently large for the purposes to which it applies, and there can only be one melancholy feature connected with it—and that is, that its systematic organisation should extend its benefits at the present time to so meagre a population. Behind this, and close to the banks of the estuary, stands the court-house; and a few yards beyond, a large and handsome building devoted to the commissariat, yet serving at the same time for a bonded store much needed by the local traders. In addition to these public buildings may be seen a Roman Catholic church, Wesleyan and Independent chapels and schools, and many handsome brick houses, the property of private individuals. The latter, by their general appearance and internal comforts, have been known to elicit numerous exclamations of surprise from casual visitors from the neighbouring colonies; and we remember one individual remarking to the effect, that the townspeople of Perth seemed to have begun where other folks usually left off, inasmuch as they had paid more attention to the comforts of their houses than to the primary object of colonists—namely, the cultivation of land. Be this as it may, a feature of true comfort is not to be despised; and it is, therefore, a favourable testimony to the civilisation at least of Western Australia. From the isolated positions of most of the houses in rising colonial towns, there is a meagreness and irregularity which take off much from their general effect; hence Perth usually appears smaller than it, actually is. Where allotments remain of the

original size, and have not been parcelled off for building purposes, the building, whatever it may be, thereon is surrounded by garden ground. This is more especially the case with those allotments which immediately front the estuary of the Swan; nearly all of which have been cultivated with assiduous care, and present, with numberless varieties of fruit trees, lengthened trellises of vines, in some instances extending the full length of the allotments. On these trellises there have been known to grow, season after season, huge bunches of grapes, weighing, to speak within bounds, from two-and-twenty to four-and-twenty pounds, of full flavour and development. The learned and highly-esteemed commissioner of the civil court of the colony, W. H. Mackie, Esq., is the presiding genius of the flower-garden there; and, added to great perseverance and zeal has this gentleman made a considerable sacrifice of time and money, for the purpose of ensuring, even in the early days of the settlement, an abundant supply of those wants which we all derive from the bounties of the vegetable kingdom. Vine-cuttings, olive-plants, the choicest herbs and fruits, have been imported to an extent which may justify the statement that little more is now required than a periodical replenishing of stocks.

So much for the adornment and comforts of this little township. The pursuits of the people are similar in feature to those of almost every colonial town; there is a good sprinkling of stores and public-houses; the streets, formerly presenting a surface of pure sand, are already in process of formation into firm and compact roadways, while pathways of clay and-lime have, years since, been formed for the convenience of pedestrians: there is a handsome town jetty which runs out for a considerable distance into the shallow waters of the estuary, where boats land their passengers and cargoes, and this, in antipodeal contrast with the great pier at Brighton, is become the fashionable evening promenade. The largest public work, however, and one that may be truly styled a *work*, is the causeway, which extends for nearly three-quarters of a mile across the flats and islands immediately above the junction of the Swan with its estuary. This is formed by alternate roadways and bridges, extending from island to island and from flat to flat: the powerful construction of these timber bridges, and the immense quantities of clay and soil conveyed thither for the formation of the roadways, render the whole an undertaking rather gigantic in expense and toil for so small a community. The object of it was to gain a more speedy and direct communication with the town of Guildford and the interior, so that a safer and more expeditious transit of produce from all parts of the country might arise than the old road used in early years, and assisted by a ferry, afforded. A toll is demanded for the purpose of keeping it in repair, as it is not only subject to the usual wear and tear of settlers' drays, but is annually damaged and the soil washed away by the floods, which prevail more or less during the rainy season. The government house, the residence of his Excellency for the time being, is a long and somewhat dreary-looking structure; its portico is the only attempt at architectural embellishment, while the interior gives very restricted accommodation. Its defects in this regard are in a measure compensated by an excellent piece of garden ground, which in Mr. Hutt's time was highly creditable to the place; it has, moreover, a carriage-drive in front, surrounding a lawn, with its flower-beds in the centre, and on either hand is a choice plantation of goodly indigenous shrubs, whose effect is heightened during the periods when they put forth their variegated blossoms.

Two newspapers are published weekly in Perth—the *Inquirer* and *Gazette*; they are controlled by no censorship of the government (the most perfect liberty of the press prevailing), and, guided alone by the good sense of the people, seldom abuse their power. The most important public society existing is the Vineyard Society, and it is yearly increasing, both in favour and usefulness, with the sure progressive state of the colony. A private lending library is also established, and the wants of the population in this respect are amply supplied through works and pamphlets in the possession of the various religious bodies. There are two Masonic lodges in Perth, and a small benevolent club for the labouring population, styled the “Sons of Australia Benefit Society.” Annual races and race-balls are held; and in fact, as far as the means of the people will permit, amusements and diversions are pretty abundant.

Let those who feel that, casting aside the habits and conflicting parade of highly-wrought civilisation, they can bear the roughs and the smooths of primitive colonial life, picture to themselves the many harmless and healthful enjoyments which spring up in the new field which nature has planned for them, beneath the bright sky and stimulating atmosphere of Australia. That great and universally lauded blessing—health, without which nothing is good, nothing is sufficing, dwells beneath these skies; and for the rest, the mind must seek it among the materials on which it lives. It might startle many, viewing man's real enjoyments through the glittering curtains of fashionable life, seeking their sum of happiness in these and these alone, to see (a very common occurrence in our colonies) the master of an inland grazing or farming establishment toiling into Perth rough clad, covered with dust and perspiration, and urging with whip and lungs the tardy movements of a yoke of oxen bringing his produce to market; and then, a few hours after his arrival in town, to behold the son of toil clad in the vestures of the easy and pert citizen, making his rounds to pay his respects to the ladies or families of his acquaintance, from whom the same amount of smiles, the same amount of courtesy and genuine hospitality, is elicited. It is a great thing, and one well worthy of serious thought, that domestic laurels are yet in this world to be earned by the sweat of man's brow—that labour is yet to be found to dignify rather than debase. That primitive mode of existence, to which none dare aspire in civilised Europe, finds a home and a name in our colonies—a home never violated by vanity or prejudice, a name ever cherished with simple patriotic fervour.

Such is but a part of the general aspect of society there; and though many may lustily cry out against it, many will on the contrary inwardly respond to it. Thousands in wisdom and foresight sigh for such a mode of existence; and again the multitude declares, “This is not our expectation—such is not our destiny—we will have one squeak more for it here ere we quit.” As no one, however, can be long deceived in point of benefits to be derived from emigration, we freely and frequently warn them of this state. It is the same in all our settlements, be they in Africa, America, or Australia. When we leave the mother country, we leave the gardens of life and enter upon the desert, which is to be reclaimed as of yore, and rendered like unto the former: this is our lot, this the purport and intent of the change we seek. Let us apply it always to our future practice.

The society of Perth and the neighbouring farming establishments on the Swan has been justly extolled. It consists, as usual to these settle-

ments, chiefly of the officers of government and the military, mingled with selections from private occupations and callings. When the Legislative Council is in session, as the Americans would say, there is of course more gaiety and intercourse. We declare the society there to have been justly extolled, because it has all along shown, amid the most disparaging circumstances and the greatest vicissitudes of fortune, a strong and determined spirit to resist the slightest advances of that retrogradation which is but too often presumed to be the result or the effect of colonial life. Perth has been more particularly favoured in this respect by the high character and respectability of the occupiers of farms and estates upon the Swan, with whom a constant and almost daily intercourse is kept up. Though, in the early days of the settlement, the thing was at times a little overdone, and a good deal of neglect arose from like causes, still we never heard of those serious charges which were registered against many flourishing sister settlements; there is not a word said of paving roads with champagne bottles, or indulging in mosaics with the corks appertaining thereto: a good deal of that nectar may have been shed, but they are grown wiser now, and use their past follies as men do moral tales, for the behoof of the generations which succeed them. A man of retired natural habits may, with the assistance of kind correspondents in the mother country, cultivate literature and a garden with as much zest and profit almost as if he were in the old world instead of the new. In a climate bright and elastic, it is probable that the stores thus treasured in his mind may be turned to more valuable account as the interests of his adopted land press more and more upon his regard; and with comparatively unbounded leisure, he may more steadily and earnestly apply himself to a work which is one of a high destiny, however lightly the general run of mortals may esteem it. Thus an educated class of settlers is more estimable in its positive effect upon the rising generation in the colony than on the present tone of the adult portion of its population, although the latter is a desideratum beyond price. Wherever that better class exist, whether every portion of it be successful—a thing not to be expected—or whether the change shall have been rather cross-grained, it is an earnest, to all those who may be desirous to emigrate, that one of the great barriers is removed—one so formidable, and justly so, to the refined majority, who look with a wistful eye upon our colonies. Perth may not be more blest in this matter than many other places, but in point of numbers she will not yield to any. In communities like those of our colonies there is little but the force of public opinion to keep the various dispositions and characters there in check; the military and civil authority combined would be more than a farce in most of them; and it is needless to point out the obvious grounds for cherishing and encouraging the emigration of that better class, the seeds of which are as yet but too lightly sprinkled over the soil. There are but two constables in Perth, and we sincerely believe that the majority of its inhabitants are scarcely conscious of the fact; the duties of one are too intimately allied to the petty courts to save him from notoriety; but in any event his berth is a sinecure. People in colonial towns get more frequently into discredit with their storekeepers than with the government; their love of dress and a little "showing off" distinguishing them from the hardy and often primitively-clad folks of the country. There are heartburnings in these sunny spots, as there are in all English country towns—with this difference, however, in favour of the former, that

a union of hands and hearts is more deeply important to the colonists : they are embarked in one great cause, which inseparably connects all their resources ; there is their individual advancement, but that can only proceed with that of the country itself ; unlike the former, they have pursuits of a higher nature—bonds of a patriotic form, indispensable and indissoluble. There are many vicissitudes, notwithstanding, which occur to even the better class of emigrants, affecting their social grade and condition in the colony ; and these, unhappily, too frequently owe birth to the towns. Too many are apt to lose caste, as it were, and sink below the station they formerly held, and to which they are fairly entitled in the colony. It is therefore essentially necessary that the emigrant should procure letters of introduction on leaving the shores of his native land, and exercise a greater amount of vigilance over his actions on arrival ; as, through want of caution among a people whose habits are new to him, and who have found by experience themselves the necessity of an ordeal of this description, colonists are apt to be both weary and distrustful of a connexion which it is easier to form than to shake off. As a general rule, it may be taken that the most unbounded hospitality and kindness await each stranger on his arrival ; and it is for him to guard on his own part against those premature associations which in future decide the position he is to take up in the social scale, and which must, according to these circumstances, either enliven or embitter the path of his future career.

We now leave, though somewhat reluctantly, the capital of Western Australia, and will pass on into the interior, there to describe the localities and modes of living of the most important class in a colony—the settlers. Crossing the causeway already spoken of, we enter upon the road to Guildford. But the river beyond Perth, as far even as its junction with the Avon, is closely settled. The rich alluvial soils of its banks would alone support a considerable population : at the present hour they are not worked to the extent they are susceptible of, in consequence of the deficiency of feed for stock on the back-runs attached to each grant ; and labour is as yet too expensive to permit the majority of farmers forming stations for cattle within the hills, whilst, at the same time, the important item of manure would thus be lost to their farms. Guildford is a small township, about eight miles from the capital ; it is situated upon the banks of the Swan and its tributary the Helena. It is more the halting-station of settlers when on a visit to Perth, as it saves them a vast deal of trouble and delay ; so that they rest their teams, and any purchases they may make for their establishments can be forwarded by boats, which leave either place daily. Unlike Perth, it is built upon a solid surface of clay, mingled in parts with a red loam ; and, owing to the facilities of water communication, may in time form a considerable township. There is a church here, and several small inns. The Upper Swan has its district church also. A steam flour-mill is also established, and this has been found most useful, not only to the immediate district, but many in the interior.

Such are the circumstances of town-life. Let us rise with early dawn, saddle our horses, and ascend the Darling range, taking our course “over the hills,” as the settlers have it, and, leaving the ceremonials of the capital behind, track our way towards the homesteads of the Bush, which mark right well the courage and perseverance of those adventurous pioneers of the prolific wilderness of Australia.

LAMARTINE'S HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION OF 1848.*

THERE will be no want of historians of the last French Revolution. We have had the pitiful spectacle of a knot of demagogues usurping for a brief moment imperial power and divine rights, presented to us in scornful but just language by the legitimist Capefigue. We have also had the apologetic confessions of the conspirator Caussidière; the extravagances of the Luxembourg commission, with an armed and paid mob for a Prætorian guard, are yet, we are told, to be depicted by Louis Blanc himself; and it is not improbable that the majority of the leading actors in the scene will present us with their own views of the particular parts which they took in the Revolutionary Melodrama. It was fitting that he who, by his talent and reputation, was placed at the head of the Provisional Government, although he did not virtually occupy the presidential chair, should be among the foremost in this race of democratic egotism. Lamartine is not the man to give way before even the force of circumstances. It might have been thought that experience had taught him by this time the impossibility of a republic in France, the misery induced by sudden change, and the folly and wickedness of democratic agitation. Not in the least: he is confident of French regeneration, and as ripe for revolution as on that greatest day of his life, when, preceded by a drunken drum-boy and a half-naked flag-bearer, he transferred the seat of government from the Chamber of Deputies to the Hotel de Ville. "France," he exclaims, "is young. She will wear out yet numerous forms of government, before the strong intellectual life with which God has endowed the French race shall be used up."

A philosopher who sees nothing but progress in revolutions, naturally considers the revolution of 1848 as a continuation of the first, "with fewer elements of disorder and more elements of progress. In both one and the other it was a moral idea exploding in the world. That idea is the people—the people, which disengaged itself, in 1789, from servitude, ignorance, privileges, prejudice, and an absolute monarchy; the people which, in 1848, disengaged itself from the oligarchy of a small number, and from a representative monarchy with too limited proportions."

Lamartine passes over the preliminaries of the revolution with a delicate sense of what is due to the living; "and, speaking of Louis Philippe, he says, "Between the throne and exile there is the same distance as between life and death; but exile and old age command from the hearts of men even more respect than the tomb." Of Thiers, Guizot, Odilon Barrot, &c., he also says, summarily:

"All these men live by our sides, some still in power, others put aside or in exile. It would be either rash or cowardly to condemn them. Time has not placed them in the position in which to judge them with impartiality. Truth exists only in the distance. We should risk, in characterising them at the present moment, either failing in respect, or forgetting what is due to their exile. It is sufficient to name them."

Before the "explosion of an idea," as Lamartine calls the revolution,

* Histoire de la Révolution de 1848. Par A. de Lamartine.

"the nation," he tells us, "was calm upon the surface, anxious in its depths. There was a kind of remorse for its prosperity, which did not permit it to enjoy that prosperity in peace. She felt that, one by one, they were taking from her in her sleep all the philosophic truths of the revolution of '89. Her happiness seemed to be the price of an apostasy." It would be difficult to select a sentence more characteristic of the evil spirit that a perverted education and a material philosophy have given popularity to in France. The nation could not enjoy the prosperity and happiness which it had pleased God to vouchsafe to it, because it fancied that the philosophic truths of '89 were being stolen. As if any truths could be philosophical which did not allow a nation to appreciate and to enjoy peace and prosperity!

"The Republic," Lamartine tells us, "is the involuntary work of the parliamentary coalition of 1840, and of the coalition of agitation in 1848. M. Guizot and M. Thiers made the first, MM. Duvergier de Hauranne and Barrot and their friends made the second, and were, without knowing it, the real authors of the Republic."

Thus, according to Lamartine, those who came into power were not the authors of the explosion: if so, how can he claim to be the expression of the moral idea which produced the explosion? Flocon and Ledru Rollin, he admits, made at the opposition banquets speeches which were the forerunners of a revolution that was already accomplished in the minds of their followers; but "some men of the parliamentary opposition, who entertained their own particular opinions (*de nuances isolées*), as Messrs. Thiers, Dufaure, and Lamartine, scrupulously abstained from appearing at these banquets."

It is necessary to observe that the author of the "*Histoire de la Révolution de 1848*" always speaks of himself simply as Lamartine. In every page we find Lamartine was called upon to do this, or Lamartine to do that. The egotism of democracy could scarcely be carried further. One of the opposition banquets, hitherto cautiously avoided, was, it appears, destined to create a greater sensation than any other. This was the banquet given to M. de Lamartine by his fellow-citizens of Maçon, to congratulate him upon the success of the "*Histoire de Girondins*." After a history of the work in question, we are told that Lamartine took this opportunity of revealing his thoughts to his country. "He spoke like a man, devoted mind and heart to the cause of the liberty of the human mind, and of the progress of organised democracy." This speech, which fills up a considerable gap in the "*History of the Revolution*," we are told, expressed the real thoughts of the nation—"it was the faithful interpretation of the public idea, the prophetic cry of the soul of the whole country. All that went beyond this language went in advance of the time."

There was already, at the time of the banquets, Lamartine avers, a struggle between those who wished to ameliorate and those who wished to destroy. The impulses of the people as usual went beyond the point marked out by the men of politics. "Reason or ambition calculates: passion flows over. The people are always carried away by passion." The chamber was convoked at the end of 1847. M. Guizot felt himself secure in his own self-confidence, and the contempt of the vulgar, which so particularly characterised him. The king felt himself sufficiently strong to be able to brand those who attended the banquets as hostile

and blind. This furnished a text to the opposition, and the discussion upon the king's speech was violent and clamorous. Lamartine, we are told, argued that government should limit, but not suspend, the right of meeting; and the great majority of the chambers applauded his words. These words, it is needless to say, as well as all that M. de Lamartine wrote and said during the bustling days of the Revolution, are given at length in this "*History of the Revolution.*" The more open and resolute opposition speeches of Thiers, Odilon Barrot, and others upon the same occasions, are passed over in silence.

The more hostile members of the opposition determined upon a banquet especially to test the strength of government. Government declared that it would resist by force. The opposition met at a restaurateur's on the Place de la Madeleine, to discuss whether they should give way, and become thus politically annihilated, or whether they should go on, and thus risk what they did not wish—a revolution. Lamartine now comes out in a new character: he publishes a speech of considerable length, in which he advocates resistance. "Such," he says, "were the words of Lamartine. Enthusiasm, rather than reflection, drew them from him." Lamartine had up to that time carried his scruples so far as to blame openly the agitation of banquets as a prime to revolutionists. At the last moment he appeared to change his language. "It was no longer a question of a reform-banquet, but the right of legal meetings, contested by ministers with open violence." The banquet, it is now unnecessary to say, did not take place; and Lamartine blames himself for provoking resistance, in the same peculiar style that he at other moments places himself forward as the axis upon which the revolutionary wheel was moving. "Lamartine," he says, "left much to chance. Virtue never gives up anything, save to prudence, when the repose of states and the lives of men are in the scale. He tempted God and the people. Lamartine has since reproached himself for this fault. It is the only one that weighed heavily on his conscience during the whole course of his political life."

When, the next morning, amidst the crowds that had congregated without, and the 55,000 men that were in arms in and around Paris, M. Odilon Barrot deposited on the president's table the formal act of accusation against the ministry, Lamartine corroborates what was reported at the time in the papers, that Guizot left his seat, advanced to the table, read the paper, and smiled at it in contempt. "He had," says Lamartine, "both read and written a great deal of history. His strong and lofty mind was familiarised with, and took pleasure in, its great dramas. His eloquence anxiously availed itself of occasions which would sound in future times. His looks challenged the fight. He braved an accusation against which he was defended within the walls of the Chambers by a majority, and without by a monarchy and an army."

Night came, and no blood had flowed. Hopes of a ministerial change quieted the public mind. The troops bivouacked in the streets and squares. A few resolute republicans had, however, grouped themselves in the kind of artificial citadel, called the Cloister of St. Méry, in the heart of Paris. The number has been estimated at not more than 400 or 500. Another detachment disarmed the post of National Guards at the Batignolles during the night, and fired the guard-house. As morning broke, the barricades radiating from the church of St. Méry as a

centre, kept multiplying and advancing further and further, as it were, under the feet of the army. The National Guard, summoned at a late hour, assembled legion after legion, but it remained neutral. Placing itself between the people and the army, it acted as a shield to the revolutionary party.

Lamartine appears, in this account of the first day of the revolution, to be attenuating circumstances on the one hand, and confounding time on the other. It is evident he writes from what passed before his eyes in the Chambers alone. There had been riots all the day; there had been skirmishing in the Faubourg St. Antoine, and barricades erected and overthrown. Iron railings had been torn down for weapons and defence, and the National Guard had been called out on the evening of Tuesday.

Such (says M. de Lamartine) was the state of Paris at daybreak on the 24th of February. The troops, wearied at seeing no enemy, and yet feeling hostility everywhere, stuck faithfully, yet gloomily, to their posts. Generals and officers spoke in low tones to one another of the inexplicable indecision of events. At the outlets of the main streets groups of horsemen were to be seen, wrapped in their grey cloaks, sword in hand, and stationary for the last thirty hours, their horses sleeping under their burthens, and shivering with cold and hunger. Aide-de-camps were alone seen passing occasionally, carrying orders and counter-orders from one part of Paris to another. In the distance, in the direction of the Hotel de Ville, and in the deep and tortuous labyrinths of the surrounding streets, the sound of musketry was heard; but it appeared to diminish, and to be finally silenced as the day advanced. The people were not numerous in the streets. They appeared as if they wished to allow the invisible spirit of revolution, and that small body of obstinate men who were dying for them in the heart of Paris, to have the fighting to themselves. It seemed as if there was a secret password—a mysterious intelligence between the mass of people and the group of republicans; and which communicated to the one, "Resist for a few hours longer," and to the others, "You are not wanted in the struggle; enough French blood will be sacrificed. The genius of revolution fights for all. Monarchy is on the precipice. It only requires to be pushed. Before sunset, the Republic will have triumphed."

The fortunes of the day lay in the dispositions of the National Guard. This civic body was opposed, almost to a man, to M. Guizot; it would not take an active part, therefore, against the opposition, but it awaited quietly that a new ministry should be announced, and affairs should resume their pristine aspect of tranquillity. It was the same at the Chambers—a change of powers was felt by every one to be imminent, but few suspected a change of government.

One of those men, to whom Providence reserved a place in the events that were about to follow, did not as yet foresee the catastrophe which was going to swallow up the monarchy in a few hours. That man was Lamartine.

Lamartine was son of a provincial gentleman, dwelling on the banks of the Saone.

His early youth had been passed in obscurity. He had spent it in study, in travel, in country retreats. He had conversed much with nature, with books, with his own heart, and with his thoughts. He had been brought up in hatred of the Empire. Such a servitude was glorious only without; within, it was mournful and full of degradation. The study of Tacitus embittered his feelings against this new Cæsar. Sprung from a military race, that was at once religious and royalist, Lamartine, with all the sons of the old provincial nobility, became one of the king's guards at the restoration of the Bourbons. Impatience, and disgust of service in time of peace, led him to withdraw. He resumed his independent habits and his wanderings about the world. Poems, that came from him almost involuntarily, had spread his fame far and wide. This precocity led to his being distinguished by the politicians of the day; and, under their auspices,

he entered upon a diplomatic career. His opinions, liberal and constitutional like those of his family, had displeased the court. His independence militated against his promotion. It was not till 1830 that he was appointed minister-plenipotentiary in Greece.

After the revolution of July he gave in his resignation, out of respect for the fallen fortunes of the house of kings that he had served, and from a feeling of reserve towards the rising fortunes of the new race. He had spent two years in the East. The horizon of the world enlarges thought. The spectacle of the ruins of empires pains, but it also fortifies philosophy. Races, ideas, religions, and empires are seen, as if from the crest of a range of mountains, to arise, to grow up, and to tumble down. People disappear. Nothing more is to be distinguished than humanity tracing its course and multiplying its stations on the road to the infinite. God is more distinctly seen at the end of this highway of the caravans of nations. The mind seeks to obtain some idea of divine wisdom, as shown in civilisation; nor is it disappointed. Faith, in an indefinite progress in human affairs, obtains a hold. The politics of localities and of the moment diminish in importance, and vanish away. He who went forth a man, comes back a philosopher. There is no real party but that which attaches itself to God. Opinion becomes a, philosophy, and politics a religion. Such are the results of long journeys and of profound thoughts accomplished in the East. The depths of the abyss, and the secrets of the bed of the ocean, are not discovered till after the ocean itself is dried up. So it is with the records of the people: history only comprehends them when they are no more.

This extract will give an idea of the spirit and style in which this great but egotistical work is conceived and written; and Lamartine proceeds in the same strain to detail his political principles. "He was in favour," he says, "of the personal intervention of the greatest number in state affairs, but not of the subjection of reason and intelligence to the sway of numbers. He respected the state, the family, and property; looked upon Communism with horror, and Socialism with pity and indignation." With respect to forms of government, he had written his real thoughts upon the monarchical, as opposed to the Republican form, in his "*Histoire des Girondins*;" and he reproduces it, because, he says, "those pages reveal the man." According to those views, government was, with Lamartine, a question of circumstances rather than one of principles. Revolutions, according to him, were only so far good as they were profitable to man and to humanity. He was especially in favour of separation of church and state, although he elsewhere avers that "Lamartine had been created religious, just as the air has been created transparent." He loved democracy, because it was justice; he abhorred demagoguery, because it was the tyranny of the multitude. These were, he says, the chief secret feelings which urged him, not to make, but to accept a revolution.

The evening of the 23rd there were illuminations, and joy beamed on the countenances, and satisfaction filled the hearts of the people. It was known that the king had sent for M. Molé, M. Thiers, and M. Barrot. The same small group of Republicans before alluded to alone continued hostile. This was the party led on by Lagrange, and by Captain Dunoyer. At ten o'clock groups of Republicans of a different class began to assemble before the offices of the *National*. M. Marrast addressed them, and Lamartine describes the scene in picturesque and poetic language. A still more determined, and a better armed party, had assembled round the offices of *La Réforme*. Another motley mass, including women and children, came down the central artery of the boulevard of the Bastille. At the head of the latter mob was Lagrange. "A man," Lamartine describes him, "of forty years of age, tall, thin; his curly hair floating on his shoulders; dressed in an old and dirty

paletôt, and walking with a military step. His arms were crossed upon his breast. His head was bent forwards, like a man who is going to confront death, and who is marching onwards, proud of the fate that awaits him. That man's eyes, familiar to the crowd, concentrated the fire of a whole revolution. His physiognomy too bore the expression of a defiance that even disregarded force. His lips, perpetually moving, were pale and trembling."

The three mobs met in the neighbourhood of the Café Tortoni. A small detachment, armed with swords and pikes, turned off at the Rue de Choiseul, to take the Hotel of Foreign Affairs by the flank, whilst the main body should approach it in front. "An invisible plan," observes Lamartine; "evidently decided upon these movements. The unanimous breath of a revolution raises up the masses; but conspirators alone can rule its movements with so much precision, and thus direct its evolutions." These conspirators have been already named, and a red flag waved before them, amidst the smoke of torches. Arrived at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, a battalion of infantry opposed itself to further progress. Upon the question of the first musket fired, no one can tell whether at the soldiers or the mob—and of which so much has been made, as a shot expressly fired at the Republicans by one of themselves, to rouse their passions by the sight of blood—Lamartine is in favour of a more simple idea—that it was purely accidental.* The soldiers, he said, thought that they were attacked, and without waiting for orders, fired upon the mob. Many were wounded, several killed, and the multitude did not cease its flight till it had gained the Rue Lafitte; leaving, says Lamartine, "emptiness, silence, and night, between it and the battalion." The report of this untoward catastrophe spread as quickly as the sound of the musketry itself through Paris. "Immense sepulchral cars," Lamartine remarks, ingenuously enough, "were at once found, ready horsed, at that late hour of night, as if they had been prepared beforehand, to parade the corpses throughout the city, and to rouse the fury of the populace." The bodies were so disposed that the arms hung over the side, and the open wounds rained blood upon the wheels. One man upon the cart itself every now and then lifted up the body of a female, to expose it to the eyes of the infuriated mob. Everywhere now the same cry was heard—"To arms! to arms!"

Lamartine's second book terminates at this epoch of the revolution. We miss in it the erection of barricades in the quarters of St. Denis and St. Martin, the affair at the place du Caire, Rue de Cléry, &c.; the declaration of the National Guard in favour of the people, the siege of the guard-house, and rescue of prisoners on the Boulevard des Bonnes Nouvelles; and the second volley, which is said by some to have followed upon the first, in the Rue de la Paix.

Whilst the people were busy at their barricades, at which they worked without interruption all night until next morning, there was not a single leading street in the capital which was not a fortress, the king was reflecting, by the sound of the alarm-bells, upon the means of calming what he still considered to be a mere riot. Lamartine places those reflections in

* The shot has been generally attributed to Lagrange; but we see that Lamartine describes the conspirator as unarmed. Others relate that the horse rode by the colonel of the regiment was struck, and that the men, seeing their commanding officer fall, fired on the impulse.

an agreeable point of view. "He did not disguise from himself," he remarks, "that a dynasty that should reconquer Paris by shells and grape-shot, would be ever afterwards besieged there by the horror of the people. His field of battle had always been opinion. It was upon that that he wished now to place his dependence. He wished to effect a reconciliation by prompt concessions; only, like a cautious and economical politician, he bargained with himself and with opinion to obtain the wished-for reconciliation with the least possible sacrifice of his system and of his dignity."

Guizot's last act was to defy opinion by the appointment of Marshal Bugeaud to the military command of Paris. But in the middle of the night M. Thiers was sent for. His name intimated the triumph of opinion over the personal obstinacy of the king. M. Thiers objected to the appointment of Marshal Bugeaud, asked for the association of Odilon Barrot, and issued a proclamation suspending hostilities. Every thing was conceded. When M. Thiers withdrew, Lamartine says that Guizot, who had not gone out of the palace, once more visited the king, and remained an hour with him in his study. No one knows what took place at this last interview between the king and his minister. "It consisted," observes Lamartine, "possibly more of anticipations of the future than of references to the past. Strong wills have illusions, but never repent. The genius of M. Guizot lay especially in his will; that will might be broken, but not bent even by the hand of God."

In the morning the sense of a great danger had brought together a number of honourable men in the Tuileries, who seldom before passed its threshold. A tumultuous council was held in the ante-chambers, whilst the king, fatigued with the exertions and anxieties of the night, took a few hours' repose without undressing himself. The multitude, increased by the schools of Paris, and with them the great barricades of stone, kept approaching the mean time nearer and nearer to the palace. The proclamation of M. Thiers was looked upon as a plot. The *Place du Palais Royal* was carried by the people. The affair of the guard-house, so disgraceful to the insurgents, and so much dwelt upon by the legitimist Capefigue, is passed over briefly by Lamartine. "Fire," he says, "was devouring the guard-house of the *Chateau d'Eau*, and some wounded soldiers, incapable of movement, were expiring, it was said, in the flames. All this took place within a few paces of the troops, who remained immovable and asphyxiated under the order of chiefs whom the king and his minister had forbidden to fight." The Carousel was, in fact, at the time occupied by infantry, cavalry, and artillery. M. Odilon Barrot attempted by his presence to arrest the mob, but in vain. A brave officer, Trébois by name, also endeavoured to prevail upon the insurrectionists to withdraw from the vicinity of the palace.

"What do you ask for?" he inquired, "what must be done to make you put aside those fratricidal arms? Royalty is ready to make every concession that can satisfy you. Do you want reform? It is promised you. Do you ask for the dismissal of ministers? They are gone. Who are the men in whose hands you deem your liberties safe and your wishes gratified? The King has named M. Thiers. "Are you satisfied?" "No, no," answered the crowd. "Shall he appoint M. Barrot?" "No, no," was the answer again. "But," resumed the pacificator, "would you put down your arms if the King called M. de Lamartine to his counsels?" "Lamartine! Long live Lamartine!" shouted the multitude. "Yes, yes, that is the man we want. Let the King give us Lamartine, and everything may yet be arranged. We have confidence in him."

M. de Lamartine would convey by this the idea, that if he had been called upon to form a ministry he might have saved the monarchy; and he enters into details as to the feelings entertained towards him by Louis Philippe, which prevented that monarch availing himself of his services. "The prince," he says, "always spoke of M. de Lamartine as of a dreamer, whose wings could never be brought to touch the earth, and whose eyes could not discern even the shadow of a reality. The King," he adds, "entertained in that the opinion of the *bourgeoisie*. The latter never pardon certain men for not possessing the mediocrity of the crowd or the vices of the time." It is perhaps questionable to whom history will accord the most accurate judgment in this little discussion between an ex-king and an ex-minister of foreign affairs to a provisional government.

M. Guizot, Lamartine relates, witnessed from the windows of the Louvre, where he had been obliged to take refuge, the invasion of the Tuileries. The King, still confident of his power to dominate the crisis, had joined the family breakfast-table at eleven o'clock. Scarcely was he seated, when Messrs. Remusat and Hauganne burst into the apartment with the ominous tidings, that the dragoons were giving over their swords and the soldiers their guns to the people, within three hundred paces of where they were. The whole family rose from table. The King hastened to put on his uniform, and rode out, accompanied by the Dukes of Nemours and Montpensier and a faithful staff, to review the troops that occupied the Carousel and the court-yard of the Tuileries. The King returned from this last review full of consternation. His reception had been cold in the extreme, and cries of "Vive la Réforme" and "A bas les ministres" burst like so many revolutionary shells at the very feet of his horse. From this moment every step taken was marked by the same indecision and doubt. The King did not like to provoke a struggle, nor yet to wait for its taking place against his will. He had not decision enough to act, and yet he could not acknowledge to himself that without action all was lost. M. Thiers added to the difficulties of his situation by resigning his portfolio at the very moment, and recommending M. Barrot. M. Barrot sacrificed, by accepting the trust, a popularity of eighteen years in a few hours. But Lamartine justly remarks, that it was an act of duty and devotion; a text for raillery for the frivolous minds of the day, but a permanent title to esteem from an impartial posterity. To indecision succeeded distress; and this was carried so far, that Lamartine relates that a national guard on duty in the park whispered to the general commanding the troops, "General, you should order the soldiers beyond hearing of these scenes of grief and mourning. Soldiers ought not to witness the agony of kings."

This state of things was interrupted by the sound of musketry in the Carousel itself; and M. Girardin, "one of those characters who feel themselves equal to all circumstances and occasions, and are consequently ever ready to enter upon the scene where there is danger," burst into the room. In short and brief words, tempered with the utmost respect, the journalist told the King that ministerial names were no longer of any use, and that there was only one word that could meet the urgency, and that was abdication! The King allowed the pen to drop from his hand, and was about to discuss the question, but the unpitied journalist allowed him no time. "It must be," he said, "either abdication of the King or abdication of the monarchy, and there was not a moment to lose in the

choice." He then presented to the King a proclamation, which had been previously drawn up, and even sent to press. It contained in four lines : " Abdication of the King. Regency of the Duchess of Orleans. Dissolution of the Chambers. General Amnesty." The King hesitated ; the Duke of Montpensier seconded M. Girardin, and the reign of Louis Philippe was concluded by an act of impatience with which the free and full convictions of the King had nothing to do. He wrote, " I abdicate in favour of my grandson the Count of Paris. May he be happier than I have been !" He, however, did not state his wishes with regard to the regency. Lamartine says, " M. Thiers had seconded the thoughts of the King, when he had declared himself, with a portion of the opposition, against the regency of the Duchess of Orleans. M. de Lamartine had energetically supported the right of the mother." The present moment proved, he goes on to say, that he was right. The Duke of Nemours was not, in fact, beloved by the people. This mistake of the monarch and of M. Thiers, Lamartine, with all other competent historians of the revolution, avers to have weighed fatally upon the last hour of the reign. " If, instead of throwing to the people this ambiguous abdication, which did not explain itself on the question of the regency, and which left those engaged in the struggle to imagine the Duke of Nemours behind this abdication, M. Girardin, the bearer of this act, had placed before the hearts and imaginations of the nation a young widow and a young mother reigning by favour and by popularity in the name of her son ; if that princess, beloved and free from all recriminations, had herself appeared in the courts of the palace, and presented her child to the adoption of the country, there is no doubt but that nature would have triumphed over the people, for nature would have found a home in the heart and in the look of every combatant."

It must be understood that, in saying this, Lamartine stands forth as the champion of the Duchess of Orleans, as distinctly as the legitimist Capefigue stood forward her opponent—simply on the grounds of difference of faith.

" The Duchess of Orleans, unfortunately," continues Lamartine, " remained at this supreme moment shut up with her children in the apartments of the place which were devoted to her use. The King dreaded the influence of this lady—young, beautiful, and serious, wrapped up in her mourning, irreproachable in her conduct, reluctantly exiled from the world ; he dreaded that the involuntary radiation of her loyalty, her grace, and her mental accomplishments, should draw upon her the thoughts of the country, and should expose her to the jealousy of the court."

M. Girardin, it is to be observed, had always supported in his journal with energy and perseverance those rights which Lamartine had vindicated in the Chambers. The obtaining an abdication in favour of the Duchess of Orleans was not, therefore, without meaning. The objects proposed failed, however, as had been the case with previous good intentions, by the omission of the King's signature to the document. The combatants repudiated it as a trap. Such, at least, is Lamartine's explanation. It is most probable, however, that the greater portion of the fighting men were republicans ; and among them also there must have been a large body bent on plunder, and who would not have been set aside by all the concessions in the world. History seems to show that concessions that are not timely and wisely yielded, but that are conceded

to the clamour of a mob, never answer any good purpose. The people lose respect for those who make them. Consequently concessions never end, but must go on at the dictation of an excited people. The question then remains, how far concessions can be considered legitimate which are not obtained through the ordinary and constitutional channel—that of the people's representatives. A concession made by a king to a clamour, is quite as unconstitutional as an act of tyranny would be, done upon the same king's own responsibility. It is as much the duty of a monarch to resist demands so made, as it is to defend his people against a foreign enemy. The demands must be referred, even *vi et armis*, to their proper arena of discussion—the houses of parliament. King Louis Philippe committed a weakness in signing an abdication presented to him by a journalist; but, as time has shown by the insurrections that succeeded, and by the misery that it entailed to France, he also did an injustice to the whole of the community, in not putting down by force the mob who on this occasion dictated terms to the nation. This is not the view yet taken of the case by any French historian, but it will be that which posterity will adopt.

M. de Lamartine gives far more minute details of these last eventful moments than any that have hitherto been published. Marshal Bugeaud braved the multitude, but returned, it appears, without gaining anything but admiration for his bravery. The young General Lamoricière galloped across the Carrousel, and advanced to address the insurgents. His horse was shot down, his sword broke in the fall, and he himself was wounded in the hand. As a last resource, the King said to Marshal Gérard, "Go out to these people, and announce to them my abdication."

"The marshal, dressed in a morning coat such as are usually worn by citizens, and a round hat on his head, mounted the horse which Marshal Bugeaud had just left in the court. General Duchant, a brilliant officer of the Empire, celebrated for his martial beauty and his bravery, accompanied Marshal Gérard. They passed the railings, and were received by cries of 'Long live the brave!' The old marshal recognised in the crowd Colonel Dumoulin, an old officer of the Empire, and an adventurous character, whom the sound of musketry carried away, and to whom movement gave inspiration; he called him by name, 'Here, my dear Dumoulin, here is the abdication of the King, and the regency of the Duchess of Orleans, which I bring to the people. Help me to get them accepted.'

"As he said these words, the marshal held out a paper to Colonel Dumoulin. But the republican Lagrange, more active than Dumoulin, tore the proclamation from the marshal's hand, and disappeared without communicating it to the people. This movement carried away the regency and the throne from the Orleans dynasty."

Marshal Bugeaud made a second attempt to turn the insurrectionists from their purpose, but without success. He then made his way back to the Tuileries, where he had, in the mean time, been superseded by Marshal Gérard.

"What, sire," he said to the King, "do they dare to advise you to abdicate in the midst of an engagement? Are they not aware that they are counselling you more than ruin, shame? Abdication in a calm and deliberate moment may sometimes be the safety of an empire, and the wisdom of a king; but abdication before the fire of insurrectionists will always have the appearance of weakness; and, what is more, that weakness, which your enemies will call cowardice, would be useless at the present moment. The battle has begun; there are now no means of making that abdication known to the masses that have taken up arms, and

who are not to be stopped by a word cast at them from the front ranks. Let us re-establish order, and then let us deliberate."

"Well," exclaimed the king, rising up at these words and pressing in his hands those of the marshal, "you forbid me to abdicate, you!"

"Yes, sire," replied the brave soldier, with respectful energy, "I would counsel you not to yield, at least at the present moment, to an advice that will save nothing, and which may lose everything."

The king's face grew radiant with joy on seeing his feelings participated in, and authority given to them by the firm and martial attitude of his general.

"Marshal," he said to him, with much emotion, and in an almost supplicating manner, "excuse my having broken your sword in your hands by taking from you your command to give it to Gérard. He was more popular than you!"

"Sire," replied General Bugeaud, "let him save your majesty, and I do not envy him your confidence."

The king no longer approached the table, but appeared to have given up the idea of abdication. The various persons and counsellors grouped around were filled with consternation at the new turn affairs had taken. They connected with that idea, some their safety, others the safety of the kingdom; a few, perchance, secret desires. At all events, all saw in it one of those solutions which make a momentary diversion in a crisis, and which relieve the mind from the weight of prolonged uncertainty.

The Duke of Montpensier, the king's son, who appeared to be more impatient of a solution to the difficulty than any one else, pressed his father urgently, and endeavoured to induce him to adhere to his intentions by gestures that were almost imperious. His attitude and his words remained in the memory of those present as one of the most painful impressions of the whole scene. The queen alone, in this tumult and this rush of timid counsels, preserved the calmness and the resolution of a wife, of a mother, and of a queen. After having sided with the marshal in condemning a precipitate abdication, she yielded to the pressure of opinions, and retired to the recess of a window, from whence she contemplated the king, indignation on her lips, and tears in her eyes.

The king placed the act of abdication in the hands of his ministers, and joined the queen. He was no longer king, but no one had legal authority to seize upon the power thus abdicated. The people no longer fought against the king, but against the monarchy; in one word, it was either too soon or too late.

Marshal Bugeaud pointed out the fact once more in the most respectful manner possible to the king before he took his departure.

"I know it, marshal," answered the king, "but I do not wish blood to flow any longer for my sake."

The king was personally courageous. This answer was not, therefore, a mere subterfuge by which to cover either his defection or his cowardice. This answer must be a consolation in exile, and will be preserved by history. That which God approves of, men ought not to condemn.

Louis Philippe meets, it will be seen by this extract, with better apologists among the men of the revolution, than among the legitimists. Lamartine's earnest vindication of the king's heart, as so fully attested by his reluctance to give orders at any time to enter into actual conflict with the people, is more magnanimous, and possibly more just, than Capéfigue's taunts of indecision and incapability. The only thing is, that the last moments of the king's reign belied all his previous acts; so large a portion of his power having been up to that time devoted to the accumulation of armed men around his person, to the erection of forts around the capital, and to other purely military means of consolidating the dynastic influence. The King, having deposited his sword upon the table, and exchanged his uniform for a black coat, took the queen by the arm. The latter, Lamartine relates, could not retire without an expression of resentment towards M. Thiers. "Oh, sir!" she said, in a bitter tone, "you did not deserve so good a king. His only revenge is to fly before his enemies." At the last moment the question of the regency remained in the same state of indecision.

At the moment of crossing the threshold of the door, the king turned to the

Duchess of Orleans, who had risen to follow him—"Hélène," he said, "do you remain." The princess threw herself at his feet, to beg of him to take her with him; she forgot royalty to think only of the father of her husband. She was no longer princess, she was a mother; but it was in vain.

M. Crémieux, an eloquent and active member of the opposition, had hastened among others to the palace, to give advice at the last crisis, and to place himself between the crown and civil war: he hurried at these words towards the king, and holding him by the arm—"Sire," he said, in a tone of interrogation that insists upon an answer; "it is perfectly understood, is it not, that the regency belongs to Madame the Duchess of Orleans?"

"No," answered the king; "the law gives the regency to the Duke of Nemours, my son. It does not belong to me to change the law; it remains for the nation to do in that respect that which may best meet its wishes and ensure its safety." And he continued moving on, leaving behind him a problem.

"The regency," continues Lamartine, "confided to his son, had been one of the great anxieties of his reign. He had felt a humiliation in leaving after him the government of a few years to a woman, a stranger to his race. Perchance also his foresight led him to fear lest the difference of religion that existed between the duchess and the nation might bring about troubles in the state, and might engender an aversion to his grandson. The prince, by nature reflective, had had upwards of twenty years of exile to mature his reflections upon the future. Prudence was the turn of his genius, as it was also its chief defect. It can be justly said that three excesses of dynastic prudence were the three principal causes of his fall. The fortifications of Paris, which threatened liberty from afar; the marriage of the Duke of Montpensier, in Spain, forerunner of a war of succession in a dynastic interest; and lastly, the regency given to the Duke of Nemours, which deprived at this moment the cause of monarchy of the innocence of a young woman and the interest of a child—influences that would have been infallible with the populace.

The duchess remained for some time on her knees. The carriages had been sent for, but the mob had burnt or destroyed them; and the messenger despatched to order them was killed on the way. It was necessary to retreat by another road; that offered by the garden of the Tuileries was the most accessible. The Duke of Nemours, who had remained with the Duchess of Orleans, to diminish the chances of civil war, gave orders to the military to withdraw, in order that the palace might be occupied by the National Guard. At this moment M. Dupin arrived. The duchess exclaimed immediately on seeing him—

"Ah, sir! what do you come to say to me?"

"I come, madam, to say," replied M. Dupin, "that perchance the part of a second Maria Theresa is reserved for you."

"Be my guide then, sir," exclaimed the princess; "my life belongs to France and to my children."

"Well, then, let us go! there is not a moment to lose—let us go to the Chamber of Deputies."

The Duke of Nemours, after having bid his father farewell, and seen the last battalion of troops file off by the quays and the garden, returned in time to accompany the duchess, who walked to the Chambers, holding the Count of Paris by the hand, whilst the other child, the Duke of Chartres, was carried in the arms of an aide-de-camp.

M. Dupin conversed with the duchess on the other side. A few officers of the household followed in silence; and a valet of the children, called Hubert, formed the whole escort of this regency—a regency which had only to travel the distance of the garden to the Chamber of Deputies before it was swallowed up with the throne.

Scarcely had the princess got two-thirds of the garden distance, before the column of republicans effected their entrance into the palace, filled the apartments, sweeping away the last traces of royalty, carrying off

the colour which canopied the throne, and halting only for a moment in the captured palace to fall once more into order, and to march upon the Chambers on the footsteps of the regency. This column was that commanded by Lagrange and Captain Dunoyer, and the ranks of which had kept on increasing in number ever since the previous evening."

There is much to criticise in these statements, for sins of omission rather than commission; but it is evident that, here as elsewhere, it is more judicious, in treating a work of this description, to adhere to that which is new, than to have to stop at each moment and point out where something is wanting in that which has long since been told. Now this resolute, well-arranged, and vindictive hostility of a so-called column of insurgents has not been before placed in so clear a light. We have had numerous accounts of the mob which abruptly put an end to the question of the regency; we have had more of its organisation; nor have we hitherto seen it stated that the same column of republicans preceded the more mob-like sackers of the palace of the kings of France.

We can also well afford, in the presence of events of such high importance, to pass over the detailed account as to how Lamartine—a stranger to all species of conspiracy—had gone to sleep the night previous, full of consternation at the blood spilt, but convinced that the next day, when royalty would make public further concessions, the movement would be at an end; how also, when the next day he repaired to the Chambers, he overheard two generals still speaking as if everything was safe. "The mob on the *Place de la Concorde*," said one, "everywhere gives way before my squadrons." "The best troops in Europe could not force the bridge," said the other. But at the vestibule of the Chambers the poet orator was surrounded by the men of the *National* and the *Réforme*—men with whom, he says, he had had little hitherto in common, and most of whom were even unknown to him by face—and who endeavoured to prevail upon him to accept the ministry of the regency. Lamartine, according to his own account, declined the proffered responsibility; but declared, that if there was to be a revolution he would accept it in its entirety, and decide for a republic. Lamartine's description of the aspect of the Chambers is exceedingly graphic. When Thiers made his appearance, numbers of deputies grouped around him to hear the news. Raising his hat above his head, like a pilot about to be engulfed, "The tide is coming up, coming up," he said; and then he bowed down, as if with the weight of destiny. A universal silence prevailed. M. Sauzet was in the president's chair, but there were no ministers present—no one in power to appeal to. At this moment an officer in uniform made his appearance, and whispered to M. Sauzet. The president rose up, and announced, with a voice full of emotion, that the Duchess of Orleans and her children were about to enter. Two or three chairs were immediately placed at the foot of the tribune. The deputies descended from the more elevated benches, to be nearer to the scene. A respectful silence pervaded the hall. The duchess entered, with a pale and anxious countenance; her blue eyes looked about as if to claim protection, but her cheeks reddened slightly, and a smile played beneath her tears, when she heard that the applause was unanimous. None, however, ventured to speak till M. Lacrosse called upon M. Dupin. The selection, Lamartine says, was fatal. In M. Dupin the deputies only saw the king's confidential friend; they immediately fancied that

there was a plot; that what was passing before them was a drama concocted at the palace the night before. M. Dupin had scarcely announced the king's abdication and the regency of the Duchess of Orleans, and M. Sauzet had only time to utter, "Gentlemen, it appears that the Chambers, by its unanimous applause—" when the solemnity of the meeting was interrupted by the abrupt opening of a door to the left, and the rushing in of National Guards and of people belonging to the working classes. Several deputies hastened forward to make a rampart of their bodies before the princess. General Oudinot declaimed passionately against the interruption; but finding that he could not prevail, he hastened to invoke the guard in the courts and front of the Chambers. The National Guard, however, refused to act, and Oudinot returned to the Chambers bursting with martial indignation. Lamartine asked that, under the circumstances, the sitting should be suspended, out of respect to the national representation and to the august princess present. The Duchess of Orleans, however, hesitated to withdraw. General Oudinot exclaimed, that if the princess wished to remain, she must remain; and perhaps she would be right to do so, for she would be protected by their devotion.

In the midst of this tumult, M. Marie ascended the tribune, and declared that the Chambers could not nominate a regency. The Duchess of Orleans had been proclaimed that day, but the law had appointed the Duke of Nemours. In the mean time, the capital demanded a government, and he proposed that a provisional government should be nominated. This motion was received with unanimous applause. M. Crénieux passed over to the duchess a few manuscript words for her to address to the house; she only placed them in the hands of M. Dupin. The young king looked with astonishment at the noisy acclamations with which the nomination of a provisional government was received; and he clapped his little hands in applause of that motion which deprived him of his throne. Odilon Barrot appealed once more to the feelings of those present. "The crown of July," he said, "reposes on the head of a child and of a woman." These words were received by the centre with enthusiasm. The duchess herself, by a happy instinct of gratitude, rose up and saluted the Chambers. The young king also bowed to those who had applauded his mother. The duchess asked to speak to address the members; but the president did not or would not hear the appeal, and she sat down again, terrified at her own boldness.* Larochejaquelin succeeded to Odilon

* M. de Mornay, son-in-law of Marshal Soult, and the aide-de-camp before alluded to, has since published a letter in the *Journal des Débats*, in which he says, "An actor in this great drama (never having quitted the Duchess of Orleans from the moment when her life was threatened in the Chamber of Deputies to the day when I took leave of her at Ems), I am better able than any other to state the real facts as far as they are connected with her. I shall say little of what took place in the Chamber, as hundreds can bear testimony to the calm, dignified, and courageous attitude of the Duchess of Orleans in the midst of those terrible scenes. The princess was obliged to renounce the idea of speaking, solely from the impossibility of making herself heard amidst the general tumult. Had she been able to do so, she would have been inspired at such a moment by all the elevated sentiments of her soul, and not by notes which might have been handed to her. On their leaving, the young princes were not trampled underfoot; there were, fortunately, men of courage still there to protect them from such an ignominy. Both of them, it is true, were violently separated from their

Barrot. The members anticipated that the claims of Henry V. were about to be vindicated; but the orator declared that he did not come to raise up wild pretensions against those which had been advocated by Odilon Barrot; and then he added, "but it is my belief that M. Barrot has not served, as he would have wished to have served, the interests which he now wishes to save. It belongs rather to those who have always served their kings in the past, to speak at the present moment of the country—to speak of the people." And then raising himself to his full height, and addressing the members of the centre in his loudest and most emphatic tone, he exclaimed, "To-day you are nothing—you no longer exist!"

This last sentence transferred the insurrection from the street into the assembly. Every one rose up as if by instinct. Bayonets, swords, bars of iron, torn flags, were now raised up above the heads of the members. Lagrange, the terrible rebel of Lyons and Paris, held forth the act of abdication which he had torn from out of the hands of General Gerard, and proclaimed the Republic. The column led on by this man and Captain Dunoyer, fearing that they should be deprived of their objects by a woman

mother, and incurred some danger, but the Count of Paris was soon restored to her, and left with her for the Invalides. As to the Duke of Chartres, who was first taken care of by M. Lepmann, an usher of the Chamber, he was not given into my charge, because I did not quit the princess."

M. de Lamartine's statement is to the effect, that "the popular orator, M. Crémieux, who had just returned from conducting the King to his carriage, affected by the greatness of the situation and the pathos of the spectacle, slipped into the princess's hand a few words that were calculated to flatter the nation, and to cause the empire to be passed over by the hands of the people themselves to the widow of the Duke of Orleans. If it was a crime, it was the crime of pity. Who would not have committed this crime, if he had found himself placed by the side of this unfortunate woman?" After M. Crémieux's address to the House, Lamartine adds, "The Duchess of Orleans crushed the paper which had been given to her by M. Crémieux in her fingers, and then handed it to M. Dupin, who appeared to approve of the contents."

Again, after Odilon Barrot had addressed the house, he says—"The Duke of Nemours whispered to the princess. She rose again, with a still more visible timidity. She held a paper in her hand. She shook it, as if to call the president's attention to it. The voice of a woman, clear, vibrating, but stifled by emotion, issues from the group that surrounds her, and causes a slight shudder to pervade the assembly. It is the duchess, who asks to address the representatives of the nation. Who could have resisted that voice? Who would not have felt the tears, by which that address would have been interrupted, fall upon his heart? The discussion was ended. The president did not see that movement—did not hear that voice, or affected not to see, or not to hear it, to give over the house to M. Barrot. The duchess, stunned and terrified at her own temerity, sat down again. Nature, conquered, remained dumb."

There is some importance attached in these words to M. Crémieux's notes, but there is no positive statement that the princess intended to make use of them in her address. She would have appeared rather to have made use of them to call the attention of the president to her wish to address the house. She might have addressed the representatives in the sense of the notes conveyed to her; but after crumpling the paper in her hands, she could scarcely have read from them. M. de Mornay's vindication of the princess's noble sentiments, appears to be more chivalrous than positively called for by any statement of M. de Lamartine's. With regard to the children being trampled underfoot, it was scarcely credible, and we give M. de Mornay credit for correcting such a misstatement; but the aide-de-camp himself allows that they were separated violently from their mother, and exposed to danger. The attack of the miscreant upon the Count of Paris would appear to have come under Lamartine's personal observation.

and a child, had, we have seen, invaded the Chambers. General Gourgaud, in a moment of ineffable weakness, had given way to the column and had allowed it to pass by. Colonel Dumoulin had seized the flag torn from the throne at the Tuileries, and throwing himself at the head of the column, led it on as if to the assault. M. Marrast declared, at this invasion of the Chambers, that it was the wrong people, and that he was going to call the real people! Amidst all this tumult M. Ledru Rollin was enabled to make himself heard at length against the regency. M. Berryer interrupted him. The people called out for Lamartine. Lamartine says he trembled, for he felt that there was on one side a regency replete with anarchy, on the other a republic full of problems. Lamartine says he could have saved the duchess and the young king by a few words, but that reason forbade him, and he also demanded a provisional government. The orator was interrupted by a loud discharge of musketry. A band of Red Republicans had arrived, called thither by M. Marrast, and by him introduced to the Chambers. These were M. Marrast's "real people"—men covered with the dust and sweat, the powder and the blood of three days' excitement, fighting, plunder, and intoxication. It was with the greatest difficulty that the princess was carried away, and that the children were saved from the ferocity of this party. The Count of Paris had been seized by the throat by a man of colossal stature and herculean strength. A National Guard with difficulty saved his life. The little Duke of Chartres had fallen under the feet of the invaders, and was with equal difficulty rescued from destruction. A gun was pointed at M. Sauzet's breast, and the president hastened to evacuate his place of dangerous pre-eminence. The same gun was then turned upon M. Lamartine, but a National Guard saved him by tilting his musket up in the air. Lamartine thus kept his place at the tribune. It was perhaps owing to that simple circumstance—to his being in the tribune at the time of the invasion of the house by the Red Republicans, and to his keeping his place when the greater part of the members had fled in the footsteps of the president and of the royal family—that Lamartine was indebted for his temporary elevation to power. The mob called upon him to act as president, but Lamartine pointed out an older man, Dupont de l'Eure; and M. Dupont was carried in the naked arms of the intruders to the president's chair. An ignoble inauguration of a provisional government! M. de Lamartine bade the new president hasten to name a provisional government. "Be quick," he whispered to him, "or the opportunity will escape us." M. Dupont proclaimed the names, MM. Dupont de l'Eure, Lamartine, Arago, Marie, Garnier Pages, Ledru Rollin, Crémieux. Each name was received with a salvo of applause. Every shade of popular opinion had its representative. Lamartine descended from the tribune, shouting out, "To the Hôtel de Ville!" The mob repeated the cry. Instinct told him that a government inaugurated at the Chambers would be superseded the same day. The Hôtel de Ville was the head-quarters of the revolution, the people's palace, and the Aventine Mount of Parisian seditious.

And thither, accordingly, the new Provisional Government repaired—some in cabriolets, others at the head of or in the midst of a crowd of ignorant, excited, and lawless people.

SOAPEY SPONGE'S SPORTING TOUR.

CHAPTER XX.

THE TALK OVER.

OUR last left the inhabitants of Jawleyford Court retiring to rest on the night of our hero's arrival. Staying guests have the advantage over mere dining or teeing ones, inasmuch as they cannot well be talked over—not in full conclave at least, as those who go away are. "A call of the house" for the purpose would be troublesome; besides, it is not necessary where there are likely to be so many opportunities. Our friends, therefore, all retired to their respective apartments; Mr. Soapey, of course, to the state satin-damask-furnished room into which he was ushered before dinner. Thither the reader will perhaps have the kindness to follow him.

"Well, I think he'll do," said Soapey to himself, as he applied a cedar match to the now somewhat better burnt-up fire, for the purpose of lighting a cigar—a cigar! in the state-bedroom of Jawleyford Court. But Soapey was a cool hand. Having divested himself of his smart blue coat and white waistcoat, and arrayed himself in a gray ample dressing-gown, he adjusted the loose cushions of a recumbent chair, and soused himself into its luxurious depths for a "think over."

"He has money," mused Soapey, between the copious inhalations of the weed, "splendid style he lives in, to be sure" (puff), continued he, after another long draw, as he adjusted the ash at the end of the cigar. "Two men in livery" (puff). "one out, can't be done upon nothing" (puff). "What a profusion of plate, too!" (whiff)—"declare I never" (puff) "saw such" (whiff, puff) "magnificence in the whole course of my" (whiff, puff) "life."

The cigar being then well under way, Soapey sucked and puffed and whiffed in an apparently vacant stare, his legs crossed, and his eyes fixed on a projecting coal between the lower bars, as if intent on watching the alternations of flame and gas; though in reality he was running all the circumstances through his mind, comparing them with his past experience, and speculating on the probable result of the present adventure.

Soapey had seen a good deal of service in the matrimonial wars, and was entitled to as many bars as the most distinguished peninsular veteran. No woman with money, or the reputation of it, ever wanted an offer with Soapey in the way, for he would down upon her at the second or third interview; and always pressed for an immediate fulfilment, lest the "cursed lawyers" should interfere and interrupt their felicity. Somehow or other, the "cursed lawyers" always had interfered; and as sure as they walked in, Mr. Soapey Sponge walked out. He couldn't bear the idea of their coarse, inquisitive inquiries. He was too much of a gentleman!

Love, light as air, at sight of human ties
Spreads his light wings and in a moment flies.

So Mr. Soapey fled, consoling himself with the reflection that there was no harm done, and hoping for "better luck next time."

In truth, an offer, especially in the London or watering-place world, is neither here nor there. It hardly amounts to more than an overture for a better acquaintance, or booking a box at the theatre in case one likes to see the play.

Soapey roved from flower to flower like a butterfly, touching here, alighting there, but always passing away with apparent indifference. He knew if he couldn't square matters at short notice, he would have no better chance with an extension of time; so, if he saw things taking the direction of inquiry, he would just laugh the offer off, pretend he was only feeling his way—saw he was not acceptable—sorry for it—and away he would go to somebody else. He looked upon a woman much in the light of a horse; if she didn't suit one man, she would another, and there was no harm in trying. So he puffed and smoked, and smoked and puffed—gliding gradually into wealth and prosperity.

A second cigar assisted his comprehension, still further—just as a second bottle of wine not only helps men through their difficulties, but shows them the way to unbounded wealth. Many of the bright railway schemes of former days, we make no doubt, were concocted under the inspiring influence of the bottle. Soapey now saw everything as he wished. All the errors of his former days were open to him. He saw how indiscreet it was confiding in Miss Trickery's cousin, the major; why the rich widow at Chesterfield had *chasséd* him; and how he was done out of the beautiful Miss Rainbow, with her beautiful estate, with its lake, its heronry, and its perpetual advowson. Other mishaps he also considered.

Having disposed of the past, he then turned his attention to the future. Here were two girls apparently full of money—two lovely creatures, between whom there wasn't the toss up of a halfpenny for choice. Most exemplary parents, too; people than whom nothing could be more agreeable, and who didn't seem to care a farthing about money.

It was quite clear he had made an impression at Laverick Wells.

He then began speculating on what the girls would have. "Great house—great establishment—great estate, doubtless. Why, confound it," continued he, casting his heavy eye lazily around, "here's a room as big as a field in the vale of Blackmoore! Can't have less than fifty thousand apiece, I should say, at the very least. Jawleyford, to be sure, is young," thought he; "may live a d—d long time" (puff). "If Mrs. Jawleyford were to die (Curse—the cigar's burnt my lips"), added he, throwing the remnant into the fire, and rolling out of the chair to prepare for turning into bed.

If any one—Sam Sheepley or Joe Kite—had told Soapey that there was a rich papa and mamma on the look out for amiable young men to bestow their fair daughters upon, he would have laughed them to scorn, and said, "Why, you fool, they are only laughing at you;" or, "You ass! don't you see they are playing you off against somebody else?" But Soapey, like other men, was blind where he himself was concerned, and concluded that he was the exception to the general rule.

Mr. and Mrs. Jawleyford had their consultation too.

"Well," said Mr. Jawleyford, seating himself on the high wire fender immediately below a marble bust of himself on the mantelpiece; "I think he'll do."

"Oh, no doubt," replied Mrs. Jawleyford, who never saw any diffi-

culty in the way of a match; "I should say he is a very nice young man," continued she.

"Rather *brusque* in his manner, perhaps," observed Jawleyford, who was quite the "lady" himself. "I wonder what he has?" added he, fidgeting away at his whiskers.

"He's rich, I've no doubt," replied Mrs. Jawleyford.

"What makes you think so?" asked her loving spouse.

"I don't know," replied Mrs. Jawleyford; "somehow I feel certain he is—but I can't tell why—all foxhunters are."

"I don't know that," replied Jawleyford, who knew some very poor ones. "I should like to know what he has," continued Jawleyford, musingly, looking up at the deeply corniced ceiling as if he were calculating the chances among the filagree ornaments of the centre.

"A hundred thousand, perhaps," suggested Mrs. Jawleyford, who only knew two sums—fifty and a hundred thousand.

"That's a *vast* of money," replied Jawleyford, with a slight shake of the head.

"Fifty at *least*, then," suggested Mrs. Jawleyford, coming down half way at once.

"Well, if he has that, he'll do," rejoined Jawleyford, who also had come down many pegs in his expectations since the bright vision of his railway days.

"He was said to have an immense fortune—I forget how much—at Laverick Wells," observed Mrs. Jawleyford.

"Well, we must put on all steam, and try him as quick as possible," said Jawleyford; adding, "I suppose either of the girls will be glad enough to take him?"

"Trust them for that," replied Mrs. Jawleyford, with a knowing smile and nod of the head; "trust them for that," repeated she. "Though Amelia does turn up her nose and pretend to be fine, rely upon it she only wants to be sure that he's worth having."

"Emily seems ready enough, at all events," observed Jawleyford.

"She'll never get the chance," observed Mrs. Jawleyford. "Amelia is a very prudent girl, and won't commit herself, but she knows how to manage the men."

"Well then," said Jawleyford, with a hearty yawn, "I suppose we may as well go to bed."

So saying, he took his candle and retired.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE WET DAY.

WHEN the dirty slip-shod housemaid came in the morning with her blacksmith's-looking tool-box of miscellaneous articles to light Mr. Soapey Sponge's fire, a riotous winter's day was in the full swing of its gloomy, deluging power. The wind howled, and roared, and whistled, and shrieked, making a sort of æolian harp against the towers and irregular castleizations of the house; while the old casements, as though some one were trying to knock them in, rattled and shook. Every now and then a clash of sleet broke against the windows, as if some one had taken an enormous whitening brush and dashed its dripping contents full against the panes.

"Hang such a day!" muttered Soapey from beneath the bedclothes; "What the deuce is a man to do with himself on such a day as this, in the country?" thinking how much better he would be flattening his nose against the coffee-room window of the Blenheim, or strolling through the horse-dealer's stables in Piccadilly or Oxford-street.

Presently the overnight chair before the fire, with the picture of Jawleyford in the Bumperkin Yeomanry, as seen through the parted curtains of the spacious bed, recalled his overnight speculations, and he began to think that perhaps he was just as well where he was. He then "backed" his ideas to where he had left off, and again began speculating on the chances of his position. "Deuced fine girls," said he, "both of 'em wonder what he'll give 'em down?"—recurring to his overnight speculations, and hitting upon the point at which he had burnt his lips with the end of the cigar—namely, Jawleyford's youth, and the possibility of his marrying again if Mrs. Jawleyford were to die. "It won't do to raise up difficulties for oneself, however," mused he; so kicking off the bed-clothes he raised himself instead, and making for a window, began to gaze upon his expectant territory.

It was a terrible day; the ragged spongy clouds drifted heavily along, and the lowering gloom was only enlivened by the occasional driving rush of the tempest. Earth and sky were pretty much the same grey, damp, disagreeable hue. The unfortunate cattle that were left in the park huddled together under the bare trees; and it was fortunate that Mr. Leather's desire to make the acquaintance of the servants at his master's new billet brought him up to Jawleyford Court overnight, and caused the discovery of the piebald's locality, otherwise it would have been little worth when delivered by due course of law.

"Well," said Soapey to himself, having gazed sufficiently on the uninviting landscape, "it's just as well it's not a hunting day—should have got terribly soused. Must get through the time as well as I can in-doors:—girls to talk to—house to see. Hope I've brought some books," added he, turning to his portmanteau and fishing out "*Ruff's Guide to the Turf*," and "*Mogg's Ten Thousand Cab Fares*." Soapey then proceeded to array himself in what he considered the most captivating apparel: a new wide-sleeved dock-tail coatee, with outside pockets placed very low down; faultless drab trousers, a buff waistcoat, with a cream-coloured once-round silk tie, secured by red cornelian cross-bars set in gold, for a pin. Thus attired, with "*Mogg*" in his pocket, he swaggered down to the breakfast-room, which he hit off by means of listening at the doors till he heard the sound of female voices.

The Miss Jawleyfords looked, as all young ladies do look, ten times better in the pretty, simple, well-got-up muslin gowns of the morning, than in the stiff, rustling, stand-off silk dresses of the evening—they looked more at their ease, more comfortable in every respect. Mrs. Jawleyford and they were all smiles and smirks, and there were no symptoms of Miss Jawleyford's hauteur perceptible. They all came forward and shook hands with Mr. Soapey most cordially. Mr. Jawleyford, too, was all flourish and compliment; now tilting at the weather, now congratulating himself upon having secured Mr. Soapey's society in the house.

In truth, Jawleyford was not sorry to have a bad day, for he was much stronger in-doors than out; much greater among his pictures, and statues,

and busts, and nicknacks, than at showing off a country or following field-sports. Of course, like most people, he concluded that what was uppermost with him would be most interesting to others; and having recently built and fitted up a gallery for the reception of his articles of *virtù*, he promised himself the pleasure of lionizing Mr. Sponge through the whole.

The gallery was an offshoot from the house, looking somewhat like a temporary passage, but being out of sight, at the back, it did not much matter. It was copied from Lord Sparklebury's gallery at Sparklebury Castle, and, like most copies—especially copies on a small scale—was lamentably inferior to the original. Jawleyford, indeed, candidly admitted that it was not so large, but then he flattered himself that the contents were much more valuable.

That leisurely meal of protracted ease, a country-house breakfast, being at length accomplished, and the ladies having taken their departure, Mr. Jawleyford looked out on the terrace, upon which the angry rain was beating the standing water into bubbles; and observing that there was no chance of getting out, asked Mr. Soapey if he could amuse himself in the house.

"Oh, quite well," replied Soapey, "quite well; got a book in my pocket."

"Ah, I suppose 'Pendennis,' or 'Copperfield,' or the 'New Monthly,' perhaps?" observed Mr. Jawleyford.

"No," replied Soapey, "no."

"Macaulay's 'History of England,' then, I daresay," suggested Jawleyford; adding, "I'm reading it myself."

"No, nor that either," replied Soapey with a knowing look; "a much more useful work, I assure you, I've got," added he, pulling the little purple-backed volume out of his pocket, and reading the gilt letters on the back; "I've got 'Mogg's Ten Thousand Cab Fares, price one shilling!'"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mr. Jawleyford, "well, I should never have guessed that."

"I daresay not," replied Soapey, "I daresay not; it's a book I never travel without. Its invaluable in town, and you may study it to great advantage in the country. With Mogg in my hand, I can almost fancy myself in both places at once. Omnibus guide," added he, turning over the leaves and reading, "Acton five, from the end of Oxford Street and the Edger Road—see Ealing; Edmonton seven, from Shoreditch Church—"Green Man and Still," Oxford Street—Shepherd's Bush and Starch Green, Bank and Whitechapel—Tooting—Totteridge—Wandsworth; in short every place near town. Then the cab fares are truly invaluable; you have ten thousand of them here," said he, tapping the book, "and you may calculate as many more for yourself as ever you like. Nothing to do but sit in an arm-chair on a wet day like this, and say, If from the Mile End turnpike to the 'Castle' on the Kingsland Road is so much, how much should it be to the 'Yorkshire Stingo,' or Pine Apple Place, Maida Vale? And you measure by other fares till you get as near the place you want as you can, if it isn't set down in black and white to your hand in the book."

"Just so," said Jawleyford, "just so. It must be a very useful work indeed, very useful work. I'll get one—I'll get one. How much did you say it was—a guinea? a guinea?"

"A *shilling*," replied Soapey; adding, "You may have mine for a guinea if you like."

"By Jove, what a day it is!" observed Jawleyford, as the wind dashed the hard sleet against the window like a shower of pebbles. "Lucky to have a good house over one's head, such weather; and, by the way, that reminds me, I'll show you my new gallery and collection of curiosities—pictures, busts, marbles, antiques, and so on; there'll be fires in, and we shall be just as well there as here." So saying, Jawleyford led the way through a dark, intricate, shabby passage, to where a much gilded white door, with a handsome crimson curtain over it, announced the great addition. "Now," said Mr. Jawleyford, bowing as he threw open the door, and motioned, or rather flourished, Mr. Soapey to enter—"now," said he, "you shall see what you shall see."

Mr. Soapey entered accordingly, and found himself at the end of a gallery fifty feet by twenty, and fourteen high, lighted by skylights and small windows round the top. There were fires in handsome Caen-stone chimneypieced fireplaces on either side, a large timepiece and an organ at the far end, and sundry white basons scattered about, catching the drops from the skylights.

"Hang the rain!" exclaimed Jawleyford, as he saw it trickling over a river-scene of Van Goyen's (gentlemen in a yacht, and figures in boats), and drip, drip, dripping, on to the head of an infant Bacchus below.

"He wants an umbrella, that young gentleman," observed Soapey, as Jawleyford proceeded to dry him with his handkerchief.

"Fine thing," observed Jawleyford, starting off to a side, and pointing to it; "fine thing—Italian marble—by Frère—cost a vast of money—was offered three hundred for it. Are you a judge of these things?" asked Jawleyford; "Are you a judge of these things?"

"A little," replied Soapey, "a little;" thinking he might as well see what the personal property was like.

"There's a beautiful thing!" observed Jawleyford, pointing to another group. "I picked that up for a mere nothing—twenty guineas—worth two hundred at least. Lipsalve, the great picture-dealer in Gammon Passage, offered me Murillo's 'Adoration of the Virgin and Shepherds,' for which he showed me a receipt for a hundred and eighty-five, for it."

"Indeed!" replied Soapey; "what is it?"

"It's a Bacchanal group, after Poussin, sculptured by Marin. I bought it at Lord Breakdown's sale; it happened to be a wet day—much such a day as this—and things went for nothing. This you'll know, I presume?" observed Jawleyford, laying his hand on a life-size bust of Diana, in Italian marble.

"No, I don't," replied Soapey.

"No!" exclaimed Jawleyford; "I thought everybody had known this: this is my celebrated 'Diana,' by Noindon—one of the finest things in the world. Louis Philippe sent an agent over to this country expressly to buy it."

"Why didn't you sell it him?" asked Soapey.

"Didn't want the money," replied Jawleyford, "didn't want the money. In addition to which, though a king, he was a bit of a screw, and we couldn't agree upon terms. This," observed Jawleyford, "is a vase of the Cinque Cento period—a very fine thing; and this," laying his

hand on the crown of a much-frizzed, barber's-window-looking bust, "of course you know?"

"No, I don't," replied Soapey.

"No!" exclaimed Jawleyford, in astonishment.

"No," repeated Sponge.

"Look again, my dear fellow; you *must* know it," observed Jawleyford.

"I suppose it's meant for you," at last replied Soapey, seeing his host's anxiety.

"*Meant!* my dear fellow; why, don't you think it like?"

"Why, there's a resemblance, certainly," said Soapey, "now that one knows. But I shouldn't have guessed it was you."

"Oh, my dear Mr. Sponge—Mr. Soapey Sponge!" exclaimed Jawleyford, in a tone of mortification, "*Do you really* mean to say you don't think it like?"

"Why, yes, it's like," replied Soapey, seeing which way his host wanted it—"it's like, certainly; the want of expression in the eye makes such a difference between a bust and a picture."

"True," replied Jawleyford, comforted—"true," repeated he, looking affectionately at it; "I should say it was very like—like as anything can be. You are rather too much above it there, you see; sit down here," continued he, leading Soapey to an ottoman surrounding a huge model of the column in the Place Vendôme, that stood in the middle of the room—"sit down here now, and look, and say if you don't think it like?"

"Oh, *very* like," replied Soapey, as soon as he had seated himself. "I see it now, directly; the mouth is yours to a T."

"And the chin? It's my chin, isn't it?" asked Jawleyford.

"Yes; and the nose, and the forehead, and the whiskers, and the hair, and the shape of the head, and everything. Oh! I see it now as plain as a pike-staff," observed Soapey.

"I thought you would," rejoined Jawleyford—"I thought you would; it's generally considered an excellent likeness—so it should, indeed, for it cost a vast of money—fifty guineas! to say nothing of the lotus-leaved pedestal it's on. That's another of me," continued Jawleyford, pointing to a bust above the fireplace, on the opposite side of the gallery; "done some years since—ten or twelve, at least—not so like as this, but still like. That portrait up there, just above the 'Finding of Moses,' by Poussin," pointing to a portrait of himself attitudinising, with his hand on his hip, and frock coat well thrown back, so as to show his figure and the silk lining to advantage, "was done the other day, by a very rising young artist; though he has hardly done me justice, perhaps—particularly in the nose, which he's made far too thick and heavy; and the right hand, if anything, is rather clumsy; otherwise the colouring is good, and there is a considerable deal of taste in the arrangement of the background, and so on."

"What book is it you are pointing to?" asked Soapey.

"It's not a book," replied Mr. Jawleyford, "it's a plan—a plan of this gallery, in fact. I am supposed to be giving the final order for the erection of the very edifice we are now in."

"And a very handsome building it is," observed Soapey, thinking he would make it into a shooting-gallery if he had it.

"Yes, it's a handsome thing in its way," assented Jawleyford; "better

if it had been water-tight, perhaps," added he, as a big drop splashed right upon the crown of his head.

"The contents must be very valuable," observed Soapey.

"Very valuable," replied Jawleyford. "There's a thing I gave two hundred and fifty guineas for—that vase. It's of Parian marble, of the Cinque Cento period, beautifully sculptured in a dance of Bacchanals, arabesques, and chimera figures: it was considered cheap. Those fine monkeys in Dresden china, playing on musical instruments, were forty; those bronzes of scaramouches, on or-molu plinths, were seventy; that or-molu clock, of the style of Louis Quinze, by Le Roy, was eighty; those Sevres vases were a hundred—mounted, you see, in or-molu, with lily candelabra for ten lights. 'The handles,' continued he, drawing Soapey's attention to them, "are very handsome—composed of satyrs holding festoons of grapes and flowers, which surround the neck of the vase; on the sides are pastoral subjects, painted in the highest style—nothing can be more beautiful, or more chaste."

"Nothing," assented Soapey.

"The pictures I should think are most valuable," observed Jawleyford. "My friend Lord Sparklebury said to me the last time he was here—he's now in Italy, increasing his collection—'Jawleyford, old boy,' said he, for we are very intimate—just like brothers, in fact; 'Jawleyford, old boy, I wonder whether your collection or mine would fetch most money, if they were Christie-&-Manson'd.' 'Oh, your lordship,' said I, 'your Guidos, and Ostades, and Poussins, and Velasquez, are not to be surpassed.' 'True,' replied his lordship, 'they are fine—very fine; but you have the Murillos. I'd like to give you a good round sum,' added he, 'to pick out half-a-dozen pictures out of your gallery.' Do you understand pictures?" continued Jawleyford, turning short on his friend Soapey.

"A little," replied Soapey, in a tone which might mean either yes or no—a great deal or nothing at all.

Jawleyford then took him and worked him through his collection—through his Gerard Douws, his Greuzes, his Guidos, his Vandycks, his Da Vincis, his Vernets, his Rubenses, his Cuyyps, his Canalettis, his Wouvermanns, and his Murillos; talked of light and shade, and tone, and depth of colouring, tints, and pencillings; and put Soapey here and there and everywhere to catch the light (or rain, as the case might be); made him convert his hand into an opera-glass, and occasionally put his head between his legs to get an upside-down view—a feat that Soapey's equestrian experience made him pretty well up to. So they looked, and admired, and criticised, till Spigot's all-important figure came looming up the gallery and announced that luncheon was ready.

"Bless me!" exclaimed Jawleyford, pulling a most diminutive Geneva watch, hung with pencils, pistol-keys, and other curiosities, out of his pocket; "Bless me, who'd have thought it? One o'clock, I declare! Well, if this doesn't prove the value of a gallery on a wet day, I don't know what does. However," said he, "we must tear ourselves away for the present, and go and see what the ladies are about."

If ever a man may be excused for indulging in luncheon, it certainly is on a pouring wet day (when he eats for occupation), or when he is making love; both which excuses Soapey had to offer, so he just sat down and ate as heartily as the best of the party, not excepting his host himself, who was an excellent hand at luncheon.

Jawleyford tried to get Soapey back to the gallery after luncheon, but

a look from his wife intimated that Soapey was wanted elsewhere, so he quietly saw him carried off to the music-room; and presently the notes of the "grand piano," and full clear voices of his daughters, echoing along the passage, intimated that the young ladies were trying the effect of music upon him.

When Mrs. Jawleyford looked in about an hour after, she found Soapey sitting over the fire with his "Mogg" in his hand, and the young ladies with their laps full of company-work, keeping up a sort of cross-fire of conversation in the shape of question and answer. Mrs. Jawleyford's company making matters worse, they soon became tediously agreeable. Who can make love in a circle?

Jawleyford occupied himself in his den, looking over his railway prospectuses, calculating his calls, and filing the lawyers' letters, threatening proceedings if he did not buck up "on or before," &c.

Meanwhile the day continued dark and gloomy, and the rain came pouring down ever and anon in sort of shower-bath falls, making everything shake beneath it; till, just as day was closing in, a faint line of light appeared upon the outline of the distant hills, and as night drew on the rain ceased, and the storm gradually slunk off under cover of darkness, as if thoroughly ashamed of itself. Curtains were then drawn, candles lit, fires stirred, footmen attired full fig, and everything assumed the appearance of the evening before, though Mr. Soapey felt as if he had been a week in the place.

Presently Jawleyford entered the room, with—

"My dear Mr. Sponge—Mr. Soapey Sponge—your groom has come up to know about your horse to-morrow. I told him it was utterly impossible to think of hunting, but he says he must have his orders from you. I should say," added Jawleyford, "it is *quite* out of the question—madness to think of it; much better in the house, such weather."

"I don't know that," replied Soapey; "it's been a heavy rain, and the country will ride heavy, but I don't see why we shouldn't have a fine day to-morrow."

"But the glass is falling, and the wind's gone round the wrong way; the moon changed this morning—everything, in short, indicates continued wet," replied Jawleyford. "The rivers are all swollen, and the low grounds under water; besides, my dear fellow, consider the distance—consider the distance; it's sixteen miles from here, if it's a yard."

"What, Duntleton Tower?" exclaimed Soapey, recollecting that Jawleyford had said it was only ten the night before.

"Sixteen miles, and *bad* road," replied Jawleyford.

"The deuce it is!" muttered Soapey, peevishly; adding, "Well, I'll go and see my stud-groom, at all events." So saying, he rang the bell as if the house was his own, and desired Spigot to show him the way to his servant.

Leather, of course, was in Spigot's pantry, refreshing himself with cold meat and ale, after his ride up from Lucksford. Soapey now learned the indignities to which his hack had been subjected, instead of being quietly stabled at Jawleyford Court, as he expected.

"Well, never mind that," said he, finding that Leather had ridden him up. "You get him in here to-night," said he; "tell the groom I *must* have him put up; and you ride the chestnut on in the morning. How far is it to Duntleton Tower?" asked he.

"Twelve or thirteen miles, they say, from here," replied Leather; "nine or ten from Lucksford."

"Well, that'll do," said Soapey; "you tell the groom here to have the hack saddled for me at nine o'clock, and you ride *Multum in Pavo* quietly on, either to the meet, or till I overtake you."

"But how am I to get back to Lucksford?" asked Leather, cocking up a foot to show how thinly he was shod.

"Oh, just as you can," replied Soapey; "get the groom here to set you down with his master's hacks. I dare say they haven't been out to-day, and it'll do them good."

So saying, Mr. Sponge left his valuable servant to do the best he could for himself.

Having returned to the music-room, with the aid of an old county map Mr. Sponge proceeded to trace his way to Duntleton Tower; aided, or rather retarded, by Mr. Jawleyford, who kept pointing out all sorts of difficulties, till, if Mr. Sponge had followed his advice, he would have made eighteen or twenty miles of the distance. Soapey, however, being used to scramble about strange countries, saw the place was to be accomplished in ten or eleven. Jawleyford was sure he would lose himself, and Soapey was equally confident that he wouldn't.

At length the glad sound of the gong put an end to all further argument; and the inmates of Jawleyford Court retired, candle in hand, to their respective apartments, to adorn for a repetition of yesterday's spread, with the addition of the Rev. Mr. Hobanob's company, to say grace, and praise the "Wintle."

An appetiteless dinner was succeeded by tea and music as before.

The three elegant French clocks in the drawing-room being at variance, one being three-quarters of an hour before the slowest, and twenty minutes before the next, Mr. Hobanob (much to the horror of Jawleyford) having nearly fallen asleep with his Sevres China coffee-cup in his hand, at last drew up his great silver watch (as big as the saucer) by its jack-chain, and finding it was a quarter past ten, prepared to decamp—taking as affectionate a leave of the ladies as if he had been going to China. He was followed by Mr. Jawleyford, to see him pocket his pumps, and also by Mr. Sponge, to see what sort of a night it was.

The sky was clear, stars sparkled in the firmament, and a young crescent moon shone with silvery brightness o'er the scene.

"That'll do," said Soapey, as he eyed it; "no haze there. Come," added he to his papa-in-law, as Hobanob's steps died out on the terrace, "you'd better go to-morrow."

"Can't," replied Jawleyford, "go next day, perhaps—Scrambleford Green—better place—much. You may lock up," said he, turning to Spigot, who with both footmen was in attendance to see Mr. Hobanob off; "you may lock up, and tell the cook to have breakfast ready at nine *punctually*."

"Oh, never mind about breakfast for me," interposed Soapey, "I'll have some tea or coffee and chops, or boiled ham and eggs, or whatever's going, in my bed-room," said he; "so never mind altering your hour for me."

"Oh, but, my dear fellow, we'll all breakfast together" (Jawleyford had no idea of standing two breakfasts), "we'll all breakfast together," said he; "no trouble, I assure you—rather the contrary. Say half-past eight—half-past eight, Spigot! to a *minute*, mind."

And Soapey, seeing there was no help for it, bade the ladies good night, and tumbled off to bed with little expectation of punctuality.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE F. H. H.

NOR was Soapey wrong in his conjecture, for it was a quarter to nine ere Spigot appeared with the massive silver urn, followed by the train-band bold, bearing the heavy implements of breakfast. Then, though the young ladies were punctual, smiling, and affable as usual, Mrs. Jawleyford was absent, and she had the keys; so it was nearly nine before Mr. Soapey Sponge got his fork into his first mutton-chop. Jawleyford was not exactly pleased; he thought it didn't look well for a young man to prefer the hounds to the society of his lovely and accomplished daughters. Hunting was all very well occasionally, but it did not do to make a business of it. This, however, he kept to himself.

"You'll have a fine day, my dear Mr. Sponge—Mr. Soapey Sponge," said he, extending a hand as he found our friend booted and red coated, working away at the victuals.

"Yes," said Soapey, munching away for hard life. In less than ten minutes, he managed to get as much down as, with the aid of a knotch of bread he pocketed, he thought would last him through the day; and, with a hasty adieu, he hurried off to find the stables and his hack. The piebald was saddled, bridled, and turned round in the stall; for all servants that are worth anything like to further hunting operations. With the aid of the groom's instructions, who accompanied him out of the court-yard, Soapey was enabled to set off at a hard canter, cheered by the groom's observation "that he thought he would be there in time." On, on he went; now speculating on a turn; now pulling a scratch map he had made on a bit of paper out of his waistcoat-pocket; now inquiring the name of any place he saw of any person he met. So he proceeded for five or six miles without much difficulty; the road, though not all turnpike, being mainly good sound-bottomed township ones. It was here, at the village of Swineley, with its chubby towered church and miserable hut-like cottages, that his troubles were to begin. He had two sharp turns to make—to ride through a straw-yard, and leap over a broken-down wall at the corner of a cottage—to get into Swaithing Green bottom, and so cut off an angle of a couple of miles. The road then became a bridle one, and was, like all bridle ones, very plain to those who know them, and very puzzling to those who don't. It was evidently a little-frequented road; and what with looking out for footmarks (now nearly obliterated by the recent rains), and speculating on what queer corners of the fields the gates would be in, Mr. Soapey found it necessary to reduce his pace to a very moderate trot. Still he had made good way; and supposing they gave a quarter of an hour's law, and he had not been deceived as to distance, he thought he should get to the meet about the time. His horse, too, would be there, and perhaps Lord Scamperdale might give a little extra law on that account. He then began speculating as to what sort of a man his lordship was, and the probable nature of his reception. He began to wish that Jawleyford had accompanied him, to introduce him. Not that Soapey was shy, but still he thought that Jawleyford's presence would do him good.

Lord Scamperdale's hunt was not the most polished in the world. The hounds and the horses were a good deal better bred than the men. Of course his lordship gave the *tone* to the whole; and being a coarse, broad, barge-built sort of man, he had his clothes to correspond, and looked like a drayman in scarlet. He wore a great round flat-flapped

hat, which being adopted by the hunt generally, procured it the name of the "F. H. H.," or "Flat Hat Hunt." Our readers, we daresay, have noticed it figuring away, in the long list of hounds that appear during the winter, along with H. H.'s, or Hampshire Hogs, or the "V. W. H.'s" pack of White Horse Hounds. His lordship's clothes were of the large, roomy, baggy, abundant sort, with great pockets, great buttons, and lots of strings flying out. Instead of tops, he sported long washleather leggings, which at a distance gave him the appearance of a man riding with his trousers up to his knees. These the hunt too adopted; and his "particular," Jack, the man whom he mounted, and who was made much in his own mould, sported, like his patron, a pair of great broad-rimmed, tortoise-shell spectacles, which made them look like a couple of owls. Jack was always at his lordship's elbow; and it was "Jack" this, "Jack" that, "Jack" something, all day long. The character is a common one, and will develop itself as we proceed. Meanwhile we will return to Mr. Sponge, whom we left working his way through the intricate fields. At last he got through them, and into Red Pool Common, which, by leaving the windmill to the right, he cleared pretty cleverly, and entered upon a district still wilder and drearier than what he had traversed. Pewits, those birds of barren soils, screamed and hovered over land that seemed to grow little but rushes and watering-grasses mixed with heather. The ground poached and splashed as he went; worst of all, time was nearly up.

In vain Soapey strained his eyes in search of Duntleton Tower. In vain he fancied every high, sky-line-breaking place he saw in the distance was the much wished-for spot. Duntleton Tower was no more a tower than it was a town, and would seem to have been christened by the rule of contrary, for it was nothing but a great flat open space, without object or incident to note it.

Soapey, however, was not destined to see what it was.

As he went floundering along through an apparently interminable and almost bottomless lane, whose sunken places and deep ruts were filled with clayey water, which played the very deuce with the cords and pig-jobbing boots, the light note of a hound fell on his ear, and almost at the same moment a something that he would have taken for a dog, had it not been for the note, turned, as it were, from him, and went in a contrary direction.

Soapey reined in the piebald, and stood transfixed. It was, indeed, the fox!—a magnificent full-brushed fellow, with a slight tendency to grey along the back, and going with the light spiry ease of an animal full of strength and running.

"I wish I mayn't catch it," said Soapey to himself, shuddering at the idea of having headed him.

It was, however, no time for thinking. The cry of hounds became more distinct—nearer and nearer they came, fuller and more melodious; but, alas! it was no music to Soapey. Presently the cheering of hunters was heard—"For—rard! For—rard!" though the hounds were beating them, as it was; and then the rate of a whipper-in further back, and the heavy crack of his whip, roared like a cannon among muskets. Another second, and hounds, horses, and men were in view, streaming away over the large wretched pasture on the left.

There was a great, high, straggling fence between Soapey and the field, thick enough to prevent their seeing who he was, but not sufficiently

high to screen him altogether. Soapey pulled round the piebald, and gathered himself up like a man going to be shot. The hounds—a mixed pack—came tearing full cry to where he sat; there was a breast-high scent, and every hound seemed to have it. They charged the fence at a watted place a few yards below where he sat, and flying across the deep dirty laue, dashed full cry into the pasture beyond.

"*Hie back!*" cried Soapey. "*Hie back!*" trying to turn them; but instead of the piebald carrying him in front of the pack, as Soapey wanted, he took to rearing, and plunging, and pawing the air. The hounds meanwhile dashed jealously on without a scent, till first one and then another feeling ashamed, gave in; and at last a general lull succeeded the recent joyous cry. Awful period! terrible to any one, but dreadful to a stranger! Though Soapey was in the road, he well knew that no person has any business anywhere but with the hounds, when a fox is astrir.

"*Hold hard!*" was now the cry, and the perspiring riders and lathered steeds at last came to a stand-still.

"*Twang---twang---twang,*" went a horn; and a couple of whips, singling themselves out from the field, flew over the fence to where the hounds were casting.

"*Twang---twang---twang,*" went the horn again.

Meanwhile Soapey sat enjoying the following observations, which a favourable wind wafted into his ear.

"Oh, d---n me! that man in the lanes headed the fox," puffed one.

"Who is it?" gasped another.

"Tom Washball!" exclaimed a third.

"Heads more foxes than any man in the country," puffed a fourth.

"Always nicking and skirting," exclaimed a fifth.

"Never comes to the meet," added a sixth.

"Come on a cow to-day," observed another.

"Always chopping and changing," added another; "he'll come on a giraffe next."

Having commenced his career with the "F. H. H." so inauspiciously and yet escaped detection, Mr. Sponge thought of letting Tom Washball enjoy the honours of his *faux-pas*, and of sneaking quietly home as soon as the hounds lit off the scent; but unluckily, just as they were crossing the lane, what should heave in sight, cantering along at his leisure, but the redoubtable chestnut Miltum in Pavo himself, who, having got rid of old Leather by bumping and thumping his leg against a gate-post, was enjoying a line of his own.

"Whoay!" cried Soapey, as he saw the horse quickening his pace to have a shy at the hounds as they crossed. "*Who-o-a-y!*" roared he, brandishing his whip, and trying to turn the piebald round; but no, the brute wouldn't answer the bit, and dreading lest, in addition to heading the fox, he should kill "the best hound in the pack," Mr. Soapey threw himself off, regardless of the mud-bath in which he lit, and caught the runaway as he tried to dart past.

"*For-rard! —for-rard! —for-rard!*" was again the cry, as the hounds caught the scent; while the late pausing, panting sportsmen tackled vigorously with their steeds, and swept onward like the careering wind.

Mr. Soapey, albeit somewhat perplexed, had still sufficient presence of mind to see the necessity of immediate action; and though he had

so lately contemplated beating a retreat, the unexpected appearance of Multum in Pavo altered the state of affairs.

"Now or never," said he, looking first at the disappearing field, and then for the non-appearing Leather. "Hang it! I may as well see the run," added he; so hooking the piebald on to an old stone gatepost that stood in the ragged fence, and lengthening the stirrup-leather, he vaulted into the saddle, and began lengthening the other as he went.

It was one of Pavo's going days; indeed, it was that that Old Leather and he had fallen out about—Pavo wanting to follow the hounds, while Leather wanted to wait for his master. And Pavo had the knack of going, as well as the occasional inclination. Though such a dray horse-looking animal, he could throw the ground behind him amazingly fast; and the deep holding clay in which he now found himself was admirably suited to his short powerful legs and enormous stride. The consequence was, that he was very soon up with the hindmost horsemen. These he soon passed, and was presently among those who ride hard when there is nothing to stop them. Such time as these sportsmen could now spare from looking out ahead was devoted to Soapey, whom they eyed with the utmost astonishment, as if he had dropped from the clouds.

A stranger—a real out-and-out stranger—had not visited their remote hunt since the days of poor Nimrod. "Who could it be?" But "the pace," as Nimrod used to say, "was too good to inquire." A little further on, and Soapey drew upon the great guns of the hunt—the men who ride to hounds, and not *after* them; the same who had criticised him through the fence—Mr. Wake, Mr. Fossick, Parson Blossomnose, Mr. Fyle, Lord Scamperdale, Jack himself, and others. Great was their astonishment at the apparition, and incoherent were the observations they let drop to each other as they galloped.

"It isn't Washball, after all," whispered Fyle into Blossomnose's ear, as they rode through a gate together.

"No-o-o," replied the nose, eyeing Sponge intently.

"What a coat!" whispered one.

"Jacket," replied the other.

"Lost his brush," observed a third, winking at Soapey's docked tail.

"He's going to ride over us all," snapped Mr. Fossick, whom Soapey passed at a hand-canter, as the former was blobbing and floundering about the deep ruts leading out of a turnip-field.

"He'll catch it just now," said Mr. Wake, eyeing Soapey drawing upon his lordship and Jack, as they led the field as usual. Jack being at a respectful distance behind his patron, espied Soapey first; and having taken a good stare at him through his formidable spectacles, to satisfy himself that it was nobody he knew—a stare that Soapey returned as well as a man without spectacles can return the stare of one with—Jack spurred his horse up to his lordship, and, rising in his stirrups, shot into his ear—

"Why, here's the man on the cow!" adding, "*It isn't Washey.*"

"Who the deuce is it, then?" asked his lordship, looking over his left shoulder, as he kept galloping on in the wake of his huntsman.

"Don't know," replied Jack; "never saw him before."

"Nor I," said his lordship, with an air, as much as to say, "It makes no matter who it is."

His lordship, though well mounted, was not exactly on the sort of

horse fit for the country they were in ; while Mr. Sponge, in addition to being on the very animal for it, had the advantage of the horse having gone the first part of the run without a rider : so Multum in Pavo, whether Mr. Soapey wished it or not, insisted on being as far forward as he could get. The more Soapey pulled and hauled, the more determined the horse was ; till, having thrown both Jack and his lordship far in the rear, he made for old Frostyface, who was riding well up to the still-flying pack.

"Hold hard, sir ! For God's sake hold hard !" screamed Frostyface, who, by a sort of intuition, seemed to know there was a horse behind, as well as he knew there was a man shooting in front, who, in all probability, had headed the fox.

"HOLD HARD, sir !" roared he, as, yawning and boring and shaking his head, Pavo dashed through the now yelping scattered pack, making straight for a stiff new gate, which he smashed through, just as a circus pony smashes through a paper hoop.

"Hoo-ray !" shouted Jack, on seeing the hounds were safe. "Hoo-ray for the tailor !"

"Billy Button himself !" exclaimed his lordship ; adding, "I never saw such an unjustifiable act !"

"Who the devil is he ?" asked Blossomnose, in the full glow of pulling five-year-old exertion.

"Don't know," replied Jack ; adding, "He's a shaver, whoever he is."

Meanwhile the frightened hounds were scattered right and left.

"I'll lay a guinea he's one of those confounded writing chaps," observed Harry Fyle, who had been handled rather roughly by one of the tribe, who had dropped "quite promiscuously" into a field where he was, just as Soapey had done.

"Shouldn't wonder," replied his lordship, eyeing Soapey's endeavours to turn the chestnut, and thinking how he would "pitch into him" when he came up. "By Jove," added his lordship, "if the fellow had taken the whole country round, he couldn't have chosen a worse spot for such an exploit ; for there never *is* any scent over here. See ! not a hound can own it. Old Harmony herself throws up !"

The whips again are in their places, turning the astonished pack to Frostyface, who sets off on a casting expedition. The field, as usual, sit looking on ; some blessing Soapey ; some wondering who he was ; others looking what o'clock it was ; some dismounting and looking at their horses' feet.

"Thank you, Mister Brown Boots !" exclaimed his lordship, as, by dint of biting and spurring, Soapey at length worked the beast round, and came sneaking back in the face of the whole field. "Thank you, Mister Brown Boots," repeated he, taking off his hat and bowing very low. "Very much obliged to you, Mr. Brown Boots. Most particularly obliged to you, Mr. Brown Boots," with another low bow. "D—d, obliged to you, Mr. Brown Boots ! G—d d—n *you*, Mr. Brown Boots !" continued his lordship, looking at Soapey as if he would eat him.

"Beg pardon, sir," blurted Soapey ; "my horse —"

"Hang your horse !" screamed his lordship ; "it wasn't your horse that headed the fox, was it ?"

"Beg pardon, sir—couldn't help it ; I—"

"Couldn't help it. D—n your helps—you're *always* doing it, sir. You could stay at home, sir—I s'pose, sir—couldn't you, sir ?"

Soapey was silent.

"See, sir!" continued his lordship, pointing to the mute pack following the huntsman, "you've lost us our fox, sir—yes, sir—lost us our fox, sir. Do you call that nothing, sir? If you don't, I don't, sir. D—n you, sir, don't s'pose because I don't blow up and blaspheme like some of your coarse-mouthed masters, sir, that you haven't been guilty of a most unjustifiable act—a most scandalous outrage—a most iniquitous crime. And now, sir, having spoilt us our day's sport, I'll bid you good morning, sir—I'll bid you good morning, sir; and you may put what I've said in your pipe, sir, and smoke it, sir, as you go home, sir."

"Yes, and put it in your book when you get there!" exclaimed Jack, who had drawn up his horse a little in the rear of his lordship.

"Yes, sir, and have a picture of yourself doing it," added his lordship, turning his horse round; adding to Jack as he went, "I'll lay a guinea it's one of those writing chaps."

THE OPERA.

IN the romance of the "Seven Champions of Christendom"—our knowledge of which was freshened up at Easter by Mr. Planché—we read that the doughty seven left a number of goodly sons to support the cause when they should be extinct. But this juvenile band of warriors, with all the advantage of high blood, was found insufficient to bear up against the increasing flood of Paganism. What could the seven champions, seeing that they had been dead for several years, do in such an emergency? Why, they very kindly got up again from their graves, as stalwart as ever, and showed that such vulgar obstacles as death and burial were a mere nothing, when there was a good sturdy zeal to break them down. The resuscitated dead men fought their battles with more force than any fifty who had not enjoyed the advantage of the burial service, and the Pagans were utterly undone.

Now, as our opera season approached its close, we, in company with many wise and good men, felt that something was required to carry us into port with *éclat*. Pgrodi had displayed great power and genius, but she was not exactly the safe steerswoman to bring us home with that certainty which we required. Alboni—the perfect, the accomplished, the unconscious Alboni, who, like a man that locks up his treasure and then loses his key, conceals her art not only from the surrounding world, but from herself also—even Alboni, having only the quasi-*soprano* voice, was not the person to give the last brilliant touch to the season. Jenny Lind will likely enough reappear on some future occasion, but she was not to be had in July. What then was to be done? We must confess, the problem looked wondrously insoluble. As for ourselves, we gave it up in despair; we abstained from conjecture; we execrated all hypothesis as presumptuous folly, and we reposed with unbounded confidence on the well-known Lumleian luck. "Doubt that the stars are fire, doubt truth to be a liar, but never doubt"—that Her Majesty's Theatre, under the present management, will gloriously terminate whatever career it begins.

The announcement of the reappearance of Madame Sontag, now the Countess Rossi, came upon us as a thunder-clap. Madame Sontag was a celebrity of other days; she was remembered, like Circe, as an enchantress of an ancient time; her name existed still, on Keats's principle, that

"a thing of beauty is a joy for ever;" but as for the younger *habitués* of the opera expecting to hear Sontag with their own ears, or to know anything of her save through the medium of letter-press or tradition, we verily believe that they as soon expected to hear Sappho.

We recollected our book of the "Seven Champions," and we said, "Lo, here is a similar resuscitation in favour of that august establishment, Her Majesty's Theatre."

This we said in full faith; but unpleasant sceptics, primed with shrewd arguments, flocked about us, and hissed forth, with serpent-like voices, "How know ye that the Sontag of to-day will be the same as the Sontag of the year — (dates are intentionally suppressed)? Did you never look for a letter and find only an empty envelope? How know ye but this may be the name Sontag, and in some imperfect sense the individual also, without any of those transcendent qualities which distinguished the enchantress of former years? What if Circe returned without her wand—Sappho without her lyre?"

And these too plausible words fell like poison upon our hearts. We felt really despondent, and our minds were oppressed by visions of empty boxes, unoccupied stalls, and similar operative horrors. We recollected how Madame — and Signor — reappeared before the public after a lapse of years, and what a pretty mess they made of it. We recollected how all the younger folks, who had heard these celebrities extolled to the skies, began to doubt the wisdom of their ancestors, like so many Benthamites. We recollected how the revivification of these retired artists was more like that of the galvanised frog, who is cheated into a semblance of life, than that of our sworn friends, who got up with all their pristine force of body and soul.

It was a painful moment which just preceded the first entrance of Madame Sontag in "Linda di Chamouni." Hundreds of minds were weighed down by the anxious question—"Will she be what she has been?" Never was such a tension of curiosity.

Madame Sontag nobly dissipated all apprehensions. The exquisite facility and finish of that pretty little aria—"O luce di quest' anima," sent those demons called doubts flying in all directions. A few minutes had convinced a vast array of sceptics that "all was right;" and the suspense of expectation was changed into the thunder of approving surprise. The whole point was settled in this one aria, and now Madame Sontag had only quietly to float along her course like a graceful swan, with a full quiet confidence in her own powers.

We have the most satisfactory testimonials that the organ of Madame Sontag has not diminished in the least. This we know, by our own ears, that nothing could be more delightful now. As for her execution, it is perfection itself. The notes are so articulated, so distinct and rounded off, and withal uttered so completely without effort, that we are reminded of those "orient pearls at random strung" which Sir William Jones made Hafiz sing about; but the "randomness" of which, if our Persian has not slipped our memories, the good Hafiz never mentioned. In the use of the *sotto voce*, that exquisite expedient for giving music its variety of colour, she is unrivalled. She can attenuate her voice till it becomes softer and softer, and you think the sound is going to expire altogether—but it *doesn't*. No, there it remains, audible as ever, with all its softness; and, like the soul in Moses Mendelssohn's "Phædon," refuses to be obliterated. Oh, ye nine Muses! what a number of pearly

notes, and what infinite variety of force and expression, is comprised in one little aria by Madame Sontag.

Hers has proved an unmistakeable success, tested by a number of characters. She has not been one of those who come out flashily with the first rôle, totter at the second, and fairly drop down at the third; but every character has been a new triumph—a certain sign of a genuine and thoroughly cultivated talent. The delight occasioned by the Linda was heightened into a more intense *furor* of astonishment by the “Rode’s variations” in *Il Barbiere*, into which she threw all her wonders of executive power. *La Sonnambula* called forth a histrionic display which was impossible in the preceding parts, and the brilliant vocalist shone forth in a new field. There was force, there were passionate sorrow and passionate delight, and all was beautifully qualified by an internal sense of gracefulness—an aristocracy, which seems to belong not only to the position but to the nature of the Countess Rossi.

The brilliant success of Madame Sontag is now the town-talk. The “Sleeping Beauty,” like the one in the old fairy tale, has awakened from her long sleep, without any trace upon her of the time it has lasted. Thus is the problem solved; the operative vessel sails safely into port, and our implicit faith in the Lumleian luck receives new confirmation.

Madame Sontag is so completely the absorbing feature of the day, that we might almost be excused if we forgot the *ballet* department. But we counsel our readers by all means to sit out M. Paul Taglioni’s divertissement, “Les Plaisirs d’Hiver,” with the lively *pas des patineurs*. The spectacle of a whole *corps de ballet* skaiting about in all directions, and forming every variety of combinations, is quite a novelty in its way, and an effectual preventive against all aggressions of *ennui*. The good-humour in which this exhibition left the audience was quite exhilarating to behold. Then it is preceded by an introductory scene, in which that dear Caroline Rosati, dashing through some Magyar movements, exhibits even more than her wonted fire.

THE THEATRES.

We must say this for Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean, that they come forward readily for the support of the authors of the day. On their return from America, they made their *début* in Mr. Lovell’s “Wife’s Secret;” and this year they have bestowed their attention on the work of another living author, Mr. Marston. “Strathmore,” recently produced at the Haymarket, is a play exhibiting great tragic mind; the contest of duty and private interest is shown with most palpable clearness, and the language is for the most part forcible and poetical. At the same time, it is a difficult play to act; there is not much variety in the succeeding positions of the hero and heroine, and the theatrical effect of the last acts may be attributed in a great measure to the exertions of Mr. and Mrs. Kean. So well did they play, and so much superior is the main portion of the drama, which they sustain, to those which are subordinate, that we could not help regretting, with some of our cotemporaries, that “Strathmore” was not constructed on a more simple basis, and with less of underplot.

The *Rosalind* of Mrs. Kean—she played it the last night of the Haymarket season—is one of the most charming performances ever witnessed. It is equal to—to—to—her *Viola*. “None but herself can be her parallel.”

LITERATURE.

BRITISH HOMES AND FOREIGN WANDERINGS.*

UNDER the above title Lady Lister Kaye has presented us with some lively and characteristic sketches of aristocratic life. The arrival of the rustic heiress at Portman-square at the inopportune moment of a dinner party is well told. The ex-Lady Mayoress Bridgford's labours to secure for herself a name and position in the world of fashion—and the Marchioness of Castle Altringham lending herself to the coveted object, because the only chance which existed of paying off the enormous mortgages on her liege lord's estate consisted in the title, fine black eyes, glossy ringlets, and foreign graces of her son, the young Lord St. Clare—are evidently revelations of the aristocratic world, which come best, if not wisely, from one of themselves. Lady Lister Kaye paints classes, however, not individuals; and there is nothing, in the varied and delightful little book of scraps of home and continental life and travel, which she has presented to the public, that is not as harmless as it is truthful and life-like. There is a Jesuit, emblematic of villany, and a Lord and Lady Ellscourt, representatives of all that is consistent and good; and the fortunes and misfortunes of the heroine, interwoven with those of the Tivertons, the Delmars, and other noble families, with one or two foreign heroines to give romance to the incidents, impress us at the end with a lively estimation and a deeper appreciation of the blessings of a British home.

FANNY HERVEY; OR, THE MOTHER'S CHOICE.†

"FANNY HERVEY" will scarcely meet with such a brilliant success as "Mary Barton," "Father Darcy," and some others of the pleasant fictions that have formed part of Messrs. Chapman and Hall's "Series" of original works. There are certainly new perceptions of truth in character and beauties of expression, that impart interest alike to the fortunes of the Herveys, the Rushbrooks, the Beckfords, and all the numerous junior heroes and heroines of the story; and Mrs. Rushbrook's philosophical ideas of a "theory of streams," as developed in a cave, and of "soft formations," &c., illustrate pleasantly enough an old adage that "a little knowledge is a dangerous possession." The character of Mrs. Vernon—an important one in the book—is, however, more like a grave caricature than a sketch from life. The reader wearies of her many follies and impertinences. Ladies who live in a world of their own creating, may yearn and sigh all their days for sensibilities as exquisite as their own, and sympathies as exacting as theirs; but to carry such demands into practical existence, is insuring misery to every tie and every connexion formed through life. Even our hero, Edmund, is tinctured with the same fallacious and visionary philosophy, and cannot make up his mind to wed one whose affections he has won, because he fancies his life ought to be devoted to higher purposes. Uncle George, and some of the sketches of fashionable life, form a pleasant contrast to these pictures of morbid feeling, and illustrate more happily the author's quotation from Wordsworth—"The common growth of mother earth suffices me."

KALOLOAH.‡

It is difficult to give an idea of the various interest which belongs to this pretended autobiography. It is a class of fiction in which Daniel Defoe, and more lately Captain Marryat, excelled; and Dr. Mayo brings even quite as varied knowledge to his subject as either of his predecessors, and he makes his fiction the vehicle of exposure of many existing abuses. The youth of our imaginary Nantucket hero first introduces us to scenes of whaling, and to an encounter with a British blockading squadron. A schoolboy's freak next carries us with an old trapper to the backwoods, and the adventure is made to assume a tragic cha-

* British Homes and Foreign Wanderings. By Lady Lister Kaye. 2 vols. H. Colburn.

† Fanny Hervey; or, The Mother's Choice. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

‡ Kaloolah; or, Journeings to the Djebel Kumri. An Autobiography of Jonathan Romer. Edited by W. S. Mayo, M.D. David Bogue.

racter. The death of Jonathan's mother and the injunctions of her ghost—Dr. Mayo is an evident believer in spiritual visitations—oblige our hero to settle in a profession, and he chooses that of medicine; but he is obliged to run away, from his too great zeal in the search for knowledge—and bodies. Having taken a berth with a friend on board the *Lively Ann*, Jonathan becomes, by an accident, the sole survivor of the crew, and sole tenant of the wreck. He is relieved from this unenviable position by a slave-ship, and with her visits the African coast. Here he makes acquaintance with the heroine, Kaloolah, and her brother—two young people of noble birth and white colour, captured from the regions of central Africa. The difficulties that Jonathan has to undergo in protecting these young people from a remorseless crew and from savage jealousies, and the resources he displays on the occasion, are replete with interest. Amid the horrors of an overcrowded slave-ship, the frightful diseases which are generated therein, and the throwing the blind and the sick overboard, are exposed with the minuteness of a medical hand. The rescue of Jonathan and his fair *protégée* by a gallant English crew brightens a few pages, but duty bids Jonathan send Kaloolah and her brother to their home, while he repairs to England. Jonathan and Kaloolah were not, however, destined to part. Our adventurer is wrecked with a kind of Sancho Panza—John Thompson—on the coast of Morocco, and both are carried into slavery. Jonathan makes his escape upon a camel of high breed; finds a buried caravan, an outfit and treasure; joins the Bedouins of the desert, and in an attack on a Timbuctoo caravan, rescues his shipmate and the fair Kaloolah, who had once more been made a slave of on her way to her own country. Together they travel across Africa, amidst innumerable risks from men and wild beasts, and at length reach a nation of civilised white men, whose precise geographical position it would probably be difficult to determine, but the description of which shows much study, and considerable familiarity both with the natural history and *veritate questiones* of Central Africa. The latter part of the work is indeed the most curious and novel of the whole, and will ensure an extensive reading, especially by young people, to these journeyings in the supposed Mountains of the Moon.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE GREEKS.*

WE have no hesitation in saying that the general reader may obtain more information regarding the manners and customs of the ancient Greeks from this publication, than from any other work that we are acquainted with. The elaborate and well-digested "Charikles" of Professor Becker deals, for the most part, with such evidence as can be deduced from literature only. In the application now before us of the pictures on Greek fictile vases, in illustration of ancient life and manners, the whole subject, disengaged from the mass of erudition in which it is too frequently involved, is made to speak at once to the eye. Such a mode of treatment is at once popular and graphic. Even those who have few sympathies with classical thought and feeling, cannot fail to be struck with that marvellous grace and beauty which pervaded ancient Greek life, and which were associated even with its humblest and most familiar incidents.

THE REVOLUTION AT VIENNA.†

MR. TAYLOR has rendered good service to the history of the striking events that have so lately occurred, by publishing this translation of Auerbach's record of personal observations. Whether we consider the Vienna revolution of October as the result of a law of political necessity, or as the completion of a series of ideal, unpractical disturbances, and the realisation of mere dreamy notions, still that revolution will ever remain as one of the wonders of the time we live in. An occurrence of the kind at Paris is a phenomenon common almost to every

* *Manners and Customs of the Greeks*. Translated from the German of Theodor Panofka. With Illustrations by George Scharf; taken chiefly from Greek Fictile Vases. T. C. Newby.

† *The Revolution at Vienna*. A narrative of events in Vienna, from Latour to Windischgrätz (September to November, 1848). By Berthold Auerbach. Translated by John Edward Taylor, with an Introduction and an Appendix. David Bogue.

reign; but in tranquil, pleasure-seeking, little-excitab!e Vienna, a revolution, and a temporarily successful one, was a most astounding event. The details now given, with a degree of completeness and consecutiveness that could not before be attained, and purged of all those misrepresentations of names and events which are inevitable in hasty newspaper reports, will be read with avidity by all classes of persons.

We have been unavoidably obliged to defer notices of Mr. Dunlop's beautiful *Sketches of the Siege of Mooltan*, published by Mr. Orr; of *Portland Island and its Breakwater*; of Miss Gifford's *Marine Botanist*; and of other works.

MR. JUSTICE TALFOURD.

WE commenced the present number of the *New Monthly Magazine* with a sincere feeling of regret at the loss of one of its oldest and most valued contributors; we close it with a no less sincere expression of satisfaction at the reward which has been bestowed on a gentleman who, while the late Mr. Campbell conducted the editorship of this magazine, enriched its pages during several years with his able dramatic criticism.

Mr. Serjeant Talfourd has been elevated to the vacant seat on the judicial bench, caused by the death of Mr. Justice Coltman.

In every point of view this appointment is a subject for general congratulation. Distinguished in his public career, and respected for his private character, all must rejoice at the well-merited recompense which he has received.

As a lawyer, Mr. Talfourd holds a high and deserved reputation; and amongst his brethren at the bar, there probably is not one who would refuse to admit the justice of the choice which has selected him for the honour now conferred upon him. With talents of the first order, which secured him the leadership of the Oxford circuit and a large amount of town practice, Mr. Talfourd combined a disposition so amiable, a manner so conciliating, and an integrity of purpose so clear, that every person with whom he came in contact, professional or otherwise, esteemed him as much as he admired.

As a member of parliament, Mr. Talfourd was always noted for the earnestness with which he advocated every question that had social improvement for its object. He was ever an eloquent defender of the claims of the oppressed, and laboured with unremitting zeal in the cause of truth and justice; and literature, no less than society, owes him a deep debt of gratitude.

As a poet and a man of letters he stands in the foremost rank amongst the illustrations of the present age. A grace of language, a purity of sentiment, a fervour of expression, a depth of feeling, a refinement of mind, a loftiness of purpose, characterise the author of "*Ion*," and claim for him a dramatic reputation second to that of no living writer. As a tribute to literature, no less than to forensic ability, we hail the appointment of Mr. Talfourd; and, eminent as are the men with whom he is now associated, we feel that his elevation cannot but confer new lustre on the judgment seat.

